NOTES FROM A DIARY

1873-1881

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1873-1881

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BY THE RIGHT HON.
SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF
G.C.S.I.

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie."—RENAN

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I

XX-K-53a

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1898

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TO

THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF SALISBURY

AS THE REPRESENTATIVE OF

MANY LIVING FRIENDS

AND TO THE MEMORY OF

LORD ARTHUR RUSSELL

AS THE REPRESENTATIVE

OF MANY MORE

WHO HAVE CROSSED THE DARK RIVER

THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED

PREFACE

A YEAR ago I published some notes from my diary, kept between the 1st of January 1851 and the end of 1872. I now publish a continuation of these, extending from the commencement of 1873 to the 5th of October 1881, when I left England for an absence of between five and six years.

Deeply interesting as I found the Government of Madras, after I had once got to work, and delightful as were many of the aspects of my Indian life, the actual departure was uncommonly like embarking for the further side of the Styx. It forms accordingly, although it did not take place quite at the end of the year, a very fitting point at which to interrupt these records of pleasant things heard and seen. As

in the case of the two volumes which appeared last year, I have carefully eliminated from the following pages almost all reference to the working-day part of my life. During the eight years covered by them it was that of a Member of Parliament, sometimes in and sometimes out of Office, but always in close attendance on the service of the House of Commons, except during the spring of 1875, when I was travelling in India.

Of my more serious occupations through all this time I have very ample details in *Hansard* from 1873 to 1881; in a long series of speeches, delivered chiefly in North-Eastern Scotland, but also in many places south of the Border; in a variety of pamphlets, such as *The Eastern Question*, Edinburgh, 1876; *Foreign Policy*, London, 1880; *The Afghan Policy of the Beaconsfield Government and its Results*, London, 1880; *Reply to Mr. Cowen*, London, 1880; in a great number of Articles, relating chiefly to the affairs either of India or of the East of Europe; in the *Contemporary*, *Nineteenth Century*, or *Fortnightly*

Reviews, and in my book entitled *Miscellanies, Political and Literary*, London, 1879.

After leaving Parliament, I put together a sufficient number of extracts, partly from these, partly from speeches and writings belonging to the earlier portion of my political life, to enable any member of my family, who might hereafter have charge of my papers, to understand the line I had taken on most public questions which had much interest for me. These I printed in a volume under the title of *Brief Comments on Passing Events from 4th February 1858 to 5th October 1881*, of which I had a good many copies struck off for old friends and comrades. It is, however, to matter of a very much lighter kind that I now invite the attention of my readers, in the hope that many of the things which amused or interested me, outside of the political arena, may also amuse or interest some of them.

1873

January

15. MADAME SMIRNOFF told me to-day that the Emperor Nicholas had several times mentioned to her that the emancipation of the serfs was his most cherished idea.

It was in one of my many conversations with her this spring, at Claridge's, that she told me the following curious story, with reference to the commencement of the Greek War of Independence:—

After Alexander's melancholy and pietistic mood had become confirmed, he had a habit of walking alone up and down an allée at Tsarskoe-selo.

Ypsilanti, knowing this, determined to walk up and down this allée also, in the hope of attracting the Emperor's attention. He did so several times,

and one day the Emperor, stopping him, asked about his health. He had lost an arm at the battle of Culm. After a few words of conversation, Alexander said, "You're going away, are you not? Where are you going?" Ypsilanti answered—

"Je vais où va toute chose,
Où va la feuille de rose,
Et la feuille de laurier."

The Emperor, sufficiently mystified, no doubt, said, "I wish you all good luck,"—and it was on the strength of this that Ypsilanti went off to the Principalities, raised the standard of insurrection, and said that he did so with the approval of the Russian Government.

17. Met Carlyle and Froude in the Park. The latter, in spite of Irish hostility, came back yesterday from America, "alive," as Carlyle said, "and not like St. Patrick, with his head in his teeth."

27. We dined with Greg at Wimbledon,—a merry little party. Some one told the story of an Englishman who complained to a French friend that he did not get better. "Et pourtant," added he, "j'ai avalé mon médecin." Another too was told of Ivan

Tourgueneff saying to Madame Mohl, in a discussion about Peter the Great, "that he preferred a sick man to a healthy co."[1]

February

9. Freeman dined with me, and remarked, apropos of my 1827 sherry, "Fancy drinking sherry that has seen a *most Catholic king*": a curious little slip for a great historian.

15. Went to hear a lecture by General Adye—and a very sensible one too—on Central Asia, at Marlborough House.

28. Bruce asked me to-day, "What is the difference between an English and an Irish gentleman?"—"The one has the *feelings* of a gentleman; the other has the *failings* of a gentleman."

March

1. I was complaining to Henry Oxenham, an old Balliol scholar, whom I have not seen for a long

[1] Aug. 13, 1893. Aberdare, who has been reading these Notes, writes to say that he himself heard Tourgueneff's remark above mentioned. Madame Mohl said: "A Co, what is that? A Co?" "Une vache, Madame, une vache!" replied the novelist, by no means in the gentlest tones.

time, that I came across no new poetry which was good for anything. I walked home, and found in my wife's room the new number of *Macmillan*, with some very good lines on the Balliol scholars, from 1840 to 1843, by Principal Shairp of St. Andrews. I quote several stanzas which refer to persons who have been mentioned in this Diary. Here is Coleridge :—

"Fair haired and tall, slim but of stately mien,
Inheritor of a high poetic name,
Another, in the bright bloom of nineteen,
Fresh from the pleasant fields of Eton came:
Whate'er of beautiful or poet sung,
Or statesman uttered, round his memory clung;
Before him shone resplendent heights of fame.

"With friends around the board, no wit so fine
To wing the jest, the sparkling tale to tell;
Yet ofttimes listening in St. Mary's shrine,
Profounder moods upon his spirit fell:
We heard him then, England has heard him since,
Uphold the fallen, make the guilty wince,
And the hushed Senate have confessed the spell."

And here are Mat Arnold and Riddell, the last of whom died early, but deserved all that Shairp says of him :—

"Among that scholar band the youngest pair
In hall and chapel side by side were seen,
Each of high hopes and noble promise heir,
But far in thought apart—a world between.
The one wide welcomed for a father's fame,
Entered with free bold step that seemed to claim
Fame for himself, nor on another lean.

"So full of power, yet blithe and debonair,
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay
Or half adream chaunting with jaunty air
Great words of Goethe, catch of Béranger.
We see the banter sparkle in his prose,
But knew not then the undertone that flows,
So calmly sad, through all his stately lay.

"The other, of an ancient name erst dear
To Border hills, though thence too long exiled,
In lore of Hellas scholar without peer,
Reared in gray halls on banks of Severn piled:
Reserved he was, of few words and slow speech,
But dwelt strange power, that beyond words could reach,
In that sweet face by no rude thought defiled."

11. Mr. Gladstone's speech in the Irish University debate began as the clock was striking twelve. Soon after two we divided, and Government was beat by 287 to 284.

13. Mr. Gladstone announces the resignation of Ministers.

20. House meets again. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli make explanations, and all is as it was before the crisis began.

April

6. Heard Stopford Brooke lecture in St. James's Chapel[1] on *Shelley's Views about Immortality.*

11. I never before heard the excellent riddle which was told me to-day:—

"Quelle est la différence entre la panthère, le journaliste, et le Gouvernement?

La panthère est tachetée par la nature.
Le journaliste est acheté par le Gouvernement; et
Le Gouvernement est à jeter par la fenêtre."

16. Turning over the pages of the copy of Obermann which I picked up years ago in Geneva, when it was a very difficult book to get, I came upon an old favourite, which I transcribe:—

"Les lois sont evidemment insuffisantes.
Eh bien! je veux vous montrer des êtres plus forts

[1] This being Sunday afternoon.—"Times change, by the rood!"

que vous, et qui sont presque toujours indomptés, qui vivent au milieu de vous non seulement sans frein religieux, mais même sans lois; dont les besoins sont souvent très mal satisfaits, qui rencontrent ce qu'on leur refuse, et ne font pas un mouvement pour l'arracher; et parmi eux trente-neuf au moins sur quarante mourront sans avoir nui, tandis que vous prônez l'effet de la grâce, si, parmi vos chrétiens, il y en a dans ce cas trois sur quatre. Où sont ces êtres miraculeux, ces sages? Ne vous fâchez point; ce ne sont pas des philosophes, ce ne sont pas des chrétiens, ce sont tout bonnement ces dogues qui ne sont ni muselés, ni gouvernés, ni catéchisés, et que vous rencontrez à tout moment, sans exiger que leur gueule terrible fasse, pour vous rassurer, un signe sacré—Vous plaisantez.—De bonne foi, que voulez-vous qu'on fasse autre chose?"

22. Spoke again on Central Asia. This, and the speech on the same subject which I made on the 9th July 1869, were almost the only official speeches which it gave me real pleasure to deliver. I took, as in duty bound, enormous pains with all my speeches on behalf of the Government, but these were the only two which were thoroughly congenial to my pre-official studies[1] and pursuits.

[1] See *Studies in European Politics* (1866), *A Glance over Europe* (1867), *A Political Survey* (1868).

May

9. Lectured at the Royal Institution upon our visit to the Troad, Sardis, etc.[1]

18. Arthur Russell is down with us at Hampden, and full of his recent visit to Berlin, where he assisted at meetings of the Græca, of the Philosophische Gesellschaft, and of the Gesellschaft der Greisen. At the first they were reading the *Birds* of Aristophanes; at the second they were occupied with metaphysics; at the third they were discussing how much law was borrowed by the Romans from the Greeks.

24. The Queen's birthday, and therefore an official holiday. Being able to get away from the India Office at an hour when it is not convenient for me to be absent on ordinary days, I carried into effect a project which I had long had, of seeing Liebreich, the well-known oculist, about my eyes. Before I had been with him ten minutes, he made perfectly clear to me what was the matter, and brushed away all the fancies and false opinions that had been put before me by others. I asked him how it was that

[1] See *Notes from a Diary*, vol. ii.: London, 1897.

so many well-known men, and amongst others his own master Graefe, whom I had consulted at Berlin in 1854, had been so mistaken. He answered, "Because the particular complaint which you have has only been understood within the last few years. The credit of having explained it is due to Airy, the Astronomer-Royal."

The weakness of my eyesight, which first troubled me very seriously in the summer of 1848, has been one of the most important, and one of the most unfortunate circumstances influencing my life. If I had only fallen at that time into the hands of any one who understood the eye as well as Liebreich does now, it would have more than doubled my power of work.

27. Lubbock, my wife, and I, left London for the Whitsuntide recess, and travelled to Brussels, passing by Tournay and Ath. At the station of the former place it chanced that I was reading, appropriately enough, Cousin's *Madame de Longueville*. I thought of George Smythe's verses:—

"As when they lay before Tournay, and the Grand Monarque was there,
With the bravest of his warriors, and the fairest of his fair;

And the sun that was his symbol, and on his army shone,
Was in lustre, and in splendour, and in light itself outdone.
For the lowland and the highland were gleaming as of old,
When England vied with France in pride on the famous Field of Gold,
And morn, and noon, and evening, and all the livelong night,
Were the sound of ceaseless music and the echo of delight.
And but for Vauban's waving arm and the answering cannonade,
It might have been a festal scene in some Versailles arcade;
For she was there, the beautiful, the daughter of Mortemart,
And her proud eyes flashed the prouder for the roaring of the war,
And many a dark-haired rival, who bound her lover's arm
With a ribbon, or a ringlet, or a kerchief for a charm;
And with an air as dainty, and with a step as light,
As they moved among the masquers, they went into the fight:

O brave they went, and brave they fought, for glory and for France,
The La Trémouille, and the Noailles, and the Courtenay of Byzance."

28. Hooker[1] of Kew, with his wife, joined us by appointment at Brussels.

29. At Luxembourg.

View from the valley of the Petrusse, looking up through a chaos of gigantic walls, the work of ages, now falling into decay or being destroyed. My wife said that looking down was like looking down the circles of the Inferno.

First sight of Trèves, from the bridge where the Saar comes down from Saarbrück, of tragic memory, to join the Moselle.

Drove along a road bordered by service-trees, *Pyrus torminalis*, in blossom, to Igel. The view from its little churchyard, with the famous Roman monument in the foreground, the river, and the wooded hill beyond it, is pretty, but it is difficult to understand how any one who has seen the Roman remains even of the south of France, to say nothing of

[1] Sir J. D. Hooker, G.C.S.I.—the first of Systematic Botanists, the brightest of companions, the kindest of friends.

Italy, can find much to admire in the monument itself.

30. Saw the Porta Nigra, the finest, and the Basilica, much the most curious thing in Trèves. In the library here, close to the Codex Aureus, lie the autographs of Luther and of Loyola, puzzling enough, one would think, to those who believe that character can be read in handwriting. That of the former, although neat, is small and difficult to read; that of the latter large, clear, and of extraordinary beauty.

Need I say that I repeated to myself Faber's lines:—

"I have known cities with the strong-armed Rhine
Clasping their mouldered quays in lordly sweep;
And linger'd where the Maine's low waters shine
Through Tyrian Frankfort; and been fain to weep—
'Mid the green cliffs where pale Mosella laves
That Roman sepulchre, imperial Trèves."

31. Down the Moselle from Berncastel. Vines now in their first green by the thousand acres below, and broom now in full bloom by the thousand acres above, all along the river, whose banks were already vine-clad in the days of Ausonius.

June

2. Leave Bertrich, and by Daun over the high plateau of the Eifel to Dreis, seeing by the way the small crater lakes known as the Pulvermaar, the Gmundenermaar, and the Weinfeldermaar, the two former surrounded on three sides with beechwood, and not wholly unlike Nemi.

3. First near view of the Nürburg, crowned by its black old castle, whose inhabitants really sat on a volcano, as the Emperor Nicholas told Sir Hamilton Seymour that he did. Later in the day climbed the highest of the Eifel hills—the Hohe Acht, well on to 3000 feet, but a very easy ascent.

The view was panoramic, really panoramic, which so few views are.

In the woods at the top we found in great abundance the rare English plant *Dentaria bulbifera.*

4. To-day and yesterday at Altenahr, much botanising with Hooker. I note as new to me, *Cardamine impatiens*, *Genista Germanica* and *sagittalis*, *Scleranthus perennis*, *Dianthus caesius*, *Holosteum umbellatum*, *Campanula persicifolia.*

Lubbock and I found yesterday a deep pool, and added the Ahr to the many waters in which we have bathed together. Our last swim was in the Bay of Smyrna.

7. Slept last night at Chaudfontaine, in the country between Verviers and Liège,—pretty, but very inferior to Altenahr,—and went on to Brussels, where visited with Hooker the tropical houses of Mr. Linden, the richest collection of the kind in Europe, and full of plants which are not even at Kew. Mr. Linden has, amongst other things, 1280 species of orchids.

23. Saw the Naval Review from the deck of the *Livonia*, Mr. Brassey's yacht. We passed close under the guns of the *Sultan* as she saluted with pebble powder, and George Brodrick, who was of the party, was a good deal hurt.

July

4. To see the Shah's jewels at Buckingham Palace. There were few of them which an English lady would have cared to possess for their power of adornment, but the value must have been immense. One coat was covered with huge diamond buttons, and larger

than almost any of these was the great ruby of Akbar. In fact, spread out there on the table in Brunswick Row[1] was a large portion of the plunder which Nadir had carried off from the Treasury of Delhi.

To-day was our last meeting of the Breakfast Club for the year. I walked away with Lacaita. We parted in Piccadilly, he going into Devonshire House, and I down the path which leads through the Green Park behind the houses in Arlington Street. Suddenly I came upon Van de Weyer, who was tottering feebly along, and evidently very ill. I stopped to talk to him for a few minutes, in the course of which he said, "Delepierre told me that I am suffering from the bad weather we have been having of late, but I replied to him, 'Ah! no, it's the weather since 1804.'" I never saw him again.

25. A very long night of Divisions (there were something like twelve) was followed by a very busy day. I mounted my horse, cantered once round the Park, and then went down to give the prizes to the pupils of the Engineering College at Cooper's Hill,

[1] . . . "neat, white, and low,
The modest palace looks like Brunswick Row."
The New Timon.

having suddenly received the Duke of Argyll's orders to represent him there. Thence I drove four miles back to Windsor, went up to town, and spoke in the House on Bourke's motion about the Indian Army.

August

12. The prorogation took place a week ago, and to-day I left London with Henry Smith, *en route* for Cologne and Hamburg *via* Aix-la-Chapelle, where, oddly enough, I had never stopped before, and where I paid, of course, my homage to Charles the Great, and to the, architecturally speaking, very poor cathedral.

15. From Hamburg to Fredericia in Jutland, passing through Holstein and Schleswig, and wondering how men could have been found to fight for so odious a country. We passed Elmhorn, where a line goes off to the left towards Niebuhr's region, saw the Dutch-looking Rendsburg, situated on the Eider, which can no longer be called "Teutonici terminus imperii," and Schleswig, prettily situated at the top of the long inlet of the Baltic, called the Schlei. Here a railway cutting carried us through the famous Dannevirke, which the Danes occupied, quite fruitlessly, at

the commencement of the war of 1864. From the time we left this behind till we arrived at Fredericia, where we spent the night, our journey was only redeemed from utter dulness by coming upon names which had been famous in the two Schleswig-Holstein struggles, and the war of words which preceded them. There, for instance, a line went off to Flensburg, beyond which, as we knew, lay Düppel and Alsen. Farther on another ran to Apenrade, the town through which it was at one time proposed to draw the line between Dane and German. The railway is carried along the backbone of the low Cimbric peninsula, avoiding the Baltic coast, which is its one redeeming feature. Rough pasture, endless barrows, indifferent crops, very few villages or houses of any kind, a fresh, pleasant feeling in the air, and great fields of bright yellow lupines, are my only recollections of a district which I am glad to have traversed once, and trust never to see again.

16. Walk about the frightful little town of Fredericia, till recently a fortress. The streets reminded me of those of an Aberdeenshire fishing-village. Thence, crossing the Little Belt, and traversing the ugly island of Fyen, we reached Nyborg, and

embarked on the Great Belt, landing at Korsoer in Zealand, which is a shade less ugly than Fyen. It was late in the evening before we arrived at Copenhagen.

The Danish capital is far from being one of the more beautiful of European cities. There is hardly a good building in it, far the best being the Exchange, which, good throughout, has a particularly quaint and pretty spire, formed by the twisted tails of three dragons. The street architecture is dull, and the *torgs* or squares are no better than the streets. On the other hand, the parks in the neighbourhood, planted for the most part with the beech (the national tree of Denmark), are very fine indeed, and the views over the Sound to the Swedish coast, from the Promenade called the Long Line, are animated and agreeable, all vessels bound to or from the Baltic passing at no great distance.

There is very little to see in the place that need delay any one who has moved a good deal about the world, but there are two notable exceptions to the truth of this remark — the Museum of Northern Antiquities and the Thorwaldsen Museum. The first of these is almost the birthplace of the science of prehistoric archæology which has arisen to so much

importance in our own times, and it is to the Danish antiquaries that we owe the division, now so familiar, into the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Age of Iron.

Mr. Worsaae, to whom I had taken letters of introduction, was unhappily absent, but we were shown over his treasures by Mr. Herbst, a very competent and friendly guide.

Of the countless objects of interest preserved here, I saw nothing which appeared to me so unlike anything I had seen before as the great war trumpets of the Bronze Age, huge and much twisted horns of metal, which would, if they had been straight, have been at least six feet long,—certainly amongst the most surprising warlike gear I have ever beheld. In truth, however, there is hardly a square inch in this collection which is not interesting.

The Thorwaldsen Museum is, so far as I know, the worthiest monument which has been raised in modern times to a great artist. The exterior, it must be admitted, is hideous, and the tomb which forms the centre of the whole building—a bed of singularly dingy ivy—is very unworthy: provokingly so, because there is nothing that lends itself better than ivy to

such a purpose, if it is judiciously managed. Within the building, however, are gathered together most of the principal works of the master, together with casts of all, or nearly all, his statues which are not here, and, in addition to this, his collection of pictures, his engraved gems, his coins, his books,—everything indeed that can throw light upon the life of the man who in modern times has, to my mind, best succeeded in saturating himself with, and transferring to marble, the spirit of the Greek sculptors.

A large and unsightly church, in the form of a basilica, contains statues of the twelve Apostles, besides several other figures by Thorwaldsen, but none of them rise above mediocrity, except the famous kneeling angel, which has been so often reproduced. It has been said that Thorwaldsen considered this his best work, but that is an opinion in which I think few would agree. In truth, he belonged to the elder gods, and when he left Mercury and Venus behind, he left behind also much of his genius.

Of course we duly visited Elsinore, which English poets, for some inscrutable reason, have imagined to be a towering precipice. Every one remembers Campbell's line—

"By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore."

The not less fine lines of Franklin Lushington, describing the sailing of the fleet at the Crimean War, are less familiar and equally incorrect—

"They have gone from their own green shore—
Our armies sally forth—to the East and to the North
By the lion of Gibraltar and the steep of Elsinore,
And the long line of sail on the verge is low and pale,
And the dun smoke-track fades amidst the cloudy wrack,
And we fade as they look towards the shore."

The fact of the matter is, that the Sound at Elsinore is fringed by as flat a coast as one would wish to see, at convenient distances along which romancing guides have dotted a terrace, where Hamlet saw the ghost; the water in which Ophelia drowned herself, etc.

The entrance to the Sound, which is here only about two miles broad, is guarded on the Danish side by the Castle of Kronborg, rather an imposing pile in a land of architectural monstrosities, and the spot selected for the ghost scene is just under its windows.

20. Two hours' steaming took us from Copenhagen to Malmöe, a considerable seaport, and the third town

in Sweden, whence a railway 447 miles long carried us to the Swedish capital, passing on the way the University town of Lund, where there are about six hundred students, the town of Jönköping (pronounced Jönchoeping—*choeping* being the same word which we have in the name of the English town, Chipping Norton), with countless lakes, villages, and towns, not one of which is known beyond the limits of Scandinavia —always excepting the great Wetter Lake, which is one of the fresh-water seas of Sweden.

Stockholm is built just where the fresh-water Mälar Lake and a long inlet of the Baltic meet, partly upon seven islands, which stud their bosom, and partly along their precipitous banks. All round the northern side of the city runs a great zone of parks, as beautiful as trees, granite, and lakes can make them, land and water being mixed together in the most bewitching confusion. It is a great pity that no man with a genius for description seems ever to have put on paper a really worthy description of this most lovely place.

The individual buildings are, with the exception of the new National Museum, of no great merit. The palace is imposing from its size, but without beauty, and the churches are one uglier than another; but the

National Museum is really a fine thing outside and in, and apparently very carefully and intelligently managed. The best work of Art which it contains is the Sleeping Endymion, a statue brought by the ill-fated Gustavus the Third from Italy, and worthy to be ranked in the same class as, though much below, the Barberini Faun at Munich.

The Riddarhuus, the interior of which is full of the heraldic insignia of the Swedish nobility, and which was the meeting-place of the House of Peers before the Constitution was altered in 1865, is a respectable building; while the Riddarholms Church ought to be excepted from the sweeping censure which I passed a few moments ago on the churches of Stockholm, only that it is not, properly speaking, a church at all, but rather a mausoleum, in which sleep many of the personages who figure in Swedish history—above all, Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the Twelfth.

This short list, I think, exhausts the buildings of Stockholm which are worth the attention of a stranger. Nevertheless, wherever you look—north, south, east, or west, by night or by day—the eye is pleased and satisfied.

I was very much surprised by the vegetation in the neighbourhood. No sooner had we cleared the

town in our first drive, than we found ourselves amidst fields of most luxuriant tobacco. We went on, and in a few minutes reached the lovely Haga Park. My attention was attracted presently by a blue flower which grew near our road. I got out of the carriage and gathered it. It was *Campanula persicifolia*, which, far from being a Scottish plant, such as one might expect to find at a point more than two degrees to the northward of Eden, is not even an English one. I walked on, and my surprise increased, for, growing amidst the blaeberry and other plants which we have in the woods along the Moray Firth, I found the lily of the valley, the Solomon's seal, and the hepatica, in great abundance.

24. Drove out to spend the day with our Minister, Mr. Erskine, who is living at Djursholm, in an old house which used to belong to the Bañers. After luncheon we walked down through pretty woods to the edge of the long fiord, which runs to Stockholm on one side, and to Waxholm, the fortress which bars the way to the Baltic, on the other, landing on its farther side at Tahiti, the pretty cottage of Mr. Andersson, the great authority on willows. He it was who showed me for the first time, in the country

of the great man whose name it bears, the *Linnaea borealis*, which played at one period so large a part in our life at Eden; and to my first walk with him I date my acquaintance with *Boletus edulis*, the Chanterelle, *Sorbus scandica*, etc. Climbing the low hill on the edge of which Tahiti stands, we came to a region completely clothed with the reindeer moss, *Cladonia rangiferina*. "Here," said Professor Andersson, "you have got a piece of Lapland."

25. Went to call on Count Henning Hamilton, the same who made the very striking speech in the debates upon the alteration of the Swedish Parliamentary system some years ago, which I compared, in speaking in 1867 at Peterhead, to the famous Union oration of Lord Belhaven. We had much talk with him about the Synod, in which he takes a very prominent part, about the new Swedish translation of the Bible, about the state of parties, the relations with Russia, with Germany, and with Denmark. He reminded me somewhat of M. Groen van Prinsterer, but did not seem to me to be a man of nearly so much ability.

26. At Upsala, whither we came yesterday evening in three hours from Stockholm.

The younger Fries, son of the great botanist, and himself a very eminent botanist, came to call, and took us to "Old Upsala," where we saw the tumuli of Odin, Frey, and Thor, drinking mead from a horn on the top of the first, as I suppose everybody does, and finding on it the very rare English plant, *Artemisia campestris*, which I suppose everybody does not. On our way thither we visited the house of Linnæus, seeing the little tenement close by, which he overlooked from his windows, and upon whose now slated, but in those days turfed roof grew the *Crepis* and the *Bromus*, to which he gave the names of *Crepis tectorum* and *Bromus tectorum*, not because they were in the habit, like *Sempervivum tectorum*, of growing upon roofs, but because they grew on that particular roof. His lecture-room is now leased to one of the thirteen corps, or clubs, into which the students of Upsala are divided. In Sweden they suffer a little, as in Greece they suffer much, from having more educated men than they know what to do with; for, in addition to the 1600 of Upsala, there are the 600 students at Lund, and about 100 medical students in Stockholm.

Returning to Upsala, we visited the Library, saw the famous and very beautiful Codex Argenteus, a

manuscript of the Gospels in the translation of Ulfilas, written in letters of gold on purple vellum in the Mæso-Gothic character, and paid our respects to Angström, of spectrum-analysis fame. In the Botanic Gardens, Professor Fries pointed out some myrtles and Justiceas which go back to the days of Linnæus, and which are held in great respect. We visited, too, the Cathedral, over which Professor Fries showed himself an excellent cicerone, and of which the chapel, which records on its walls the story of Gustavus Vasa, is the most interesting part. Rudbeck is buried in the centre of the nave with this inscription—

"Immortalem
Atlantica
Mortalem hic Cippus testatur."

A medal described him as "in inveniendo magnus, in fingendo giganteus."

After drinking at the well of St. Eric, we drove to Hammarby, the country seat of Linnæus, where they still keep many relics of him—the most interesting of which is a portion of the famous tea-service painted with the "little northern plant, long overlooked,

humble, flowering early," which he took as his cognisance.

27. We returned to Stockholm last night, and were taken this morning by Professor Andersson to the Museum, where we saw a gigantic Greenland meteorite, equal in size to a very large boulder, the Swedish elk, part of one of whose brethren we had eaten at Upsala, the willow grouse, and much else. Thence we drove to the Kallberg Park, where I saw for the first time *Melampyrum nemorosum*, a lovely plant, and a great favourite in Sweden. Passing thence to the charming park known as the Djurgaard, we found *Hierochloe borealis*, but alas! not in flower, having been cut down by the haymakers.

28. To the Palais Ducal, to have an audience of the King, who spoke of the state of things in Spain, and of the good effect which the excesses there had had, not only in Portugal, but in a country so far off as Denmark. He talked very freely of his own position; of the law-abiding character of his people, and of their strong desire to have a King, although they wished to have one with as little unnecessary expenditure as possible—"They want," he said, "to have a sovereign, but *a sovereign for a sixpence.*" He

was evidently very much pleased by the British squadron's having been sent to the coast of Norway at the time of his coronation.

In the afternoon we ran down the fiord to Waxholm—a most charming sail. Certainly no capital with which I am acquainted, always excepting Constantinople, is led up to by so stately an avenue as that which winds amongst granite and pines from the Baltic to Stockholm.

29. After a wet day, given chiefly to letters and business, we embarked in a steamer at 6 P.M., and when darkness fell were just leaving the Mälar Lake by the Canal of Södertelje.

30. When I woke we were in a fiord of the Baltic, but soon arrived at Mem and got into the Gotha Canal. The whole of this and the next day we worked our way through it and the chain of lakes which it connects, passing through extremely pleasing but somewhat monotonous scenery. Smith, quoting from Pater's book on the Renaissance, of which I was full at the time, said, "that I seemed more impressed by the magnificence, than by the awful brevity of our experience," for we took sixty-seven mortal hours to get from Stockholm to Gothenburg. By 4 o'clock

P.M. on the 31st we were just getting out of the harbour of Sjutorp on the great Wener Lake, and although we had been steaming rapidly we were still on its sealike waters between 9 and 10, when I went to bed.

September

1. We were dug out of bed at some unearthly hour this morning to visit Trollhätta in a thick mist. It is 44 feet high, and a fine cataract if you will, but quite improperly spoken of as a waterfall, and the saw-mills, for which they utilise this "magnificent water privilege," detract a good deal from its beauty. The Gotha river is rather fine, and Gothenburg had a certain interest for me from the accident of some members of my family having lived there towards the end of last century. There was nothing, however, in the town to detain us, and on the evening of the day of our arrival we doubled back to the north, and at dawn on 2nd September were at Carlstadt, the capital of Wermland, situated on the Klar Elv, a grand river running to the Wener. Then came Arvika, and later Kongsvinger on the Norwegian

frontier, the town once a strong place, lying on hills to the right of the line, and, beyond, the noble stream of the Glommen, which we followed till we crossed it by a long bridge, and at last, about 1 P.M., eighteen hours after leaving Gothenburg, ran into Christiania.

3. The morning was spent partly at the Consulate-General, partly with Mr. Axel Blytt in the Botanical Gardens, where, amongst many other things, I saw *Cornus suecica*, *Juncus arcticus*, *Primula scotica*, etc. After dinner we drove with Sir Barrington Simeon, the son and successor of Sir John, whose name has been frequently mentioned in this Diary, to the Frogner Sœter and the tower behind it, whence there is a very grand view. On one side I counted no less than eight ranges of hills one behind another. The *Linnaea borealis*, *Vaccinium uliginosum*, and *Pyrola secunda*, were in vast abundance in the woods through which we drove.

4. With Blytt to the Asker Station, fourteen miles from Christiania along the Drammen line. Among some thirty plants which I noted in this walk, the two which interested me most were *Struthiopteris germanica* and *Orobus niger*, the latter one of the rarest of British species.

5. Bad weather prevented our starting for the little

excursion in the interior which we had contemplated, and we gave the day to examining the building of the Storthing, to the National Gallery, and to the exhibition of Norwegian products and industry at Drammen, some twenty-eight miles from the capital, but connected with it by a railway.

6. Spent the morning in trying how we liked driving up and down a mountain in carioles, the national conveyance of Norway, of which we did not carry away a too favourable impression. In the evening we dined with Mr. Crowe, our very aged but intelligent Consul-General, meeting the Minister of Marine, the Minister of Finance, and Mr. Richter, the President of the Odelsthing—*anglice* Speaker of the House of Commons—with whom I had a great deal of talk.

At a painfully early hour on the morning of the 7th we were up and off to Jönköping, which we reached in about fifteen hours, and which we again left at 4.40 in the morning of 8th September, reaching Copenhagen *via* Malmoë in the afternoon of that day. This time I saw the little cottage where Linnæus was born, which I had not observed as we ran northward.

In the afternoon we went to visit Steenstrup, who showed us the last discovery that had been made in those Danish peat mosses which have done so much for archæology: leaves, which even to my eye were perfectly distinct and unmistakable, of *Betula nana* and *Dryas octopetala* taken from a stratum which lies below that of the pine, as the pine stratum itself does below that of the oak, and the oak below that of the beech, *the* tree of modern Denmark.

Human remains have been found in the pine stratum, but not as yet in that of the Dryas.

9. We passed this morning with Steenstrup, in the Zoological Museum, three hours which were quite amongst the most interesting I ever spent. Amongst other things, he explained to us that the great Irish elk was not an elk at all, but a true deer, very nearly allied to the fallow; while the Swedish elk was precisely the same animal as that which is commonly called the moose-deer. He showed us a splendid skeleton of the Urus or *Bos primigenius*, and a model of the aurochs of Lithuania, with the real skin on, and a magnificent creature he must be. He is, it appears, very timid till he turns to bay, and then desperately savage. Steenstrup put into our hands

too an old woodcut or engraving, dating from the time of the Reformation, and representing a kind of *pieuvre* as the "sea monk." He says that this creature is by no means fabulous, and showed us a young individual, which when full grown would have been ten feet long, and provided with arms sixty feet long, well furnished with suckers.

The conversation turned to the cat of the Greeks and Romans. He says that it was certainly no cat, but a weasel, agreeing therein with Maskelyne, who avers that the animal represented upon an ancient gem in my possession, one clearly of the weasel kind, was the so-called cat of antiquity. Our common cat appears first in the Middle Ages, but nothing is known of its origin. The Egyptian cat was a true cat, allied to our wild cat. An eminent Englishman of science once told me that the Persian cat was descended from our wild cat, *Felis catus*, but Steenstrup denies this, saying that its descent is still a mystery.

He gives a good account of the Norwegian bear, saying that his favourite food is the *Sonchus alpinus*, but that if he has once tasted blood he likes it.

Of the Norwegian sharks too he has a favourable opinion. One, like the whale, feeds only on the

smallest creatures in the sea; the other subsists on seals and such like, but Steenstrup thinks he would never eat a man, unless he mistook him for a white bear.

The Museums at Copenhagen are much the best managed, so far as I know, in the world, and are obviously educating the people incomparably more than our own even attempt to do. I was very much struck by the large number of common soldiers and sailors whom I saw walking attentively through them.

Excellent too, within and without, is the library of the University, built chiefly of brick and iron, and containing about 250,000 volumes, *inter alia*, an unique collection of old Norse literature.

In the afternoon Steenstrup took us to see Hans Christian Andersen, who is old and very feeble. He brightened up, however, when we came in, and talked a good deal like his books, describing with great vividness the dreary loneliness of the Skaw; the constant use of pieces of wreck in the village of Skagen, and the Royal Family bathing,—the ladies in the Baltic and the gentlemen in the North Sea.

We talked of the various European capitals. He

put Constantinople first in point of beauty, then Stockholm, Edinburgh, and Lisbon. I lamented to him the fate of his second favourite, which no one has yet described, as he had described Naples, or as Scott had described Edinburgh: a juxtaposition which gave him evident pleasure.

We left Copenhagen at seven in the evening, and reached London *via* Kiel, Cologne, and Brussels, as we had intended to do, on the 12th, having traversed in a month some three thousand miles, and seen enough of three new countries very much to sharpen my interest in them and their affairs.

The bad weather which pursued us from the time we left Stockholm broke the spell which had prevented me ever seeing Hamburg under anything but the most brilliant skies, alike in 1844, '47, '54, and again this August, when I was awoke on the morning of the 15th by the sun streaming into our windows over the beautiful Alster.

October

Sunday the 5th I spent at Six Mile Bottom with Mr. W. H. Hall, who is mentioned several

times in these Notes, especially in the end of 1863, under the name of Bullock, but who has now succeeded to his uncle, General Hall, of shooting celebrity. Kingsley, who is staying in the house, preached to us in the morning, while in the afternoon we had a famous gallop on the Newmarket Course, and saw the Devil's Dyke.

Later in the year I spent a week or two in Egypt; but I gave a sufficient account of them in an address to my constituents in 1874, which, as it was republished in the *Fortnightly Review* and again in my *Miscellanies, Political and Literary* (London, 1879), I need not here introduce.

1874

January

20. VENABLES told me a good story at the Athenæum to-day, about Mr. Edward Sartoris's contest for some Welsh county in 1868. He had, of course, the dissenting ministers with him, as the question before the country was the disestablishment of the Irish Church; and one, who was not very strong in English names, was heard to pray—"May'st thou pour forth thy choicest mercies upon Edward Sart—Sart—Sart—O Lord, thou knowest his name so much better than I do."

24. The Duke of Argyll came up on the evening of the 22nd, and we had yesterday a long special Council at the India Office. Various things which occurred last night after the Council made me suspect that Parliament was going to be dissolved; so that I

sent this morning for the newspapers an hour before they usually arrive, which enabled me to telegraph to friends who were in out-of-the-way country houses.

February

On the 28th ult. I went down to Edinburgh, and was returned on the 3rd February for the fifth time, without a contest, for the Elgin Burghs. Later in the day the freedom of Elgin was presented to me in the Assembly Rooms.

After my election, I stayed two days at Fetteresso, and it was not till I reached Edinburgh on the 6th that I learnt the disastrous turn the elections had taken. On the night of the 7th I reached London, and immediately set to work to wind up my affairs at the India Office.

16. Herman Merivale, who had been my colleague as permanent Under Secretary ever since I was in the Government, died just as I returned to London; and to-day the appointment of Sir Louis Mallet as his successor was announced.

20. Down to the India Office for the last time, sending for and taking leave of all the Heads of Departments who have worked with me so long.

Of these I saw most of Seccombe,[1] the Financial Secretary, a typical representative of those permanent members of the civil service who, hardly known even by name to the public which they serve, play so momentous a part in the affairs of this great country. Finance is very far from being a subject which has natural attractions for me; but whoever, Secretary or Under Secretary, is in charge of Indian affairs in the House of Commons must, from the necessity of the case, give to finance the most anxious attention. This is the case at all times, but during the sessions of 1871, '72, and '73 there was a Select Committee sitting to take evidence about Indian Finance, on which I of course represented the Government, and had the charge of its case. This involved constant consultations as to the evidence to be brought forward, and the persons who were to give it.

Another person with whom I was much in contact was General Pears, the head of the Military Department, a very clear-headed and accurate old officer, minutely acquainted with all the details of Indian military affairs.

A third was Mr. Thornton, the political economist,

[1] Now Sir Thomas Seccombe, G.C.I.E., K.C.B.

who was in charge of railways and other public works—also a man of great ability.

The papers from all these three departments passed exclusively through my hands on their way to the Committees of Council, and from them to the Secretary of State or to the Council itself. The political papers and the secret papers,—that is, the papers which related to our relations with the native princes and to foreign affairs,—went through the hands of my colleague Merivale as well as mine, and he had exclusive charge of the Revenue, or, as it ought properly to be called, "The Land, etc., Department." The Political Secretary was Sir John Kaye, an agreeable man and with very considerable merit as a writer, but whom flattery itself could not describe as a good official.

The members of the Council of whom I saw most were Frere, Rawlinson, and Maine, with whom I was so intimate from 1853 till he went to India, and Mallet, who was appointed by the Duke to bring to us what the Council most wanted —a high order of commercial statesmanship. Frere was very useful in constantly bringing before the mind of the Secretary of State views which ought to

be present to his mind when he took his decisions, even although the views themselves might be wrong. I used to say that he was "an excellent councillor but a rather dangerous counsellor." Rawlinson properly used, as he was while the Duke of Argyll was at the India Office, was most valuable—an admirable servant, a very bad master.

My opponent at my first election, Sir James Hogg, long sat on my right hand, and retained to extreme old age his good looks and flowing, plausible speech.

Mr. Thoby Prinsep was, even in 1868, too far advanced in years to be of any great service, and several others, whom I need not name, were already past their best.

Sir Robert Montgomery, a great authority on the Punjáb, where, in spite of his gentle manner, he had crushed out mutiny with the most terrible severity; Sir Erskine Perry, who had been a Judge in Bombay; and Sir Frederick Halliday, who ruled Bengal in 1857—were all valuable in their different ways.[1] But Sir George Clerk was to us little more than a stately relic of the past—*magni nominis umbra.*

[1] More especially the last—a man of remarkable power, who might have sat at eighty with perfect propriety in any Cabinet on the planet, though he left the Council at that respectable age.

My official relations with all the people whom I have mentioned were always most friendly, and I found the Duke of Argyll, from first to last, a quite ideal chief.

21. I am to day forty-five, and this is my first day out of office since December 1868.

22. Browning and Blennerhassett dine with us. The former gave a vivid sketch of the *Hercules furens*, with which he is at present occupied. Speaking of the wife of an eminent statesman, he said that her sensations in the present state of political affairs must be like those which were described in the following two lines of a poem submitted to him for criticism :—

"She gazed, she gazed, she gazed, she gazed, she gazed,
Amazed, amazed, amazed, amazed, amazed."

March

8. I passed the forenoon with Renan, with whom I talked chiefly of his forthcoming fifth volume, and of the religio-political situation in Germany ; after which I went on to the Chapel of the Collège Stanislas, and spent most of the rest of the day with the Peyronnets, and at 98 Rue de Miroménil. No one dined there but M. de Franqueville, and after he

was gone Mrs. Craven put into my hands the MSS. from which the *Récit d'une Sœur* was compiled, and which are described or referred to in it. I was occupied with them to a late hour, with ever-increasing admiration.

9. I spent the morning with Ollivier, whom I had not seen since the extraordinary events which had raised him to a position of such vast influence, on the edge of so tremendous an abyss.

He took me to his library, and went through the history of the period which immediately preceded the declaration of war. His account of matters was substantially as follows:—

"When I became Minister, I found a negotiation going on between France and Russia for the purpose of *compelling* Prussia to execute the *Treaty of Prague*. I insisted on its being instantly, and finally, broken off. The Czar has since said, 'Ah! if you had aided us in the matter of the Treaty of Prague, we should have been with you.' I laid it down as a principle, and as a condition of joining the Government, that if South Germany became annexed to North Germany of its own will, we should make no opposition. 'If, on the other hand,' I said, 'it joins under the compulsion of Prussia—*Nous délibérerons*.'

"The Foreign Office was pressed upon me. I said: 'No, there is no difficulty in our foreign affairs —we are determined not to attack Germany, nor to interfere with her unification. The Eastern Question is not immediate. We are on the best terms with everybody. Besides, I do not know enough of the diplomatic *personnel* throughout Europe. What you want is a good internal situation, and I will give you that. I won't take the *Interior*, because I should be drowned in detail. I will take the Ministry of Justice, the work of which I thoroughly understand, and which won't take me an hour a day. I will be Minister of Justice, and keep an eye upon the whole policy.'

"The question of the Spanish Succession came up. I said, 'Let it alone—let them take anybody they please, even Montpensier.'

"Soon, however, we heard of the Hohenzollern proposal. Nothing of the kind had occurred to our minds, and we were strongly averse to it. We could not tolerate a Hohenzollern in Spain.

"When matters were at the worst, Olozaga came to us and said, 'I know a means of getting the Hohenzollern candidature withdrawn.' 'For God's

sake get it withdrawn,' we said; 'the last thing we want is to go to war.'

"Well, Olozaga set to work, and we received a despatch of the *Agence Havas*, announcing that the elder Hohenzollern had withdrawn his son's pretensions. We were delighted, and thought all was over. We then told the Prussian Minister, 'Nothing more is wanted but something official—a friendly letter from the King to the Emperor to say the proposal won't be renewed again, or something like that—anything, in fact, to calm public opinion and set us right.'

"I went to bed perfectly happy.

"Next morning I got up, and a cursed piece of yellow paper was brought me—I see it still, and I shall always see it—which announced that the King had refused to see the French Ambassador, and that Berlin was in violent excitement. Werther, the wretch! had told his Government that we asked for a letter of excuses. As the day wore on, despatches came from all parts of Europe—from Germany, from Berne, from London—to say that the talk of the Prussian diplomatic agents everywhere was of immediate war. Still I thought the worst might be

avoided, but when I got to St. Cloud I found there ——— and ——— Granier de Cassagnac, and Jérome David. The resolution to go to war had been taken without consulting me."

Ollivier gave me his *éloge* of Lamartine. The following is the passage to which so much objection was made:—

"Pourtant, le calme revenu, dans ses admirables *Entretiens* il ne s'interdit pas les digressions politiques, et en plus d'une occasion il se montra juste envers le souverain à l'avènement duquel il s'était opposé. Il n'avait pas contribué à l'apothéose de Napoléon I. Bien qu'il eût appelé ce régime épique la plus vaste création de Dieu, il s'était mépris sur le caractère de l'œuvre Napoléonienne. La dictature nationale qui avait sauvé la Révolution de l'excès et de la réaction, imposé l'ordre à une démocratie fanatique d'anarchie, l'égalité à une aristocratie fanatique de privilèges, lui avait semblé 'un recrépissage par la gloire des siècles usés.' Inaccessible toutefois aux aveuglements volontaires, il n'avait pas poursuivi de ses préventions le prince héritier du nom et du pouvoir de Napoléon. Plus d'une fois il considéra ses actes comme des fautes, sans qu'il se laissât cependant entraîner à méconnaître

la valeur générale de cette haute personnalité. Après une conversation suivie de beaucoup d'autres dans des circonstances graves, écrit-il dans ses *Mémoires politiques*, je reconnus l'homme d'état le plus fort et le plus sérieux de tous ceux, sans aucune exception, que j'eusse connus dans ma longue vie parmi les hommes d'état. S'il l'avait approché d'avantage, s'il avait éprouvé son grand cœur, son esprit formé de charme et de justesse, la douceur de sa majesté paisible; s'il était devenu le confident de ses pensées uniquement tournées au bien public et au soulagement de ceux qui souffrent; s'il avait été témoin de la loyauté avec laquelle il a fondé et mis en pratique les institutions les plus libres que notre pays ait encore connues; s'il l'avait contemplé modeste pendant la prospérité, auguste pendant l'infortune, il aurait fait mieux que lui rendre justice, il l'eût aimé."

How strange did this appear to me, who remembered a conversation at the dinner-party in 1859 related in the first volume of the first series of these Notes, p. 114.

10. From Paris to Lyons, a cold day with frequent snow showers. When I got to Hyères on the 11th the mistral was blowing, and very cold did the fields

of *Narcissus Tazzetta* look upon the 11th. Hardly any flowers were out: the rosemary, the tree heath, and the *Anemone stellata* were the most conspicuous. On the 13th my sister, whom I had gone to visit, read me Moltke's speech on the German army. The following sentence from it, a plain statement of undoubted facts, is surely one of the proudest that ever was spoken in any deliberative assembly:—

"Während unsere Heere in Frankreich standen, haben wir nahezu die ganze französische Armée bei uns gehabt, haben sie aufgenommen, untergebracht, ernährt, zum Theil bekleidet, und haben dann diese Armée *unbeschädigt* beim Frieden an Frankreich herausgegeben, wo sie den tüchtigen Kern für alle Neuformationen bildet."

15. The mistral has ceased, and the day is warm and fine. We drove to the Villa des Palmiers, whose beautiful terrace I shall always associate with the wonderful passage on Italy, written by Alexandrine de La Ferronays at Brussels in 1843, the last words of which—"Je vais voir bien mieux que l'Italie"—kept running in my head all day.

17. Dined in the Rue de Miroménil, and again spent the evening over the MSS.

19. Rose early and went by Pontoise to Gisors. I walked up its long street, and then, taking a carriage, drove over the unenclosed, featureless uplands which spread round the town. The day was a good one for the season: a light wind drove thin clouds across the sky, the larks were singing, and the first signs of spring were visible on the edge of the copses. Ere long I saw a large building in some trees at the bottom of a long descent.[1] "Is that Boury?" I asked. "Yes," said my driver. Alighting in the centre of the little village, I soon found a man who could act as guide. He had been gardener at the Château for many years, and had seen it in the hands of five owners, his recollections going back to the days when it belonged to the Marquis de Boury. I went with him to the cemetery, whence we returned by the route described under the date of the 13th July 1847, in two pages, than which there is, in their own kind, nothing more exquisite. I could not find the jasmine which grew along the wall, but everything else must be very much as it was.

The house was for sale, and my guide took me

[1] *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. ii.

over every corner of the building. It had been in the occupation of the Prussians, but they did not seem to have done much mischief. Altogether, it is one of the least attractive places I ever beheld, and affords one proof more, if any were wanted, of the charm that can be given to any locality by its associations.

> "For genius is a deathless light
> That still burns on through thickest night;
> It fires a steady lamp, whose rays
> Descend through time, as stars through space.
> Though twice a thousand years be fled
> We still repeat what Æsop said."

I returned to Paris in the evening.

18. A long talk with Renan, who said, amongst other things, that it was highly probable that France would have the Empire without the best thing *in* the Empire, *i.e.* the Emperor. I lunched with Ollivier, and had more political talk. He presented me to his second wife, who came from Pondicherry, and we drank coffee from her father's plantations in the Shevaroy Hills.

To-day too I saw, at the Hôtel des Ministres, Lady Blennerhassett, *née* Countess Leiden, of whom

Döllinger talked to me with such enthusiastic admiration in October 1870; our first and last meeting hitherto having been at the India Office in 1871, soon after her marriage.

20. Spent the day chiefly with Taine, who is writing, in a very conservative frame of mind, a book about the Revolution; and with M. Monod, one of the people connected with the *Revue Critique*, which Acton says is at this moment the best review in existence. In the evening I went again to the Rue de Miroménil, whither came Madame de Montalembert and a daughter, but not the one I had met in London, who is now married and travelling on the Nile.

They very kindly left me alone in an adjoining room most of the evening, so that I might finish running through the MSS. which I had begun to examine upon the 8th.

April

In the beginning of April we let our London house and went down to Hampden; I taking some lodgings to use when I had to sleep in town.

13. Dined with the Literary Society, sitting next

Venables, who mentioned Mrs. Norton having told him that she had introduced Disraeli to Lord Melbourne at the request of the latter. Lord Melbourne said, "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Disraeli. I hear you're a very clever young man—what's your ambition?" "To be Prime Minister of England, my Lord," was Disraeli's answer. A good story was told too of a man who, living on Steep Holm in the Bristol Channel, kept a bear for want of other companionship. A party of excursionists landed one day, and a young woman was very roughly treated by the creature. An action was brought and damages obtained, but they could not be enforced; it turning out that Steep Holm being in no county, no sheriff had any jurisdiction.

23. George Boyle, who is in town examining the candidates for commissions, told me that wishing to give a youth, who seemed likely to be plucked, a last chance, he said to him, "Come now, can you tell me anything about Alexander the Great?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "he was educated at Aristotle."

We strolled together one of these days for an hour in St. James's Park, during the course of which he told me, to my amusement, that Wordsworth's

"phantom of delight" was not, as I supposed, his own wife, but Lady Mary Lowther, the mother of George Bentinck, now the Secretary of the Board of Trade, and only too well known in the last Parliament.

One night when the two Bentincks, the one I have just mentioned and the tall member for Norfolk, had been obstructing business in a weary way for a long time, some one said on the Treasury Bench, "Ah! we'll get on now. Big Ben has left the House." "Yes," said Dowse, "that's true, but he's left the little chap that strikes the quarters."

This reminds me of another saying of Dowse's, when, far on in the morning, he was woke up from a half doze by Osborne Morgan, who insisted on making a speech about legal education—"Put him in his own Burial Bill!"

24. Dined with the Arthur Russells. Morier amused us very much by relating how he had once, when a very young man, sat at a great party in Vienna next a short, thick-set individual whose breast was covered with orders, but who presently remarked to him, "It's very 'ot." They fell into conversation, and he was still more puzzled when his friend said, "When I was in Prince Lichtenstein's stables." Of course it

was the famous Minister of the Duke of Parma, Baron Ward.

May

17. A lovely day and very pleasant party at Hampden. Arthur Russell, the Mallets, Mademoiselle M. de Peyronnet, Sir Rowland and Lady Blennerhassett. We walked first to the wild hyacinths, then to White Leaf, gathering the woodruff (Waldmeister) as we came home, with which Lady Blennerhassett made Maitrank. Mallet was obliged in the early morning to leave his room, which was opposite the cedars in which the peacocks roost, disturbed by their screeching. Mademoiselle de Peyronnet immediately christened him "Mallet du paon." He is a grandson of the famous publicist Mallet du Pan.[1]

18. Lady Blennerhassett, Mademoiselle de Peyronnet, Arthur Russell, and I, went into the woods after breakfast, and it was here, while we were gathering flowers, that Arthur Russell repeated to us the following very remarkable lines, which, having

[1] I told this afterwards to Acton, who said, "It is not the only joke the family have had made on their name; Mallet du Pan was called by his enemies Mallet pendu."

been written by Strauss on his deathbed, were repeated to Morier, and by him to Arthur Russell :—

"Dem ich dieses sage,
Weiss ich klage nicht ;
Der ich dieses klage,
Weiss ich zage nicht.

Nun heisst's bald verglimmen,
Wie ein Licht verglimmt ;
In die Luft verschwimmen
Wie ein Ton verschwimmt.

Möge schwach wie immer,
Aber hell und rein
Dieser letzte Schimmer,
Dieser Ton nur sein."

20. I was presented to-night by Lady Derby to the Czar at the Foreign Office. Every one has been remarking the extreme sadness of his expression.

23. Mr. Greg and Miss Wilson, who have travelled so much with us, were married to-day.

24. To-day, Whitsunday, the beechwoods are in perfection, as the spring wild-flowers were on the 17th. Amongst our guests were Frederick Gibbs and Fitzjames Stephen, who were on their way across through the Chilterns from Tring to Risborough.

The last time Stephen came to us he walked straight down from London, 34 miles, emulous of his grandfather, the friend of Wilberforce, who on his seventieth birthday walked from the little white house[1] which stands over Missenden to Hampstead.

27. Dined at Balliol, meeting amongst others Mrs. Max Müller, to whom I quoted Strauss's lines. She told me that Goethe had repeated on his deathbed Rückert's "Um Mitternacht." The last verse is :—

"Um Mitternacht
Hab ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben :
Herr über Tod und Leben
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht."

28. We walked over the University Galleries, seeing, amongst other things, some most extraordinarily beautiful drawings by Ruskin, and a little water-colour of the Spina Chapel at Pisa, by Turner, which was beyond all praise.

In the afternoon we drove over to Woodstock, and spent the afternoon in Blenheim Park.

[1] Known as Healthy Hill House.

On the 29th we went over the Palace, where there are many undeniably good, but few interesting pictures. It is a dreary place, and I quite agreed with the visitor who, stepping out of the hideous chapel, the last portion of the building to which one is taken, said, "They haven't even the consolations of religion—poor things."

Thence we passed through Wychwood Forest: a delicious bit of Middle Age England, all white with May blossom, and thickly set with primroses and bluebells. Here too I found the columbine, and it is the only spot in England where I have ever chanced to see it apparently wild.

A long drive brought us to Chipping Norton, whence on the 30th we returned to Oxford, after seeing the Rolwright Stones which Bede calls "the second wonder of England," and which had, of course, special interest for Lubbock, who, however, could throw no new light on their history.

At Oxford I was introduced by her mother, the wife of the Dean of Christchurch, to Miss Alice Liddell, the original "Alice in Wonderland," and heard Dean Stanley preach a sermon before the University, in which he mentioned, amongst other things, that in the

Imperial Library at St. Petersburg he had seen Voltaire's copy of the *Système de la nature*, on the fly-leaf of which, in his own hand, is the famous sentence, "Si Dieu n'existait pas—il faudrait l'inventer."

The next morning we went by rail to Twyford, and thence drove to Henley, whence we descended the river to Marlow, passing Medmenham Abbey, famous in the "Chronique scandaleuse" of the last century.

The dewberry—*Rubus caesius*—was in blossom along the banks, and more abundant than I have elsewhere observed it, while every now and then our boat glided past perfect thickets of the sweet-scented reed and the yellow iris.

The day was cool, and the sky sufficiently veiled to remind us, as we approached our landing-place, that it was here Shelley wrote not the least beautiful of his poems—

> "I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
> From the seas and the streams."

At Marlow our own horses met us, and took us across country to Hampden. The road from Marlow to Wycombe is said to have passed in the old coaching days, and with some reason, for "the finest stage in England."

Amongst those whom we met on this visit to Oxford was Mr. Pater, the author of *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, but there was nothing in his conversation to mark him out as the author of such a sentence as that which closes his paper on Leonardo da Vinci, or of this one about Michael Angelo:—

"And of all that range of sentiment he is the poet, a poet still alive and in possession of our inmost thoughts—dumb inquiry, the relapse after death into the formlessness which preceded life, change; revolt from that change, then the correcting, hallowing, consoling rush of pity; at last, far off, thin and vague, yet not more vague than the most definite thoughts men have had through three centuries on a matter that has been so near their hearts—the new body; a passing light, a mere intangible, external effect over those too rigid or too formless faces; a dream that lingers a moment, retreating in the dawn, incomplete, aimless, helpless; a thing with faint hearing, faint memory, faint power of touch; a breath, a flame in the doorway, a feather in the wind."

June

2. Rode over from Hampden with Miss Lubbock to Bradenham, famous for its terraced garden, where

Disraeli the elder lived so long, and where his son was brought up. The road from Hampden lies across one of the most beautiful commons in England, thickly covered with juniper, which grows so tall as to take something of the character of the cypress.

4. Rode with Miss Lubbock to Velvet Lawn, a dell among the Chilterns, enclosed in the grounds of Chequers, the next property to Hampden, and still in the hands of a descendant of the Cromwells. It is a true *saltus*, surrounded by box trees, here, if anywhere in England, indigenous; between which and the delicate green sward there was to-day a broad belt of the bugle in full blossom. The whole air was full of a strange, camphor-like fragrance.

We were sitting at night in front of the house when Miss Lubbock, mindful of some experiment of which she had heard, put a lamp out upon the grass to attract, as she said, "horrid creatures." Presently a carriage was heard driving up to the door, an unusual thing at a quarter to ten P.M., in this lonely region. It proved to be Dean Stanley, who with his wife and Jowett had come over from Oxford, meaning to arrive in time for dinner, but had hopelessly lost his way—as Jowett's note announcing the arrival of the party

had apparently done also, for it did not come till next morning.

5. Jowett, who had been reading the epitaph by Hampden upon his first wife, said to me very truly, "How few good epitaphs there are"; and as I walked across the field towards the point from which one sees Chequers, I continued the subject with Stanley. He said, "There are very few good ones in Westminster Abbey," and cited part of one of a purely domestic kind which was rather pretty. I said, "In that vein, I have seen few better than one on a young girl connected with the Lucy family, in a church to which you sent me many years ago: St. Giles's, Cripplegate." He mentioned one by Bishop Louth to his own daughter at Cuddesdon, and one by Lord Wellesley to Lord Brougham's daughter, on the steps leading up to the chapel at Lincoln's Inn.

Dined with Rawlinson, meeting Mr. Schuyler, the American, who has just been travelling in Central Asia. I sat next Mr. Ronald Thompson, from Teheran, and talked to him, *inter alia*, about the extraordinary story of the Bâbis, of which Renan makes so striking a use in his *Apôtres*, and which occurred during the earlier part of Mr. Thompson's residence

at the Persian Court. He told me that seven Bâbis were brought before the Shah to be interrogated. The Shah said, "We make no demand from you, except that you should pronounce the formula, 'There is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' That done, you are absolutely free and may go where you please, as you please." They refused. The Shah then handed them over to the First Minister, telling him that before they were put to death a separate offer of life, and permission to go where they pleased, should be made to each of them. The offer was made in Mr. Thompson's presence to each, and refused by all.

6. The Breakfast Club met at Lansdowne House, and Pollock, who is editing Macready's Journal, mentioned that he had found in it an entry to the effect that Cobden, when arranging with Macready about taking Covent Garden for the Anti-Corn-Law League, had said to him, "I have never been here since I came to offer a play to the management, which was refused."

We were talking of Thackeray, when Henry Cowper mentioned that there was a story in his family to the effect that Lord Melbourne, when his

mind was becoming enfeebled, sat one day in a railway carriage opposite a fellow-traveller whose name he found to be Mr. Thackeray. He said, "Pray, sir, are you the Mr. Thackeray who invented brass locks?" "No," said the man. "Are you the Mr. Thackeray who wrote *Vanity Fair*?" "No," said the man. "Then what the h—— Mr. Thackeray are you?" rejoined his lordship.

7. One of our guests to-day was Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the advocate of the Permissive Bill. He says that his neighbours, the Cumberland statesmen, are very intemperate, and mentions having remarked to the person who told him of the death of one of them, "Well, I suppose he died of drinking." "Yes," was the reply, "leastwise I never heard anything to the contrary."

Mr. John Morley, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, who is staying with us and has given great attention to the history of the French Revolution, told me that when Sybel went to examine, at the Archives, the minutes of the Committee of Public Safety, he found on them the dust of 1794. Of all the French historians who had written upon that period, not one had taken the trouble to look at them.

20. Walked from Hampden with Lord and Lady Henley to the cross put up by Mr. Erle in memory of Hampden, upon the piece of land on which the Ship Money was levied. The inscription runs as follows :—

"For these lands in Stoke Mandeville
John Hampden
Was assessed in Twenty Shillings
Ship Money
Levied by command of the King,
Without authority of Law,
The 4th of August 1635.
By resisting this claim of the King
In Legal Strife,
He upheld the right of the People
Under the Law :
And became entitled
To grateful remembrance.
His work on earth ended
After the conflict on Chalgrove Field,
The 18th of June 1643,
And he rests in Great Hampden Church.
[1] W. E., 1863."

[1] W. E. was the Mr. Erle to whom his intimate friend, a Jewish millionaire, said one day, "Really, Erle, you go about too badly dressed : that coat is frightfully old." "Yes," said the other, "will you buy it?"

21. Amongst others with us to-day at Hampden was Mr. Knowles, the editor of the *Contemporary Review*, and secretary to the Metaphysical Society. He mentioned having been present at a conversation between Manning and a Positivist friend, who were comparing their respective opinions. After listening for some time, he said, "Well then, ——, it comes to this, that if the Archbishop were to put over the altar the figure of Humanity with a child in her arms, in place of the Madonna, there would be nothing between you, or, in other words, Huxley's epigram was quite correct when he said, 'The religion of Positivism is Catholicism without Christianity.'" "It is no epigram at all," replied ——, "it is a plain statement of fact."

He told too a good story of an American who, talking with a chance companion of his own nation, observed, "There are more snakes in Ken-tucky than in all the world besides—I have seen twenty thousand snakes in one tree!"

The other, looking steadily at him, and speaking very slowly, replied, "I have been in all parts of Ken-tucky, and I never saw twenty thousand snakes in one tree."

The first was silent for a little, and then recommenced, "There are more snakes in Ken-tucky than in all the world besides—I have seen ten thousand snakes in one tree!"

There was a further pause, and the second, speaking still more slowly, answered, "I have been in all parts of Ken-tucky, and I never saw ten thousand snakes in one tree."

There ensued a dead silence, which was broken by the first speaker returning to the charge, "There are more snakes in Ken-tucky than in all the world besides—I have seen five thousand snakes in one tree! and darn it, stranger, I'll fight before I give up one snake more."

Mrs. Craven, who came to England a week or two ago, and whom I have seen several times lately in London, came down to us at Hampden on the 24th, and remained till the 26th; but she was suffering from the commencement of a bad attack of Neapolitan ague, so that she was confined to her room a great part of the 25th, on the evening of which day we were joined by Mrs. Mitchell, whose house in Great Stanhope Street used to be so charming about the years '63-'65, and who is just beginning to see

her most intimate friends since the long illness and death of her husband.

26. Amongst others with us to-day were Lord and Lady O'Hagan. She told us that Lord Spencer's last public appearance in Ireland was at some distribution of prizes. The gentleman who made the principal speech on the occasion was full of cordiality, saying to the Lord Lieutenant, "We all hope to see you soon back again—you, and the work of Art that sits by your side!" She mentioned too the excellent name which the Irish had given to the pair—the Red Cross Knight, and Spencer's Fairy Queen.

28. Ralph Earle, and Leonard Montefiore, now an undergraduate at Balliol, were with us at Hampden. The latter mentioned an exceedingly good riddle—"When the day breaks, what becomes of the pieces?"—"They go into morning."

Ralph Earle's name makes me think of Mr. Disraeli, whose Private Secretary he long was. The town is full this year of good stories about him. A week or two ago he met Arthur Russell coming out of Lady Derby's house in St. James's Square, and turning with him walked along Pall Mall. Some one looking out of the Athenæum window saw the

couple, and Arthur Russell was afterwards asked whether he had really walked along Pall Mall with the Tory Premier. He mentioned this to Disraeli, who said, "I trust you did not deny me; the cock would have crowed if you had!"

At the recent presentation of distinguished persons to the Duchess of Edinburgh, Disraeli met Lord Carnarvon in the crowd, and asked him whether he had been presented to the Grand Duchess. "No," replied the other. "What," said Disraeli, "you a Minister of State and haven't been presented to the Grand Duchess!" "Equerry," he cried, beckoning with his finger, "Gold Stick, Wand—Hertford![1] Here's a Minister of State who hasn't been presented to the Grand Duchess!"

29. To-day our excellent landlord, Mr. Cameron Hampden, was buried here. He died of consumption last week, and this estate passed away from his family to the Buckinghamshires by as strange an accident as that which, a generation ago, brought one of the most famous of English Whig houses into the hands of one of the most famous of Scotch Jacobite families.

[1] Aug. 13, 1893. Aberdare writes that he heard this, and that it is exactly what Disraeli said, save for the omission of a word. His phrase was "great Minister of State."

30. Sir Charles Wyke, our minister at Copenhagen, told me to-day that when the Duc de Cadore was sent in 1870 to endeavour to get Denmark to act with France against Prussia, he had strongly urged him not to entangle the unhappy little State in so dangerous an alliance without giving her the most distinct and specific guarantees. The same language was held by the Danish Prime Minister to the French envoy. "Observe," he said, "the difference of our position. If France is by any chance defeated, she has a great deal to fall back upon, but we risk our all." "C'est vrai" said the other, "mais après tout, c'est si peu de chose!"

July

9. Up to London with Mrs. Mitchell, who leaves us to-day. She told me on the road D'Orsay's answer about his wife when some one said—"Elle a de l'esprit."—"Elle a nos phrases."

To-night, when we were discussing the Regulation of Public Worship, took place the cat incident in the House of Commons, the accounts of which in the

newspapers delightfully illustrated the uncertainty of History. Poor Pussy, instead of proceeding leisurely down the House, as one of them described, rushed, like the wind, past me and the other occupants of the front Opposition Bench. What became of her afterwards I know only by report, but Dyke, the Ministerial Whip, said to me, "The cat is *for* the Bill; she went into the Ay lobby."

10. To Lady William Russell's at night. There were there: Lady Arthur, Madame de Perpigna, her charming daughter, who is come over with the Crown Princess from Berlin, Lord Bute, whom I saw for the first time, Arthur, Odo, Cartwright, and others. Lady William felt unwell, and was wheeled in her chair out of the room. I was standing with Odo, and as she passed us she turned to her guests and said, "Amuse yourselves as well as you can when I am gone." They were the last words I ever heard her speak. She died two or three weeks after, and so closed a very remarkable life, and the only *salon* which has for some years existed in London.

12. Amongst others at Hampden to-day were Mr. W. E. Forster and Mr. John Murray. The latter told me that the first idea of the Handbooks was

suggested to him by a MS. account of Holland which was given him by Dr. Somerville, the husband of a more famous wife, when he first went as a very young man to visit that country.

16. A particularly gay little dinner at Mallet's. We tasted on this occasion, for the first time, the Chambertin, which some of us have just imported, and which was picked up for us at Dijon by Mr. Marshall, the author of a very pleasant little book which I read on my way to Hyères in the spring, called *French Home Life*.

19. A burning day, even on this high plateau. The Gregs are here for the first time since their marriage. The whole air is full of the scent of the limes, and the murmur of the bees among them. It was not till after afternoon tea that Massey and I could summon energy to creep out as far as White Leaf. Massey said that it was like a warm day in April at Calcutta.

I read to him to-night from "St. Stephen's" the lines about Hampden. It is odd that nobody to whom I mention it seems ever to have read that remarkable poem, which is as good a piece of criticism as it is a piece of verse :—

"But see where rising last on lull'd debate,
With brief discourse, in which each word has weight,
With 'brain to plan, tongue to persuade, and hand
To do all mischief'—which can free his land,
Great Hampden fills the eye!—
O wise as Strafford, and as Vane sincere,
Warm without frenzy, wary without fear,
Freedom's calm champion, while in peace her trust,
Freedom's first martyr, while her war was just;
Had'st thou but lived thine own designs to crown!
No! at its brightest let thy sun go down!
If Heaven in thee had viewed the later guide,
From Heaven's elected death had turned aside.
Thrice happy one! thy white name is not seen
In the red list of Bradshaw's jurymen;
Thy manhood smote not the gray crownless head—
Thy faith forsook not the Good Cause it led—
Thy cheek flush'd not at the usurper's scoff,
When pikemen bore a people's bauble off;
Hid from thy sight the loved Republic's doom,
In courtiers crowding Cromwell's anteroom,
And Gideon-Saints, the men of Marston Moor,
Drill'd into sentries at the Brewer's door."

21. Mademoiselle Isabelle de Peyronnet told me to-day a good repartee of Lady Marion Alford's as a child. Some one was blaming her for extravagance, and saying that she should not burn the candle at

both ends. She answered, "I should have thought that was the way to make the two ends meet."

30. The following conversation took place to-day between a gentleman and his oculist:

A. "Really, you're the very worst patient in the world. I have proved to you that you see things as they are not, and because they look different to you when you put on your spectacles, you blame your spectacles. The fact is, that you have been satisfied all your life with a vague, indistinct view of things; you have got accustomed to that, and you dislike a change. You would blame very much any one who followed that course in intellectual matters?"

B. "Who accepted, in fact, the Catholic theory of life?"

A. "Exactly so."

August

16. Morley and Mallet at Hampden. The former told us that an itinerant having come with a dancing bear to Haworth, Charlotte Brontë's village, the population of that remote place, unaccustomed to such sights, were much astonished, and the oldest inhabitant, after long contemplation, remarked, "I

don't know, but I think that's what they call a Papist." Mallet, who was Cobden's lieutenant in Paris, repeated one or two stories which should not be allowed to perish.

Just when the Commercial Treaty of 1860 was going to be signed, some excessively trifling difficulty arose. Cobden was for settling it on the spot, but Lord Cowley would not dare to do so, and insisted on having instructions from England. The business was accordingly adjourned, to Cobden's infinite annoyance; and as he went down the steps of the Palace on the Quai d'Orsay he said, putting his hand on his companion's shoulder, "Lord Cowley, when I was a bagman travelling for orders, I had more power than you, Her Majesty's Ambassador in Paris."

When Cobden returned for the last time from America, the steamer in which he arrived was boarded in the Mersey by a messenger bringing a letter from Lord Palmerston, in which he offered Cobden a seat in the Cabinet. He went immediately to Manchester, and, after consultation with his friends, determined to decline. On arriving in London he went to Cambridge House, and finding the Prime Minister sitting alone at breakfast, said to him: "Lord Palmerston,

before we come to business, I ought to say that I consider your having made the proposal you have made, to a man who has been attacking you so steadily for so many years, a proof of great magnanimity; but don't you think that it would be really better that I should first change my principles and then go into your Cabinet, than that I should first go into your Cabinet and then change my principles?" Lord Palmerston struck his hand violently on the table and exclaimed, "Damn it, Mr. Cobden, what did you go into public life for?"

17. Rode over to Drayton-Beauchamp, where Hooker lived as Rector, and where the present incumbent, Mr. Harpur Crewe, has made a most interesting collection of herbaceous plants.

20. I met to-day, at a solicitor's where I had to spend some hours about some of my wife's family affairs, Major Vyner, whose sister married General Blumenthal, and who, speaking of the sudden way in which the French declaration of war in 1870 had come upon the Prussians, told me that he had received a letter from his sister, dated 14th July, in which she said, "Blumenthal thinks that all danger of war is now gone by," or words to that effect.

22. Rode over to Hartwell, where they keep many relics of Louis the Eighteenth's long residence there. Mrs. Lee told me that some of the old people in the neighbourhood still remember and speak of him. It is a country of long memories. A friend of mine avers that when people in the villages between Hampden and Oxford speak of *the Prince*, they mean Prince Rupert.

Lubbock and I drove over to Dropmore, where we saw, amongst other things, a Douglas pine, a year younger than I am, which our guide declared to be 120 feet high. I doubt if it was that, but it was at least a great forest tree.

30. Mr. Childers, of the India Office Library, was with us. The conversation turned on the Páli Dictionary, on which he is engaged. Páli, he told us, never was really the name of a language. The word means "the text," and is applied to the old Pracrit, or ordinary speech of Magadha or Bahar, because the Buddhist Scriptures were originally composed in that, being the speech of the Gautama Buddha. Pracrit means natural, as distinguished from Sanscrit, which means artificial—perfected.

I have mentioned in an earlier page of this Diary

Whitbread's curious story about Colonel Taylor's conversation with Lord Derby on the night on which the Palmerston Government was overthrown in February 1858.[1] I wrote the other day to Whitbread to send him this curious continuation of his story, which was told me on the 24th by Lord Lytton, to whom I was that evening introduced by John Morley at the United Service Club, where we of the Athenæum are at present guests.

When Lord Malmesbury came into office, he fired off a highly patriotic despatch. Lord Cowley received it, saw that it could only result in war, and putting it in his pocket went off to Walewski. "You must understand" he said, "that I come as Lord Cowley, and not as English Ambassador, but I have received a despatch from my Government which is so strong that I should like you to see it privately before I hand it to you officially." Walewski read the despatch and said, "You may give me that despatch, but if you do I will send you your passports to-morrow morning." Lord Cowley did not present the despatch, but sent it back for alteration, and it was altered and re-altered before it was formally presented.

[1] See *Notes from a Diary* (London, 1897), vol. i., p. 99.

In this matter, at least negatively, Lord Cowley had as much power as Cobden in his bagman days; but what an amusing comment the anecdote is upon the cry for a "spirited foreign policy" on which the Derby Government of 1858 came in.

September.

On the 31st ult. Lubbock and I left Hampden, and slept at Plymouth.

The next day we went on to Penzance, I learning, as we went, the most elementary facts in Cornish geography, about which I had had up to that time only very vague ideas.

From Penzance we drove to the Land's End, and saw, thanks to the gale of the night before, a fine swell breaking around the lighthouses of the Wolf and the Longships. On a moor very near the Land's End Hotel, we came upon *Illecebrum verticillatum* in great beauty.

From Penzance we drove to Helston, after visiting the very picturesque dolmen known as the Lannion Quoit, and put ourselves into the hands of an intelligent bookseller, a Mr. Cunnack, to whom we were intro-

duced by Mr. Ralfs, well known as a writer on microscopic botany. Thanks to Mr. Cunnack we managed, in spite of the most fearful weather, to find nearly all the more characteristic plants of the region, such as *Corrigiola littoralis*, *Sibthorpia Europæa*, *Herniaria glabra*, *Erica vagans*. More especially was I delighted with the beautiful little *Campanula hederacæa*, and with the *Cyperus longus*, which last we found quite close to Landewednack, the most southern church in England.

On our way to Helston we stopped to visit "The Guarded Mount," a dependency in old times of the great Norman monastery of St. Michael, but for the last two centuries the property of the St. Aubyns. We met Sir John, with whom I have sat for many years in Parliament, on our way to his eyry. He had just lost a child, and was unable to receive us, but he sent his steward, who was a most efficient guide, and on our way back to Plymouth we fell in with St. Aubyn himself, and heard from him much that was interesting about the country.

On the 5th we returned to Hampden, and on the 6th I made up the list of the English plants now known to me. I promised myself many years ago, as I men-

tioned in my first series of these Notes, that I would see growing every species which Bentham recognises. These amount to 1295 flowering plants and ferns—of which I have found 976, leaving 319[1] still to find. Amongst these, 28 belong to the single genus *Carex*.

In the afternoon of that day Lubbock and I saw a truly memorable sunset from White Leaf; a strong south-west wind driving before it enormous masses of rain-cloud, while below them the Wittenham clumps stood out against a sky of golden light. We came in for this magnificent close to a stormy day, in consequence of having been detained at home somewhat later than usual by attending the christening of my fourth boy, who was born on the 27th of July, and was to-day named after the most celebrated owner of Hampden, Lubbock being his godfather.

Sept. 14–20. I spent these days in London, taking up my son Arthur and some of our household with me to 4 Queen's Gate Gardens, with a view to entertaining some of the people who had come over for the Orientalist Congress.

On the 15th, Stenzler of Breslau, Weber of Leipzig,

[1] Now (1897) reduced to 175, many very local and some very inconspicuous, 18 Carices, 15 Grasses, 5 Juncaceae among them.

—both great Sanscritists,—Haug the Zend Scholar, Eggeling the Secretary of the Asiatic Society, Burgess the editor of the *Indian Antiquary*, Rénouf, Fergusson the author of the *Handbook of Architecture*, Sayce of Queen's College, Oxford, the Assyrian scholar, Cust and Krehl of Leipzig, dined with us.

On the 17th Max Müller delivered a most striking address to his Section, after which I went into the Library of the Royal Institution, and had a long conversation with Prince Charles of Roumania, my meeting with whom Müller had arranged. From the Royal Institution I took Prince Charles to Kingsley's house in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, and thence to Charing Cross Station. Later in the evening one of his former ministers, now his agent in Berlin, Mr. Krazulesco, came to dine with us, and we talked about Roumania for some hours.

On the 18th my section, the Archæological, met, and I delivered an address. In the evening, Mr. Tylor, Herbert Spencer, the Müllers, Lubbock, Sir Louis Mallet, and others, came to dine at 4 Queen's Gate Gardens, to meet Prince Charles. I had thought him a little shaky about Free Trade, and took care that the inheritor of Cobden's mantle should sit next

him. Later I went to Lady Marion Alford's, where I was introduced to the Princess, and to her mother, the Princess of Wied, who in their respective ways are both charming.

On the 19th Mr. Talboys Wheeler, the Indian historian, breakfasted with me, and I spent most of the forenoon with Dr. Birdwood, in the India Office Museum, examining specimens of the various art manufactures which he advised me to buy in India. We were looking at a most exquisite little piece of Jeypore enamel belonging to Lady Mayo, when he told the following very curious story: "I was," he said, "some time ago showing that cup to the Archbishop of York, and as I turned the spoon about in it that he might see the reflection of the emerald bowl on the gold, I said, 'Now you can realise what it is to be a Viceroy.' Just at that moment one of the servants of the Museum came up, pale as death, and said, 'There is a telegram downstairs to say that Lord Mayo is assassinated.'"

From the India Office I passed on to Kingsley's. He has been travelling in the United States, and has come back far from well. From his house I went to hear Professor Owen give his address to the Ethno-

logical Section, and wound up a very busy week by dining at the Mansion-House—a pleasant party, doing much credit to the Lord Mayor, Sir Andrew Lusk.

In the course of the evening I was introduced to Professor Schrader, who is so ludicrously like Huxley that I went up and shook hands with him at Lady Marion Alford's, to the intense amusement of Lacaita, who had just made a similar mistake.

27. A most lovely day and a charming party at Hampden. Lubbock, his sister, and his daughter Amy, Lepsius with his son, who is a geologist, and a most agreeable specimen of Young Germany, Max Müller, and his wife. She told me a good saying of Van de Weyer's. His host, at some country-house, had been taking infinite trouble to dispose of his guests for the day, sending this man to shoot, that to fish, and so on. At last, he turned to Van de Weyer and said, "And now Mr. Van de Weyer, what can I do for you?" "Thank you," was the reply, "I don't want to kill anything—not even time." As we walked in the afternoon, Lepsius mentioned that Behemoth, *i.e.* the Hippopotamus, was derived from two old Egyptian words, meaning the ox of the water. He

thinks that all the great gods of Egypt were merely forms of the one great god—the Sun.

28. Before the Müllers and Lepsiuses left us we went to Chequers, and walked over the house, which I had never seen before. Two swords, said to have belonged to Oliver Cromwell, are shown, and his picture as a child; but most of the Cromwell relics are locked up. The long library is a very fine room.

October

4. I am spending some days at High Elms, my wife being at the sea, and to-day we have a large and interesting party—Tyndall, fresh from his address at Belfast, which has been making such a sensation, the Müllers, Herbert Spencer, and Mr. Sorby, who has been working lately at the subject of colour, but is also known as a geologist and mineralogist, for his service to which sciences he has received the huge Boerhave medal—a mass of gold of the value of 1000 francs, but not, I thought, very beautiful. In the afternoon we went over to see Darwin, who was extremely lively and talked a good deal about the insect-eating plants on which he has been lately at work.

On the 14th of October I presided at the meeting

of the Princes Risborough Agricultural Association, and on the 20th bade good-bye to the woods of Hampden, which had already their autumn tints.

On the 26th I went down to stay with Mrs. Mitchell at Laidlawstiel, in Ettrick Forest, and on the 30th opened the session of the Philosophical Institution by delivering in the Music Hall of Edinburgh, to an audience of about 1800, an address[1] in reply to Greg's *Warnings of Cassandra*.

From Edinburgh I returned to London, spent one day there, and then started for India with Albert Rutson.

The story of what I saw and heard in the next five months is sufficiently told in my *Notes of an Indian Journey*,[2] a diary kept for my wife and the other companions of my recent autumn tours,—Lubbock, the Gregs, and Henry Smith,—which I sent home by successive mails, and afterwards printed.

The first entry was made at Lumigny, whither I went chiefly to see Mrs. Craven, and to visit with her some of the places which she has made memorable.[3]

[1] Published in the *Fortnightly Review* for November 1874, and reprinted in *Miscellanies, Political and Literary* (London, 1879).

[2] London, 1876.

[3] *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. ii.

1875

April

2. Our journey from India to Brindisi was as tiresome, in point of society, as our journey from Brindisi to India had been agreeable, and I arrived at Paris in the temper of a tiger that has been kept for a month upon chopped straw. I started, accordingly, very early this morning, determining to make the best of my time.

My first visit was to Renan, who was full of questions about the East. He told me that he had no doubt that Ophir was the west coast of India, and not, as has been often said, the south-east coast of Africa.

Of French politics he talked much, and in a more cheerful strain than when I last saw him.

From Renan I went to Mrs. Craven—that is, to the

opposite pole of religious, if not of political, opinion. Thence I passed on to Madame de Peyronnet, who represents another and totally different way of thinking, and whom I call "the best statesman in France." Thence I went to Madame Smirnoff, who gave me the last Russian news. Next I looked in at the Grand Hotel, where I wrote and sent off to London the very last words of my Indian *Notes*. That done, I set out to find Taine, who now spends much of the year at his property near Annecy, and with whom one has thus not often an opportunity of having, as I had to-day, a long conversation. He is still working at his History.[1] He mentioned to me that so disorganised did France become during the first Revolution, that Marseilles actually marched against Arles with a large body of troops and several pieces of cannon.

From Taine I returned to the Grand Hotel, dressed, and went to dine with the Cravens to meet their relative, the young Comte Bertrand de Blacas. Thence we all went on to the Marquis de Mun's, where, amongst other interesting things, I saw the picture of Madame de Mun, the daughter

[1] Afterwards published as *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*.

of Helvetius, which hangs hard by the original picture of Alexandrine de La Ferronays, by Madame de Caraman, of which I have an engraving, and which, according to a promise made to me before I went to India, came to meet me this morning at Mrs. Craven's, although it had now returned to its usual place.

At M. de Mun's I made the acquaintance of Madame de Forbin, and also that of the second son of the house, Captain de Mun, who has become so famous of late as a Catholic orator.

It was already late at night, but I did not like to allow a Friday evening in Paris to go by without paying my respects to Madame Mohl, so I drove rapidly to the Rue du Bac, and found many of her guests still with her. I had been talking with M. Mohl, Mrs. Hollond, and others, very intently, when I turned round and saw John Morley, whom I took back to his hotel, hearing by the way the details of a conversation which he had had that morning with Gambetta.

I do not think it would have been easy to look at things French from more points of view in a single day of sixteen hours.

3. I reached London this evening, having been absent just five months and one day.

8. To call on Kinglake, who is in very bad health. He tells me of a correspondence which he has been having with Lord Russell about the "Sleeping Cabinet," in the course of which Lord Russell mentioned that Lady Holland had told him that, having gone once into the room when the Cabinet was sitting at Holland House, she found Lord Melbourne stretched on one sofa, and Lord Glenelg on another.

12. Lady Blennerhassett told me the name which they give in Paris to the private secretary of Marshal MacMahon, "Le chien de l'aveugle." They have also travestied his famous message into "J'y reste, mais je ne suis plus."

13. I dined at the Metaphysical Society, where I was introduced to St. George Mivart, Darwin's Catholic opponent. Arthur Russell was in the chair, in the absence of Mr. Gladstone, who is President for the year, and there were present Tyndall, Carpenter, Dr. Ellicott the Bishop of Gloucester, Knowles of the *Contemporary*, Hutton of the *Spectator*, Ward of the *Dublin Review*, Harrison,

Lubbock, and Andrew Clark, the fashionable doctor, to whom so many eminent men have gone since Mr. Gladstone made him famous, that I say being one of his patients is equal to taking a good degree. I sat next Ruskin, to whom I had not talked for years, and to whom I was re-introduced. He told me that the *ἴον* of the Greeks was certainly no violet, but a small iris with a bright yellow centre. He had held it up between his eye and the sea, on the Sicilian coast, and could not see the slightest difference in shade.[1]

16. My wife, Lubbock, and I went down to High Elms, taking on the way Hever Castle, which was said, but apparently untruly, to be for sale. Thence we went to Penshurst, which has, I think, been somewhat overpraised, and so past Mr. S. Morley's grounds of Hall Place to Tunbridge Station.

24. My wife went down to Hampden, but I stayed in town, and dined with Rathbone to meet Chevalier. It was a small party, but amongst the guests were Mr. Gladstone, Bright, George Trevelyan, and Mallet. It ought to have been extremely brilliant, but was

[1] Lenz, however, proves—I think quite conclusively—that the *ἴον* of the Greeks *was* the violet.

one of the very dullest functions at which I ever assisted. Mr. Gladstone and Bright gave details about the letters they had received on the Burial Bill, discussed the Tichborne case, and told stories against each other about the extortions of corn doctors. Trevelyan declares that, for a long time, Chevalier believed they were talking about the Corn Laws, and was straining his attention to understand.

28. Cameron of Lochiel comes to me in the House, and tells me that he has heard a rumour of Lord Hobart's death, so we go together to the India Office, and find that it is too true.

29. Breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone, who has taken a small house—No. 23 Carlton Terrace—nearly opposite the large one which he recently sold. There were there the Italian Chargé d'Affaires the Chevalier de Martino, Mr. John Murray, Mr. Balfour (M.P. for Hertford), Knowles of the *Contemporary*, Wolowski the French Economist, and Garden the Sub-Dean of the Chapel-Royal. Mr. Gladstone quoted with approbation G. A. Denison's (St. George without the Dragon's) assertion that none of the old High Church party had gone over to Rome.

May

3. From what had passed at Madras, I thought when I arrived in England that all would be satisfactorily arranged, and that we should stay on at Hampden. It turns out, however, that this is a mistake, and that Lord Buckinghamshire means to inhabit it himself from the 25th of September, so I have been inquiring about other houses, and to-day went down to Knebworth, by arrangement with Lord Lytton. We were well satisfied with it, and settled all preliminaries before we returned to town.

6. Rutson breakfasted with me to meet Mr. Wilson, son of old Dr. Wilson of Bombay, who is now writing a series of papers in *Blackwood* called "The Abode of Snow," and is the author of that very striking book, *The Ever Victorious Army*.

13. Sir John Lubbock, his eldest daughter, my wife, and myself, left London and ran down to New Hailes, a place belonging to Charles Dalrymple, M.P. for Bute, about six miles from Edinburgh, now occupied by the Shands. It is a sombre pile outside, but the park is extremely pleasant, and inside the house is quite delightful. The principal public

room is the library, very lofty, and filled from floor to ceiling with books bound in dark leather, most of which belonged to the famous old judge who took his title from it. In the dining-room is a picture of the Lord-Advocate of the Glencoe Massacre.

14. Amongst other people who came to dine were Moncrieff, Sir Alexander Grant, and Huxley, who is in Edinburgh taking the lectures of Wyville Thomson, who is away in the *Challenger*.

On the 15th we went to Edgehill, Mr. Webster's place on Deeside, where for the first time since I was a child I saw in flower *Trientalis europæa*.

On the 17th I delivered a lecture upon my Indian journey at Kintore, and on the 18th, after visiting the Newton Stones, the Maiden Stone, and the Logie Stones, my wife and I went to my brother's at Delgaty.

Very near the Maiden Stone runs the little stream which has become celebrated from its connection with a Scotch song of which I am very fond :—

"O gin I were whar Gadie rins,
Whar Gadie rins,
Whar Gadie rins ;
O gin I were whar Gadie rins,
At the back o' Bennachie."

On the 20th the Lubbocks joined us at Turriff, and we all went over to spend some hours at Eden, whence we passed to Elgin, where I delivered my annual speech.

From Elgin we travelled in squally and showery weather to Lairg, in Sutherlandshire, taking a look at the Cistercian ruin of Pluscarden, as we drove to Forres. From Lairg we passed across a howling wilderness, swept by an appropriate wind, to see the Dun of Dornadilla, an ancient Pictish fortress between Altnaharra and Durness.

The 23rd and 24th we spent at Tongue, a pleasant oasis in the Reay country, on the edge of the Pentland Firth. I shall always associate this place with Lord Lytton's charming poem "Lucile," which I read here, and especially with the parting before Sebastopol:—

"But she in response. 'Mark yon ship far away,
Asleep on the wave, in the last light of day,
With all its hush'd thunders shut up! Would you know
A thought which came to me a few days ago,
Whilst watching those ships? . . . When the great Ship of Life,
Surviving, though shatter'd, the tumult and strife
Of earth's angry element—masts broken short,
Decks drench'd, bulwarks beaten—drives safe into port,

When the Pilot of Galilee, seen on the strand,
Stretches over the waters a welcoming hand ;
When, heeding no longer the sea's baffled roar,
The mariner turns to his rest evermore.
What will then be the answer the helmsman must give ?
Will it be, "Lo, our log-book ! Thus once did we live
In the zones of the South ; thus we traversed the seas
Of the Orient ; there dwelt with the Hesperides ;
Thence follow'd the west wind ; here, eastward we turn'd ;
The stars failed us there ; just here, land we discern'd
On our lee ; there the storm overtook us at last ;
That day went the bowsprit, the next day the mast ;
There the mermen came round us, and there we saw bask
A siren." The Captain of the Port, will he ask
Any one of such questions ? I cannot think so !
But, "What is the last Bill of Health you can show ?"
Not, "How fared the soul through the trials she passed ?"
But, "What is the state of that soul at the last ?"'
'May it be so !' he sighed. 'There ! the sun drops, behold !'
And, indeed, whilst he spoke, all the purple and gold
In the west had turn'd ashen, save one fading strip
Of light that yet gleam'd from the dark nether lip
Of a long reef of cloud ; and o'er sullen ravines
And ridges the raw damps were hanging white screens
Of melancholy mist.

'Nunc dimittis!' she said.
'O God of the living, whilst yet 'mid the dead
And the dying we stand here alive, and thy days
Returning, admit space for prayer and for praise.
In both these confirm us.
'The helmsman, Eugène,
Needs the compass to steer by. Pray always. Again
We two part: each to work out Heaven's will: you, I trust,
In the world's ample witness; and I, as I must,
In secret and silence: you, love, fame, await;
Me, sorrow and sickness. We meet at one gate
When all's over. The ways they are many and wide,
And seldom are two ways the same. Side by side
May we stand at the same little door when all's done!
The ways they are many, the end it is one.
He that knocketh shall enter; who asks shall obtain:
And who seeketh, he findeth. Remember, Eugène!'"

From Tongue we retraced our steps to Inverness, whence we visited the Standing Stones of Clava, and so returned to London.

June

2. I went down the Great Northern to Royston, and so to Barley, the Rectory House of Mr. Gordon,

to whose brother Newman dedicated the *Dream of Gerontius*, where I spent a couple of charming days. Mr. Gordon mentioned to me that he happened to be in his brother's rooms at Oxford when the first of the *Tracts for the Times*, treating of the Apostolic Succession, was read. It was received with shouts of laughter by the very people who were destined ere long to be hurried into the vortex of the Movement.

I dined to-day with Rathbone to meet the Bishop of Peterborough,[1] who was as usual full of good stories. He asked me, "What is the temperature of an Irish Home Ruler?"—"Ninety-eight in the shade."

8. Lunched with Cardinal Manning in his great Palazzo. Palazzo I call it, for it is more like a thing one expects to find in Italy than in England. It was built as a club for the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Guards, but failed, and is full of large, waste, stately rooms. On one side it looks out upon a vast space of open ground, hideous to behold, but covered with the most magnificent crop of docks I have ever seen, amongst which the pupils of a neighbouring establishment of Sisters of Charity were playing about. This is the space of ground which it

[1] Dr. Magee.

is intended shall one day be covered by the great Cathedral of Westminster, which the Cardinal is going to begin to build as soon as he has got together £50,000, but which may well take generations to complete. The plans and elevation are already drawn, and it will be, if ever finished, a really noble thing.

He went at great length into the whole political situation of Europe, giving me his views in detail, and speaking entirely as a politician. He wishes, hopes, and even expects to get back the city of Rome as the Fulcrum of the Papacy.

At Aberdare's this morning, ——, who has just returned to England, told us that he was delighted with Canada; not so much, by any means, with the United States. He attended at Tammany Hall one day for six hours listening to speeches, and did not carry away a single humorous or a single eloquent expression. In the whole land he declares he only heard one amusing, and saw one smart thing. A Mr. Cox, known as "Sunset Cox," from a description which he wrote of a sunset at Rome, told him that he was once speaking in the House of Representatives, and alluded to the member for Massachusetts. General Butler jumped up and asked if Mr. Cox was alluding

to him. "No," he replied, "I said the *honourable* member for Massachusetts."

He was passing through the streets of a town one day where an election was going on. A poor omnibus horse had a fit and died. It was dragged to the side of the road, and when —— again passed that way its body was all covered with election placards!

13. Amongst others with us at Hampden were Charles Bowen and John Warren's unmarried sisters. The eldest of these told me that her relative, Count de Salis, had married a Miss Foster. With Count and Countess de Salis went to Rome a sister of the latter. Young Mastai Ferretti, then in the Guardia Nobile, proposed to her, and they were engaged; but her family, who were people of Orange principles, broke off the match. She afterwards married, I think, a doctor in Dublin. This Miss Warren *knew*, as a piece of her own family history, and she had *heard* that once when William Palmer went to see the Pope he found him in tears, and asked him whether he was weeping for the calamities of the Church. "No," he said, "my son, to-day I am weeping for a lady who is dead in England!"

24. I am looking through Emerson's *Parnassus*,

which has just come over, but find in it surprisingly little that is at once new and good. Amongst things which are both I note the following :—

ON THE PORTRAIT OF AN ANCESTRESS

"What if, a hundred years ago,
Those close shut lips had answered 'No'—
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill—
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another to nine-tenths me.

Soft is the breath of a maiden's 'Yes'—
Not the light gossamer stirs with less—
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long—
There were tones in the voice that whispered then,
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

Oh! lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, and here we are
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,
Edward's and Dorothy's all their own—
A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken long ago—

Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive,
For the tender whisper that bade me live."

Dined at the new Liberal Club, called the Devonshire, which has taken Crockford's, and then went on to hear Schliemann lecture on Troy at the Society of Antiquaries. Thence I passed to a party at Lansdowne House, where I saw at last the famous picture (which usually lives at Bowood, but has come up to London to be cleaned) of Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia, described by Macaulay as "the St. Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by Love and Music, art has preserved from the common decay."

27. A very large gathering at Hampden: amongst others, Lady Portsmouth, Arthur Russell, Lord Camperdown, and Donald Mackay—who has now developed into the Master of Reay. I congratulated the last named on the wisdom of his ancestors in getting rid of the horrid desert between Tongue and Altnaharra—though he naturally looks at the matter from a different point of view.

July

4. Amongst others with us to-day at Hampden was Edwin Arnold, who told me that the *Daily Telegraph*

is at this moment negotiating to buy Babylon! What next?

5. Lear the artist has brought back from India many beautiful things, and has now an exhibition of them, and much else, in London. I went thither to-day and selected a view near Poona, in which you have at once Singurh, which figures so much in the early part of the *History of the Mahrattas*, and Parbuttee, where the last Peishwa sat to watch the total defeat of his army on the field of Kirkee.

In the afternoon I went down with my wife to the Princess of Wales's garden party at Chiswick. It is the only time the former has gone into the world since her father died, during my absence in India. The day was lovely, and a great many people were present. Amongst others, there was the Queen of Holland, with whom, however, we had only a word. She is looking very much aged. By the way, in the article attributed to her in the *Revue des deux Mondes* of 1st June, on "Les derniers Stuarts," I find the following description of Peterhead, surely by some one who must have seen it in very gloomy weather:—

"La triste grève de Peterhead, devenue aujourdhui le rendezvous de ceux qui s'embarquent pour les navigations

boréales, a déjà les aspects mélancoliques, les lignes fuyantes, la verdure sombre, des rivages polaires. Le prétendant en touchant cette baie funèbre put croire descendre chez les morts."

Where on earth can she have picked it up? Can it have been from Prince Napoleon, who touched there in 1870 on his way to the north?

We met Lubbock at Chiswick, and took him home with us. As we drove we saw Dr. Acland and Church, the Dean of St. Paul's, making their way on foot in the same direction. I knew that, like Lubbock and me, they were both going to the Literary Society, so we stopped and made room for them, making thus a party of five, to the infinite amusement of the populace.

There was a large party at the Literary Society to meet Schliemann, whom we had asked as a guest. I sat next the Archbishop of Dublin,[1] who was quite full of a little gipsy song which he had found in the *Saturday Review*.

6. Bought the *Saturday Review*, and found the Archbishop's song, which deserves all he said of it. It was as follows:—

[1] Dr. Trench.

"If I were your little baby,
And you were my mother old,
Would you give me a kiss, my darling?
'O Sir, you are much too bold.'
But as you are not my mother,
And as I am not your son.
'Oh, that is a different matter:
Maybe I'll give you one.'"

Dined at the Athenæum *tête-à-tête* with Schliemann, who is a most pleasant, enthusiastic companion.

10. The Breakfast Club met at Venables's house in Bolton Row. We were all there except Acton, who is in Germany; Froude, who is away on his South African Mission; Stirling-Maxwell and Sir John Lefevre, who were absent for other reasons.

Dufferin told us that he had once seen a play in Paris, which turned on the adventures of his great-grandfather Sheridan, and in which the *dénoûment* consisted in the hero's carrying off the object of his affections from a back window in Bond Street *in a gondola*. He mentioned also that Disraeli, talking to him the other day about the changes that had taken place since he went away, had said: "I once asked a Governor-General,[1] as I have asked you just

[1] Lord Ellenborough.

now, what changes he had observed on his return to London, and his reply was, 'I have come back to a *fatter world*.'"

Aberdare told a story of some Anglomane who was over here under the Restoration, and proposed having his picture painted by one of the fashionable artists of the day. "How do you intend to be painted?" said his English friend. "Why, of course," was the reply, "en chasseur Anglais, l'habit rouge, mon fusil à l'épaule, à gauche mon fidèle chien, à droit un renard mort."[1] The conversation turning on the absurd accident of a travelling circus getting mixed up with General ——'s staff on the day of the Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, some one said that he should like to have heard the expressions, probably more vigorous than polite, made use of under these circumstances; and one of the party told us of a little girl who had said to her mamma, "Mamma, isn't General —— a very good man?" "Oh yes, my dear," was the reply, "I believe he is a very good man, but why do you ask?" "Oh, mamma, I heard him

[1] This story was told to Aberdare on the Treasury Bench by Lord Palmerston.

praying so much on horseback." Apropos of the same kind of prayer, Arthur Russell mentioned that Layard had once been sitting on a sofa in the Embassy House at Therapia, with Lord Stratford and some other diplomatist, when Lady Stratford, who had just thrown open a window looking on the Bosporus, gave a sudden and loud exclamation. Lord Stratford, in great alarm, sprang up and rushed across the room to her, saying, "What is it? what is it?" "Oh! the moon! the moon!" "D—— the moon," said the Ambassador.

I walked away with Lacaita. As we passed along Piccadilly, we met ——, and my companion, pressing my arm, quoted the words, "Rade volte sorge per i rami l' umana probitá"; and went on, in accounting for the difference between him and his father, to quote the saying, "Les races se féminisent."

14. Went down with Stuart Rendel to Shoeburyness, where there was a great field-day. Saw the Gatling gun; the operation of heavy ordnance against the great targets; the 25-ton gun; the 32-ton gun; etc.

It is amusing to see the Conservatives, who have so long taken up a critical attitude about armaments,

at last convinced, or becoming convinced, that their predecessors were about right after all.

Hardy came up to me to-day and said: "What nonsense they do talk about recruiting. We are to have a great march past at Aldershot on the 24th. I wish you could go down and see how little foundation there is for what is said about the physique of the men."

24. The Breakfast Club met at Sir John Lefevre's. Frederick Pollock quoted two lines of Macaulay's, written with reference to a contest for the University of Oxford between Peel and Sir Robert Inglis:—

"Then called out all the doctors in the Divinity School,
'Not this man, but Sir Robert'—now, Sir Robert was a fool."

I asked Professor Clifford the other day—about whose extremely negative article on the "Unseen Universe," in the *Fortnightly Review*, people have been talking so much—the history of his coming to his present opinions. His answer curiously reminded me of the famous passage in Jouffroy, and I promised to send it him:—

"Je n'oublierai jamais, écrivait-il, la soirée de décembre où le voile qui me dérobait à moi-même ma propre

incrédulité fut déchiré. J'entends encore mes pas dans cette chambre étroite et nue, où, longtemps après l'heure du sommeil, j'avais coûtume de me promener; je vois encore cette lune à demi voilée par les nuages, qui en éclairait par intervalles les froids carreaux. Les heures de la nuit s'écoulaient et je ne m'en apercevais pas; je suivais avec anxiété ma pensée, qui de couche en couche descendait vers le fond de ma conscience, et, dissipant l'une après l'autre toutes les illusions qui m'en avaient jusque-là dérobé la vue, m'en rendait de moment en moment les détours plus visibles.

En vain je m'attachais à ces croyances dernières comme un naufragé aux débris de son navire; en vain épouvanté du vide inconnu dans lequel j'allais flotter, je me rejetais pour la dernière fois avec elles vers mon enfance, ma famille, mon pays, tout ce qui m'était cher et sacré : l'inflexible courant de ma pensée était plus fort, parents, famille, souvenirs, croyances, il m'obligeait à tout laisser, l'examen se poursuivait plus obstiné et plus sévère à mesure qu'il approchait du terme, et il ne s'arrêta que quand il l'eut atteint. Je sus alors qu'au fond de moi-même, il n'y avait plus rien qui fût debout.

Ce moment fut affreux, et quand, vers le matin, je me jetai épuisé sur mon lit, il me sembla sentir ma première vie, si riante et si pleine, s'éteindre, et derrière moi s'en ouvrir une autre sombre et dépeuplée, où désormais j'allais vivre seul, seul avec ma fatale pensée, qui venait de m'y exiler, et que j'étais tenté de maudire."

August

3. People are talking about the unlucky decisions of the ——s in a case concerning the right of dissenting clergymen to the title of Reverend, and in a case about the denial of the Sacrament to a parishioner who held, or was supposed to hold, heterodox opinions about the devil,

Apropos of this, a conversation took place the other day in which Cardwell quizzed Lowe with reference to a question which had arisen in the American Press whilst he was travelling in the States, as to how he should be described. At last it was settled that he was the Hon. Mr. Lowe; but one Western paper stoutly maintained that he was entitled to the designation of Right Reverend. "I don't know what the Dean of the Arches would say to that," said some one. "Well, I don't know either," answered Lowe, "but, at least in my case, he would have no doubt about the *personality* of the devil."

6. Went down to call on Mrs. Blagden, the wife of the Rector of Hughenden, and walked over Mr. Disraeli's house. The garden in front is ex-

tremely pretty, the park tolerably so, the library snug enough, though painfully low-roofed, the drawing-room richly furnished; but the architecture is Strawberry Hill Gothic, and the pictures (mostly of Mr. Disraeli's various colleagues) quite curiously bad.

8. Colonel Yule, the editor of *Marco Polo*, and J. R. Green, the author of *A Short History of the English People*, were with us at Hampden. I observed more carefully than hitherto the brasses in the church. One is, I think, of 1496; another of the middle of the 16th century—very fine work. Griffith Hampden, who died in 1591, lies buried just before the altar, or at least his brass is there. His son William, who died in 1597, is on the left, as we look towards the altar; and another William — I suppose Griffith's brother, or a younger son who died in 1612, but who was not owner of Hampden—lies between the two. The spot in front of the altar where the great Hampden is buried is not precisely known. In the afternoon we walked down to the Rectory, and saw the old register with the entry of Hampden's burial on the 25th June 1643. It was not, however, made till near the end of the year. He does not appear to have been christened at Hampden.

18. Mr. J. R. Green is again staying with us, and Count Seckendorff, the Chamberlain of the Crown Princess, comes over to see me about a tour which he projects in India.

Mr. Green mentioned to me that he had met an Australian one day in Rome, who, pointing to the Castle of S. Angelo, said, "I know that that building is called after Michael Angelo, but would you be so very kind as to tell me how Michael Angelo came to be made a saint?" He gave me, too, the most remarkable account of canvassing Oxford with Thackeray, whose want of power of public speaking seems to have been perfectly extraordinary. On the hustings he utterly broke down, and Green heard him say to himself, "If I could only go into the Mayor's parlour for five minutes, I could write this out quite well." He further mentioned to me that Milton's father's house was opposite the Mermaid Tavern, which was much frequented by Shakespeare, so that in all probability the eye of the one poet had often rested on the other.

24. Drove across in five hours from Hampden to Knebworth, going by Chesham, Boxmoor, and Hemel Hempstead. I passed through Redbourn, a consider-

able town, of which I had never even heard the name.

26. At King's Weston, a house built by Sir John Vanbrugh, and now belonging to the Miles's, relations of Aberdare's, and situated close to the junction of the Avon with the Severn, of which it commands a very beautiful view. Aberdare and I walked over to Leigh Court, which belongs to Sir William Miles, with whom I long sat in Parliament, but who is now paralysed. There we saw the superb Altieri Claudes, the Sacrifice, and the Landing of Æneas.

September

14. We drove this afternoon through Missenden to Amersham, passing Shardeloes, the seat of the Drakes, who represented for many generations that borough, for whose householders, as well as for those of Wendover and Marlow, Hampden regained the franchise — the first act of his public life. From Amersham we drove across to Beaconsfield through the kind of country which is so well described by Lord Nugent in connection with the house in which I am writing :—

"His mansion still remains. It stands away from both the principal roads which pass through Buckinghamshire, at the back of that chalky range of the Chilterns which bounds, on one side, the vale of Aylesbury. The scenery which immediately surrounds it—from its seclusion little known—is of singular beauty; opening upon a ridge which commands a very extensive view over several counties, and diversified by dells clothed with a natural growth of box, juniper, and beech. What has once been the abode of such a man can never but be interesting from the associations which belong to it. But, even forgetting these, no one, surely, who has heart or taste for the charm of high breezy hills, and green glades enclosed within the shadowy stillness of ancient woods, and avenues leading to a house on whose walls the remains of the different styles of architecture, from the early Norman to the Tudor, are still partly traced through the deforming innovations of the eighteenth century,—no one, surely, can visit the residence of Hampden and not do justice to the love which its master bore it, and to that stronger feeling which could lead him from such a retirement to the toils and perils to which henceforth he entirely devoted himself."

From Beaconsfield we turned back a little, and passing along the Penn road to Gregories walked through the park surrounding the mansion to which Burke was so much attached, long since

burned down. Here must have taken place the scene which is thus described in his life by Prior :—

"One day, while he was walking in his park, the feeble old horse of his son came close up to him and laid its head upon his bosom, which so affected him that his firmness was totally overpowered, and, throwing his arms over its neck, he wept long and loud. In 1797 he returned from Bath, to die at Beaconsfield, saying, as he set out, 'It is so far, at least, on my way to the tomb, and I may as well travel it alive as dead.'"

Returning to Beaconsfield, we passed the gate of Wilton Park, which belongs to Mr. Dupré, whom I used to know slightly when he sat in Parliament with the reputation of being the oldest, or almost the oldest, heir-apparent in England, and who deserves to go down to posterity for one happy quotation, the history of which he told me himself. Mr. Disraeli, who was long his colleague, has persuaded himself that he is descended from the Spanish family of Lara, and one day pointed out in his library at Hughenden to Arthur Russell a copy of the history of the Lara family with the remark, "That is the history of our old family." Mr. Dupré once met his colleague on the pier at Dover, and saluted him with the lines—

"The chief of Lara is returned again,
But why did Lara cross the stormy main?"

Thence we drove on to have a look at Hall Barns, which once belonged to Waller

"Of the silver tongue,
And faith as ductile as the lyre he strung."

Returning thence to the main street of Beaconsfield, we visited the church, which, not originally in a very good style, has been most admirably restored, and, with its churchyard, is kept in beautiful order. In the inside of the building a plain tablet marks the last resting-place of Burke, and just outside of it lies Waller, illustrating his own beautiful lines:—

"Fade, flowers, fade! Nature will have it so;
'Tis but what we must in our autumn do.
And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that loved them found,
So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,
Missed by some few that loved our company."

At the Loudwater Station we picked up Green, whom, the more I see of him, the more I think likely to be, if he lives, the greatest English historian who has yet been, with the exception of Gibbon. When

we got home, Lubbock and his second daughter, Constance, had just arrived.

16. Sir John Lubbock, Mr. J. R. Green, my wife, and myself drove over this morning, passing Risborough, to Chinnor, which was burnt by Prince Rupert on the morning of the 18th June 1643; to Watlington, where Hampden slept on the night of the 17th; and so on to Chalgrove Field, where he received his death-wound, and where the united levies of Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire were mustered at the beginning of the war. It was then a wide, open plain, with distant glimpses of the Chilterns behind Watlington. Now it is enclosed, and a hideous monument was put up on the two hundredth anniversary of the battle by the Duke of Bedford and others. Green, who has been reading the *Life of Hampden* by Lord Nugent here, tells me that he thinks it has been much underrated. The description of the earlier vicissitudes of the war is particularly clear and good.

25. This afternoon I said good-bye to Hampden,[1] and driving to Risborough, went to Oxford to pass the Sunday with Henry Smith, who is now Curator

[1] Hampden is the place which many years afterwards was so beautifully described in Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, *Marcella*.

of the University Museum, and living in an official house attached to it. We dined in Balliol Common Room, whither came, amongst others, Wilson, the President of Corpus; Harcourt, Leigh Reader in Chemistry at Christ Church, who married Aberdare's second daughter; Max Müller; Sayce, the Assyrian scholar; and Cheyne, the Hebraist.

26. Bywater, the Aristotelian scholar, came to breakfast, and Pater to lunch. After the latter had gone, Henry Smith and I went to look at the great quadrangle of Christ Church, which they are pulling to pieces—whether for its ultimate advantage or not would be hard to say. Here we met Sir William Harcourt, who had come on the same errand, and was on his way to Hughenden, whither Disraeli had invited him, desiring, as he said, to have the countenance of the staunchest Protestant of his acquaintance at the reopening of his church on the 29th, which our recent neighbour, Mr. Blagden, will no doubt make as ritualistic as possible. From Christ Church we walked on to Hincksey, Henry Smith promising that he would some day make Mat Arnold take us all over that hillside, which the Scholar Gipsy and Thyrsis have made memorable in English literature.

At last, after having skirted the Happy Valley, we found ourselves under the nine pines and the single elm which crown Cumnor Hurst, looking back upon the Chiltern range and Whiteleaf, the point to which we usually walked on Sunday afternoon from Hampden. With a glass we could no doubt have perfectly well seen the great cross behind Princes Risborough.

And so this, and not the hill immediately behind Great Missenden, on the road to Chesham, whence I got the last view of Hampden when driving across to Knebworth in August, was destined to be "the last sigh of the Moor!"

As we walked, Henry Smith repeated to me some lines by Nettleship, who is now at work on a Latin Dictionary in the style of Liddell and Scott, about Colenso :—

> "Who filled his soul with carnal pride,
> Who made him say that Moses lied
> About the little hare's inside?
> The devil."

They seem to me as good as those which were so much repeated in London at the time of the rage for

Lear's *Nonsense Verses*, and which were attributed to the late Bishop of Oxford:—

"There once was a Bishop of Natal,
Whose doubts on the deluge were fatal;
Said the infidel Zulu,
D' you believe this—you fool, you?
No, I don't, said the Bishop of Natal!"

Some one whom I know—I think Lord Houghton—once repeated these last verses to Thackeray, who instantly replied:—

"This is the bold Bishop Colenso
Whose heresies seem to offend so.
Quoth Sam of the Soap,
Bring fagot and rope,
For we know he a'nt got no friends oh!"

We walked back by the Sevenbridge road, and crossed Oxford on our way home. The conversation turning upon Burgon, Smith told me that he had been one day abusing the Dean of Christ Church for the railing which the Dean has put up round the Parks, whereupon Michell, the public orator, said: "Oh, Burgon, don't render railing for railing!"

27. Went with my host to see the New Obser-

vatory, which has been built since I was last here, in the middle of the Parks: a place which makes one feel very old, for when I was an undergraduate it was a bare, open field—the Museum, Keble College, and all that large quarter of Oxford which bounds the Parks on the farther side, not having been even dreamt of.

Another quite new feature in Oxford is the pile of building which has arisen in Holywell, and forms part of New College, the old city wall passing between it and the part with which I was familiar.

Later in the afternoon I passed through London, seeing my wife, who left Hampden this morning, and went down to stay with William Spottiswoode, who bought some years ago Sundridge, which gives his English title to the Duke of Argyll, and where Manning, to whose family it at one time belonged, was brought up. There is an old man still alive who boasts to have carried the future Cardinal pick-aback.

The house, which is a very good one, has been furnished with great care. The dining-room chairs belonged for the greater part of a century to the Royal Society, and in the drawing-room they have

still, covered with the original satin, the chairs on which the Blue Stockings sat at Mrs. Montagu's.

Jowett and J. R. Green were of the party.

28. We walked down to the house of Mr. Polhill to see a portrait of Ireton, with thin, delicate features, more those of a student than of a warrior, and a miniature of Cromwell, worn in a bracelet by one of his daughters. There is also a large portrait of Cromwell as a young man, over which Green rather shook his head; but its want of likeness points rather, I think, to the badness of the artist than to its not being authentic.

30. Bagehot told me this morning at High Elms that Disraeli had lately said: "The forms of nonsense have changed in this generation. There was a young man here the other day who told me that what he admired most in Byron was his character!"

October

1. I told Lacaita that Green had mentioned to me a story told by Taxile Delord in his history of the Second Empire with reference to the strong sympathy

of the Empress for Venice. Delord says that that sympathy originated in an entertainment given her by Nigra, at which a man in gondolier's dress came forward and sang a barcarolle inviting her aid. "That is very curious," said Lacaita. "The very last time I saw the Empress she described to me with the utmost enthusiasm her reception at Venice when she went through to the opening of the Suez Canal, and added—'You see it wasn't for nothing that I had sympathy with Venice.'"

2. Went down by the 3.50 train to Stevenage and took possession of Knebworth, which our servants, who have been here most of the week, have got into very good order.

It was an afternoon of showers and rainbows, but we were lucky enough to escape without a drop of rain on our drive from the station—*Quod bene vertat!*

5. Rode over to Brocket to see Lord Lawrence, who is just giving up possession to Henry Cowper. It is a large, ugly house; but the distant views from the upper part of the park are fine, and some of the oaks or relics of oaks magnificent.

8. To-day I opened the proceedings of the Trade

and Economic Section of the Social Science Association at Brighton by an address, chiefly upon the present condition and prospects of our Commercial Treaties.[1]

After formally opening my section, I resigned the chair to a Vice-President, and went over to dine and sleep at Brassey's beautiful place, Normanhurst, which commands the scene of the Battle of Hastings, from the place where the standard was set up to that where Harold fell, the whole backed by the long blue line of the English Channel.

The next day I went down to Knebworth, and we had our first party there, which was connected with our last at Hampden, through John Morley, who was present at both. The other guests were Lubbock and Mr. Minto.[2]

On the 12th I made a rapid run to pay a visit to Lord Fife at Innes, near Elgin, returning to Knebworth in time to receive the Mallets, Lacaita, Mr. Knowles of the *Contemporary*, etc., from Saturday till Monday; and on the 18th the Arthur Russells

[1] Reprinted in *Miscellanies, Political and Literary* (London, 1879).

[2] Later, Professor of Logic and English Literature in the University of Aberdeen.

came over from Oakley, where they are now living. Arthur Russell told me that many years ago he visited Knebworth, in the days of my landlord's father. They were all assembled at breakfast in the great hall, when their host came in, in an old dressing-gown, poured out a cup of tea, and disappeared without uttering a word to any one. Arthur Russell expressed his surprise to his next neighbour, who said, "He believes himself to be invisible"; and sure enough, in a little time he appeared in his usual dress, and saluted his friends as if he had not seen them since the previous night.

One of the guests at Innes was my old acquaintance Lady Wallace, who has translated so much from the German. She told me that she had met the Comte de Chambord as a young man at Sir Clifford Constable's. When he came down in the morning they told him that he had been sleeping in the haunted room. "A la bonne heure!" said he, "bientôt nous serons des revenants nous-mêmes."

She gave me, too, an extremely clever acrostic by her grand-daughter, Miss Milbank. Some one of Tory opinions read in the presence of the young lady the following lines on Gladstone:—

G was the great man-mountain of mind,
L a logician expert and refined ;
A was an adept in rhetoric's art,
D was the dark spot he had in his heart ;
S was the subtlety led him astray,
T was the truth which he bartered away ;
O was the cypher his conscience became,
N the new light which enlightened the same ;
E was the evil one shouting with joy :
At it and down with it, Gladstone, my boy !

Without leaving the room, she went to a table and wrote as follows :—

G is the genius that governs the nation,
L is the lords who require education ;
A is the animus raised by the great,
D is the donkeys who fear for the state ;
S is the standard that Liberals raise,
T is the Tories who howl in dispraise ;
O 's Opposition, wanting a head,
N is the nation, not driven, but led ;
E is old England shouting for joy :
Stick to the Government, Gladstone, my boy !

I left London at 8.45 P.M. on the 20th, and crossed by the new line from Queenborough to Flushing, which I have not seen since that melancholy evening

in August 1844 when I first said good-bye to the Continent. Now, however, it looked quite different in the bright morning, and the sight we saw as we turned to enter the harbour was like a fine breezy Van de Velde.

Great works have been made at Flushing lately, thanks chiefly to the initiative of Mr. Tak, a prominent Liberal politician, who at one time represented it; and the town is bidding for a large share of the German transit trade.

Thence a single line of rail took me past Middleburg, Bergen-Op-Zoom, and Roosendaal to Breda, where we changed carriages and went on to Rotterdam, which is much altered since I last passed this way thirteen years ago.

The Moordyke is now traversed by a gigantic bridge, and there is another considerable one at Dort, but the old Maes at Rotterdam is still crossed by a steam ferry.

I got to the Hague at three.

Soon the Master of Reay came, and we had a long walk in the "Wood," etc., after which I dined with him at the table d'hôte of the Hôtel de l'Europe, where he pointed out to me many

members of the Lower House, of whom he gave short biographies. Thence we went on to a Club (the White's of the Hague), much frequented by the Prince of Orange; looked in at a public meeting about the Inner Mission, and finished the evening at the house of Mr. Kappeyne van de Coppello, who is probably the most remarkable person in the Dutch Liberal party.

22. After a visit to Mr. Van Naamen, a typical Liberal Conservative, and with whom I talked chiefly of the great public works made since I was last in Holland, the state of the army and navy, the relations with Germany, and the colonies, I went over to Leyden, where I saw Goudsmid, who dedicated to me some years ago the English translation of his book on the Pandects, and who is a great authority on Roman Law. With him I talked chiefly of persons, of the Ultramontane alarm, and the state of Leyden.

He took me to Professor Veth, who knows more about Netherlands-India than any one in the country, and who told me in an hour and a half more about it than I had ever known.

From Mr. Veth we went to call on Cobet, the great Greek scholar, whom, however, we did not find

at home. Kuenen the theologian, however, we did find, and with him I had a long conversation about the Ultramontane alarm; the position of the Leyden School; and, lastly, persons, with a view to bring up my general knowledge of what had been going on in Dutch theology since I wrote on that subject some years ago.

Returning to the Hague, I had a walk with Mackay, and met at dinner with him Tak, Kappeyne van de Coppello, already mentioned; Major Roo, a strongly Liberal officer of great ability; Karnebeeck, who used to be well known in London, and several others. I talked chiefly with my two neighbours—with Kappeyne of general European and English politics, with Roo of the army. The former said to me of Gladstone: "The Church of England may well be alarmed: he has got to the stage of defending her!"

23. With Mackay to see Van Houten, the leader of the Radical party, with whom I talked of the state of the working class, whose wages have increased some 30 per cent since 1870; and of his own ideas as to compulsory service in the army, increase of the land tax, and diminution of indirect taxation.

With him I went on to the Chamber, where a railway discussion, of no interest to a foreigner, was proceeding. I saw, however, a variety of people, amongst them Heemskerk the Prime Minister.

Van de Putte came to the gallery, and we talked of the exaggerated fears of Ultramontane intrigues, and of the Colonies, where he passed much of his life.

Later, I went to see the Colonial Minister, Baron de Goltstein, and talked of the state of parties, the relations with Belgium, the relations with Germany, the want of taste for war among the people, and of the Protestant clericals.

From Baron de Goltstein, I went to see Groen van Prinsterer, now very old and feeble, but still extremely intelligent. We talked of the general state of Europe, and of the dangers that might be looked for from the collision of Ultramontanism and Negation; of Bismarck, whom he had heard speak, but did not know personally; of Guizot, whom he "venerated."

At six I dined with Baron Mackay the elder, to meet Baron de Goltstein and his wife, M. de Bylandt and Madame de Bylandt, etc. Madame de Bylandt had been brought up by an aunt who was attached or

engaged to Alexander d'Alopeus;[1] and the Baroness Mackay had seen and remarked his sister walking with him on the open space in front of her house, at the time she visited the Hague, "sauvée des flots du Rhin." At nine I went to the Queen, with whom I had a very long conversation. She talked most brightly and intelligently of all manner of people and things—among them, of Lowe, Harcourt, Disraeli, the financial collapse in Germany, Albert de La Ferronays, Lord Napier, our migration from Hampden to Knebworth, Bulwer's novels, the danger of stimulating Catholicism by persecution, and much else.

From the Palace I went on to the house of Admiral Harris, our minister, where I met, amongst others, old Sir Henry Howard, who was long at Munich, and who told me that when he was our Secretary at Berlin he had written the letter introducing Moltke to Lord Ponsonby before he went on that expedition to Turkey which he has described in his letters.

24. I went to-day, in about thirteen hours, from the Hague to Paris; but before I pass from Holland I will note the chief changes that, after the conversations which I have alluded to, and various others, principally

[1] *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. ii.

with Mackay, appeared to me to have occurred in this country since I published my *Studies in European Politics* in 1866.

1. There is a great development of traffic and public works.

2. There is a great increase in the value of landed property.

3. There is a strong feeling in the country about the imperfection of Dutch primary education. In one way, no doubt, the system is excellent. It is really that united secular, separate religious education for which English Liberals sigh. But, on the other hand, it is not compulsory, and the localities support the schools with a very niggard hand.

4. The Leyden divines have much declined in influence amongst the clergy, who are becoming increasingly orthodox, thanks to the parishes being now filled really, not merely nominally, by popular election. The result of this is twofold. The Church has become weaker in its hold on the educated and stronger in its hold on the masses.

5. The old Conservatives are extinct, and have made room for two new sections—(1) the clerical fanatics, and (2) the almost Liberals.

6. There is a complete breach between the Catholics and the Liberals, and in the Lower Chamber there is a small united Catholic party, counting, I think, sixteen, and working for purely Catholic ends.

7. The Radicals are weaker than they were.

8. Parliamentary Government is much more assured.

9. There is a very general fear of Germany, which has led to great expenditure in fortifications. On the other hand, increased railway facilities will make Holland's neutrality even more useful to Germany than it was in 1870.

10. Limburg has no longer any connection with the Fatherland; but

11. The influx of Jesuits and others into it creates jealousy at Berlin.

12. Luxembourg is in a new position.

13. Vast reforms have been made in the Government of the Colonies.

25. A long, cold journey took me from Paris to Cosne in the Nivernais. Its only redeeming features were the extreme beauty of the autumn tints, and a conversation with a *chasseur* who joined the train at Montargis. I did not make out his name, but his

property marched with one which came to MacMahon, I think by his marriage, and where he lives a good deal. The mode of life of the gentlemen in that part of France during the autumn seems to me to be very much the same as that of their brethren in Aberdeenshire—a constant round of shooting parties; only here the sport is more varied. Wild boars, for example, are very common. Four wolves had been shot already this season, and my friend had killed a bustard.

It was black night when I got to Cosne, and, going out of the station, I asked if there was any carriage from Menou. "Yes," answered a voice out of the darkness. "How far is it to Menou?" I said. "Vingt-neuf kilomètres, Monsieur," was the reply—pleasant intelligence to a man who had dreamt of arriving in time to dress quietly for a seven o'clock dinner!

Very bright, however, looked the old château as I drove up, and was met at the door by Bertrand, who introduced me to his father, Count Xavier de Blacas, his mother, a daughter of my old acquaintance the Duchesse de Rauzan, and his sister, who, with Mrs. Craven, made up the party.

26. The house dates from 1680, but is built in the

style of Louis XIII., which lingered long in this remote province. It lies very high, almost on the water-parting between the basin of the Loire and the Yonne. The views are extensive but featureless—miles upon miles of scrubby forest, with hardly a good tree in it. The population is largely employed in woodcutting, and very rough. The hornbeam abounds, and there is a great deal of oak.

The 26th, which I spent here, was very fine, and permitted a long drive; the 27th less so, but still compatible with a ride. I have seen few less attractive countries, and spent few pleasanter, or, from certain points of view, more instructive days.

On the 28th, however, I had to go, and by the night of the 30th was at the Hotel de Rome in Berlin, where I was met by a letter from Potsdam inviting me to the Neues Palais for the 31st.

The Crown Princess, to whom I was presented by Mademoiselle de Perpigna, received me with great kindness, and introduced me to her husband, who talked very wisely. It was easy to see from his remarks about the crisis in Bavaria that constitutional ideas had taken a strong hold of his mind.

November

From the Neues Palais I went on the 1st to Odo Russell's little villa, and returned with him to Berlin on the morning of the 2nd. Amongst other things, he detailed very fully to me a conversation of thirty-five minutes which he had had with the Emperor of Russia about the Central Asian question; as to which Odo's own views are precisely mine, as stated in my reply to Rawlinson, which appeared in the *Fortnightly* of this month, and a revise of which I put into his hands.

One of the first people I saw in Berlin was Lasker, who explained to me his view of the Catholic question, tracing its history from 1840. He thought that the mistakes of the late king had rendered the conflict inevitable.

The military service enforced in Germany he considered an evil no doubt to individuals, but an advantage to the mass.

The foreign policy of Germany he held to be absolutely dictated by circumstances. It consisted of two articles only—peace and the *status quo*.

He saw no reason for a conflict with Russia, and

considered the fears of Socialism in Germany rather exaggerated.

He did not attach much importance to the alleged decline of interest in the ideal, and devotion to purely material objects, in his country. He thought that the best men turned naturally to what the nation most wanted for the moment, and that the ideal would come to the front again when immediate exigencies had been satisfied.

With Lasker I went to the Reichstag, where I talked for some time with Gneist, whom I had, and with Miquel, whom I had not, known before. Miquel thought rather more seriously of the progress of Socialism than Lasker appeared to do, especially in Saxony. Gneist, true to his Conservative instincts, repeated to me what he had before said in England, that the Germans were taking from us good political arrangements which we had abandoned.

3. To-day I had a long talk with Bamberger, chiefly on finance. He attributed the present commercial crisis to the too rapid influx of money, and to the paying off of old State debts, which had given an opportunity to speculators to induce people to reinvest in bubble companies. Speaking of the

Catholic question, he deplored the immense stimulus which persecution was giving to religious fanaticism, already, before it began, sufficiently stimulated by other influences. When he was a child at Mainz he did not know what a monk looked like, except from a little wooden figure that stood in some garden. Now the town was swarming with them.

Before I went to see him I visited Stockmar, the son of the man who was so long connected with our own Royal family. He made me laugh by an account of the correspondence between Frederick William IV. and Bunsen, which he used to see. The king would say, "How can you hold this or that view? Have you forgotten Isaiah at such and such a chapter and verse?" and the minister would reply, "No, I have not forgotten it at all, but then your Majesty must remember that St. Paul, in the Epistle to the Romans," and so forth and so forth. This was an odd way of discussing politics, but through the veil of mystical verbiage Stockmar says that Bunsen told his master the exact truth.

Later in the day I went to lunch with the Crown Prince and Princess, who were passing through Berlin on their way to Sagan.

We spoke, amongst other things, of a little incident which had occurred when Her Imperial Highness was taking me over their farm. A large, good-natured dog was jumping about. "Oh," said the Crown Princess, "he is a bad dog: he bit a child." "Nein, Kaiserliche Hoheit," interrupted an attendant, "ein erwachsenes Mädchen!" "It was that exactitude," I said to the Crown Prince, "which took your Imperial Highness to Paris."

4. To-day, Duncker, a very active member of the party of progress, came to see me. He says that the anti-Catholic policy was not approved by him, but that they were now in for it, and could not stop.

On coming to Berlin the other day I had told George Bunsen that I particularly wanted to find out whether Madame Wolff,[1] to whom I had been introduced by Madame von Orlich in 1854, was still alive. After making a good deal of inquiry, he told me that he thought she was not; but, as there were eleven Doctors Wolff in Berlin, it was not easy to discover. This morning I received the following communication from him:—

"Wonderful! and for me humiliating! Frau

[1] *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. i.

Wolff geb. von Splitgerber was not dead, but she died yesterday, after long Krankenlager, in her 74th year. I enclose her husband's advertisement."

Madame Helmholtz, whom I had known in Paris as Anna von Mohl in 1859-60, most kindly wrote to me when I came here, proposing that I should name the people whom I should like to meet, which I did, and found to-night, at 45 Königin Augusta Strasse, Curtius the historian of Greece, Mommsen the historian of Rome, Auerbach the novelist, Lepsius the Egyptologist, Treitschke,[1] Zeller, Dubois-Reymond, and others, besides her own illustrious husband; so that I was to some extent compensated for the bad news which reached me when I dined with Odo Russell last night, that Moltke was ill in bed, and unable to see me for some days, which days I could not arrange to wait.

I left Berlin on the 5th at twelve o'clock, along with Miss Lyall, a sister of the author of *Theology in Extremis*, who had been staying in Thuringia with Madame de Krause, George Bunsen's niece, widow of the poor man with whom I crossed the Mont Cenis,

[1] Treitschke said to me: "Glad to make your acquaintance. You stood by us in very dark days."

under circumstances which are detailed in this Diary for 1860, and who afterwards died in England from the effects of a fall in the hunting-field. We had a prosperous journey to Brussels, but there my luck turned, for I was met by a note from Madame de Grünne, *née* Mademoiselle de Montalembert, to say that she was unwell and unable to come to town; while at Dover I missed Mallet, with whom it had been arranged that I was to spend a few hours as he passed to Calcutta on his mission about the Indian Tariff. Things were no better when I got to Knebworth, where I found my wife ill in bed.

Every day during my stay in Berlin I had very long talks with George Bunsen, who was confined to his room by a violent attack of sciatica, and beat over with him a prodigious number of subjects connected with Germany.

Amongst other good stories, he told me that when relations were exceedingly *tendues* between Austria and Prussia, some Archduke, during a review, rode up to Bismarck, who was then the Prussian représentative at the Diet, and said, bowing low, "Your breast is covered with orders, M. de Bismarck: doubtless you

obtained them in the face of the enemy." "Ja, Kaiserliche Hoheit, vor dem Feinde, hier in Frankfurt," was the ominous reply.

He talked much of Goeben, the tactician *par excellence*, as Moltke is the strategist of the German army. There was a time when he could absolutely have destroyed Faidherbe, but to have done it he would have required to have allowed that commander to have got between him and Paris, the result of which would have been a momentary triumph for the French, which might have operated unfavourably on the success of the siege operations round Paris. Goeben fully explained to some friends of Bunsen's how the annihilation of Faidherbe's army, if he had made a certain move, was a mathematical certainty; and it was not till they said, "Good heavens! when you knew all this why didn't you do it?" that he explained the stronger reasons which had induced him to adopt the less brilliant, but in the end far more successful, alternative of quietly preventing Faidherbe passing towards the capital.

He mentioned too that a certain person having teased Bismarck to write in his album, and having met with frequent refusals, returned to the charge and

pointed out a page on which Guizot and Thiers had already written.

The first had put the words: "Ma longue vie m'a appris à beaucoup pardonner et à rien oublier."

Beneath these the second had written: "Un peu d'oubli ne nuit pas à la sincérité du pardon."

Bismarck, having read these, took up a pen and wrote: "Quant à moi, j'ai appris à tout oublier et à me faire pardonner beaucoup."

On the morning of the 5th I took to 142 Friedrichstrasse, where Madame Wolff died, a wreath of myrtle, and the most beautiful cross of white flowers that Berlin could produce, explaining in a note that I did so on behalf of Mrs. Craven, who afterwards wrote as follows:—

"My whole time was spent there, and not one moment could I spare to thank you for your most interesting letters from Berlin, and for that kind memorial which brought through you to the grave of poor 'Pauline première' a recollection of Alexandrine as well as of myself! It is singular and striking indeed that this event should have happened so as to make this possible."

Guided by her indications, I made out in Brussels

the house where Olga died (*Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. ii.). It is the corner of the Rue Royale, and the continuation of the Rue de la Loi,[1] on the right hand as one walks from the Hotel Mengelle to the Bellevue.

Going to Ste. Gudule, in connection with the same circle of ideas, I observed the extremely beautiful wood-carving of the pulpit, which had never caught my eye before. A fox, a monkey, a peacock, and several other creatures are quite admirably represented.

On the 8th I signed the deeds transferring Eden to Lord Fife, a transaction which was arranged in the summer of 1874 at Hampden; and I was chiefly occupied during the week by business arrangements consequent upon this.

On the 13th Sir John Lubbock, Miss Florence Ainsworth, my wife, and myself, left London with seventeen artificial ants' nests, which Lubbock hoped to fill at Capri.

On the 14th, while the others rested in Paris, I went over to Lumigny, where I found assembled pretty much the same party as I had seen there on my way to India—Monsieur de Mun, Madame de

[1] L'Impasse du Parc.

Mun, Madame Robert de Mun, with her two daughters, Eugénie and Alexandrine, Madame d'Harcourt, Mrs. Craven, etc. I had been shown last year Helvetius's Library, the curious collection of portraits, the grounds, the *cimetière*, and much else which I did not revisit to-day, as it was blowing a hurricane; but I went back with Mrs. Craven to the landing made memorable by the scene of the 16th June 1841.

M. de Mun gave me a copy of the book which he has lately published under the title of *Un Château en Seine et Marne en* 1870, in which he records his experiences during the months of the invasion, nearly the whole of which he, as being Maire of the Commune, thought his duty to spend at Lumigny. The book is written, as was inevitable, in a spirit very hostile to Germany, but nevertheless leaves on the mind the impression that the invading troops behaved quite admirably. Hardly a single object of value was stolen from a house which is full of precious things.

On the 15th I went to call on Renan, who had not yet returned from the Sicilian journey which he shortly afterwards so pleasantly described in the *Revue*

des deux Mondes; but I was able before leaving for Lyons to take Florence to the Church of St. Sulpice, the Rue de Madame, the Abbaye-au-Bois, and St. Thomas de Villeneuve.

From Lyons we went on to Marseilles, where we were detained for two days, of which the only interesting incidents were a couple of visits which I paid to Madame de Forbin, at St. Marcel, where she inhabits a pretty villa, high over which, on a hill covered by the Aleppo pine, tower the ruins of the old castle of her husband's family, which is, he told me, believed to have come originally from Scotland, and to be a branch of the Forbeses, although it has been settled in Provence since the fourteenth century.

We sailed from Marseilles on the night of the 18th, and got into Naples on the morning of the 21st, after a voyage of which the first part was charming—a bright sky, with fine views of the Maritime Alps and of Corsica—but the second extremely unpleasant. The bad weather continued from the 20th of November to the 8th of December. We never got to Capri or even to Ischia, and were detained nearly all the time at Castellamare, amidst thunder, lightning, rain, wind, and every horror, culminating in an earth-

quake on 5th December. There too my wife was taken ill, and all our plans for the winter, much of which we had intended to spend at Knebworth, had to be changed.

The sky now and then cleared, and there were beautiful intervals of an hour or two. I took advantage of these to see, amongst other things, the Belvedera,[1] the *petite ruelle* which leads from it to the Floridiana (*Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. i.), the Villa Pietracatella, where the pines still grow, but the entrance towards the side of the avenue has been completely changed and the garden extended. From the Belvedera a straight road leads past the church of the Benediction to the Villa Trecase, now called the Villa Salve, from whose terrace the view is beautiful, as of old.

On the Chiaja the Palais Acton with its gardens is still conspicuous, but it has passed into the hands of another family—I think the Monteleones. The chapel has been taken down, but Santa Maria in Portico remains as it was. So too does the villa of 1836 at Castellamare, which was then called

[1] When I revisited these scenes in 1887, on my way from Madras to England, a new quarter was rising on the Vomero. *Sic transit.*

Dechenhausen, but now Cannavacioli, the name Villa Dechenhausen being at present given to a different house. The Boccapiano Villa is turned into the Quisisana Hotel, and stands immediately below the true or old Dechenhausen, which is on the left hand as one goes up towards the main entrance to the grounds of the Quisisana Palace.

The Villa Cesari exists, but has gone down in the world, and is now a house of a fifth-rate character, standing on the great road which runs from Castellamare to Sorrento.

I went twice to Pompeii. On one of these occasions I was walking along a street with Lubbock, when a man came suddenly out of one of the houses. We all three stopped, recognising each other, but unable for an instant to remember where we had met. It was Schliemann of Troy, who had been wandering about in Italy and looking for prehistoric antiquities with scant success. Italy, he declared, cannot have been inhabited by man until long after Greece was.

Another expedition was to Amalfi, whither I went with Florence. Seen even on a very indifferent day, the drive from Vietri to that place is incomparably the

most beautiful bit of Corniche scenery on which my eyes have ever rested. I went to look for the signatures of Montalembert and his friends in the hotel book which Mrs. Bishop saw as late, I think, as 1870, but some autograph collector had been at work, and the half-page on which it was clear, from the dates before and after, that their names had been inscribed had been cut out. On our way back I visited the great monastery of La Cava, where I saw the famous "Morgengabe" of the eighth century; which done, I descended on Castagneto, a lovely villa, which formerly belonged to the Cravens, and where much of the *Récit* was written.

Another day I went for an hour or two with Lubbock to Sorrento, and it was quite charming to watch his delight on seeing for the first time trees covered with oranges.

December

On the 7th the weather changed, and we got to Naples, on our way to Rome, where we arrived without accident on the 9th, a magnificent day. I have hardly ever seen Italy show itself to greater advantage.

The snow and sunset views were glorious. While at Naples I made the acquaintance, through Mrs. Craven, of the Duchess Ravaschieri-Fieschi, the Stella of Le Mot de l'Enigme, a very gifted and still beautiful woman. She could just remember the La Ferronays in the old days, and said: "It is quite impossible to exaggerate the impression which they made upon me, although I was only a baby."

Lubbock remained with us until the 19th, and while he was in Rome I saw a good many antiquarians: for example, Pigorini, who is at the head of the new Museum of Prehistoric Antiquities now being formed in the Collegio Romano; Fiorelli, who is chiefly known in connection with Pompeii, but now superintends all the Government excavations; Rosa, who was our guide over the Palatine, his especial kingdom; and Parker, who filled the same office the day after, and took the opportunity of contradicting nearly everything that Rosa had told us.

On the 16th I went alone to Monte Casino, which I had wished to see for a quarter of a century. Tosti, to whom I had a letter from Stanley, was unfortunately at Naples, but I was most kindly received and shown everything. Almost the first individual

who met me as I passed within the walls, after the lovely climb which leads from San Germano, was a raven, who represented the old pet of St. Benedict thirteen hundred years ago. A young French monk, who was my principal guide, seeing my satisfaction at finding Alexandrine's name written in her clear, small hand, had the wit to seek out a very pleasant Neapolitan who knew Mrs. Craven, and who, not without a certain kindly malice, pointed out the entry: "Unum est necessarium et Maria elegit bonam partem—Ernest Renan, 1850."[1]

The epitaph in the church on St. Benedict and his sister is a noble piece of lapidary Latin :—

"Benedictum et Scholasticam
Uno in terris partu editos
Una in Deum pietate cœlo redditos
Unus hic excipit tumulus
Mortalis depositi pro immortalitate custos!"

On the 17th I was wondering whether a letter addressed to Pisa would find Madame von Orlich, whom I believed to be there. I got back to the Europa and found a note announcing that she was

[1] See note on p. 29 of my *Ernest Renan*; London, 1893.

in Rome, and I saw much of her during the remainder of my stay.

On the 19th we transferred ourselves to our old quarters of 1867, 31 Piazza di Spagna, after which—as soon, that is, as a good German doctor had taken my wife's case in hand—I fell into the pleasant routine of a Roman winter, which I did not interrupt till the 24th of January 1876.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

1876

January

1. WALKED alone out of the Porta Salara as far as the bridge on the Anio, which was broken down during the panic of Garibaldi's invasion. The Sabine Hills and the villages along them intensely clear and bright.

At dinner at Sir Augustus Paget's I found myself sitting next Monsignor Howard,[1] formerly a guardsman, and looking as if he could still fight a very good battle with the arm of flesh. He has a remarkable turn for languages, and is the clerical fellow-traveller described in Gallenga's *Italy Revisited*, which I have read this winter, and find to be a truthful description of things as I see them.

4. I drove out to Torre Nuova, the scene of the memorable picnic, *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. i., erroneously

[1] He was not yet Cardinal.

printed Terra Nuova. It lies beyond the Porta Maggiore, and is made conspicuous for many miles by its noble group of stone-pines. When I asked Madame von Orlich about it, she had at first forgotten the whole story; but when I recalled some of the circumstances she remembered everything, including even the peculiar Russian sauce with which the artichokes were dressed!

At night I went to see Hermann Grimm, the art critic. He married a daughter of Bettina von Arnim, who is with him here, and to whom I was introduced.

I was taken to Grimm's by Tachard, whom I used to meet at Nicholas Tourgueneff's, but whom I never came to know till I fell in with him again the other day at the house of Mr. Marsh, the American Minister here. Tachard was a Liberal Deputy for Alsace at the time of its annexation to Germany, and was almost the only man of importance who chose to become a German rather than remain a Frenchman. Of course this was bitterly resented by his friends in Paris, although, under the circumstances of the case, I think he acted rightly; but his position, alike in his new and old country, is an extremely difficult one, and

it is not unnatural that he should like to spend a great deal of his time in Rome, the classic refuge of broken careers and blasted ambitions.

Some days ago, in a walk on the Pincian, he went at great length into his ideas of the future of Alsace. He desires to re-create something like the old Burgundian Kingdom, to be a buffer between Germany and France.

6. To see the prizes given away at the Capitol by the Princess Margaret of Piedmont, who does all the "representation" duty here that would naturally fall to the lot of a queen. This was the scene which I described somewhat later in the following passage[1]:—

"If any artist wished to do for historical painting what Turner did for landscape in his Ancient and Modern Italy, he could hardly do better than put on canvas two scenes which took place in the Capitol some weeks ago, within a few hundred feet of each other, and which I witnessed. The one was the distribution of prizes to the successful candidates at the girls' school supported by the Municipality of Rome, and the other was the pro-

[1] See Clifton Address in *Miscellanies, Political and Literary*; London, 1879.

cession of the wonder-working image known as the Bambino in the church of Ara Celi. The contrast between the intelligence of the countenances which figured in the one and the want of intelligence of the countenances which figured in the other was extraordinarily interesting. As the great door of the church opened to readmit the priests who had gone out to show the image to the people assembled on the gigantic flight of stairs which leads to the Piazza below, the level rays of the sun, which was sinking behind the Janiculan, struck far up the centre aisle, and my companion, who had been with me also at the other ceremony, said, 'You see light is penetrating even here.'"

I was quite close to the Princess Margaret, and saw her well. She has charming manners, and although there are faults in her face the general effect is very pleasing. Nothing could have been prettier than the way in which she received the girls as they came up to get their prizes.

Between the two performances described in the extract I have quoted above, I strolled in the Villa Mattei, now the Villa Hoffmann, which by some extraordinary chance I never saw before this visit to

Rome. It occupies a great part of the Caelian, and affords a number of points of view utterly different from any others.

In the evening I went with Lacaita to see Madame Alfieri, the daughter of my old acquaintance the Marquis de Cavour, elder brother of the Minister. She inhabits the ground floor of the Casa Margherita ;[1] and one of her daughters told me that Vittorio Alfieri had himself lived in the same house. I do not know whether this is true, but certain it is that in this marvellous and incomparable city there is hardly a room, or a square foot of pavement, which would not, if it could speak, have a tale to tell full of interest for all educated men and women.

7. Much talk with Lacaita about buying land in Italy, which is still to be had at a price which will give a return of five or more per cent. He has himself bought a good deal of late in Apulia, which is turning out very well.

In the afternoon I went to see Minghetti, who is at present Prime Minister. He disclaimed altogether any intention of being false to the principles of Free Trade, but I am bound to say that, in his desire to

[1] *Récit d'une Sœur.*

arrive at an equilibrium, he seems to me to sail a little near the wind.

He is full of the project of getting both the property and the working of the Italian railways into the hands of the State, and was extremely interested when I told him of the experiment which we are making in India with State railways.

8. Dined again with my old friend Colonel Caldwell, meeting, amongst others, the beautiful Princess Teano, and her still very handsome mother, Mrs. Wilbraham. The Prince, whom I had seen at Aldermaston in former years, was ill and did not appear.

9. In the early afternoon to Madame Minghetti, who collects every Sunday a large party to listen to music, in a room which is hung and strewed with all kinds of Oriental stuffs and carpets, in carefully studied disorder. A very striking-looking German girl, with long hair and wild eyes, a pupil of Liszt, played splendidly; and Madame Minghetti, although a grandmother, sang to admiration some little *canzoni* from the Abruzzi, equal to any German Volkslieder. Here, too, for the first time, I heard Keudell, who now represents Germany in Rome, play the piano. He has been much with Bismarck, and used,

it is said, to fulfil towards him the function which David fulfilled towards Saul. They tell a story, true or false, probably the latter, that on one memorable evening in 1866 Bismarck had been unusually moody, and Keudell had surpassed himself at the instrument. "Thank you, my dear Keudell," he said, "you have soothed me, and done me so much good, my mind is made up—we shall declare war against Austria!"

Thence I went to the Benediction Service at the Trinità dei Monti, and finished my afternoon with Orby Shipley, who married a sister of Mrs. Greg, and is a leader of the extreme right wing of opinion in the Church of England.

13. To see Keudell by appointment at the Caffarelli Palace, the most charming situation in Rome—not to say in the world. He took me up the tower, and although it was piteously wet, as it has been for a long time, one could see what a marvellous view it commands in fine weather. Below us was the Orsini Palace, where Niebuhr lived; but Bunsen lived here, and Keudell introduced me to Angela, who had nursed the Bunsen children, and has lived on in this house through all the changes of Ministers.

14. Dined with Minghetti, meeting Visconti Venosta and others. The conversation coming round to Madame Minghetti's old friend, Mrs. Craven, and her books, she cited Alexandrine's saying that she would rather be a Catholic than Albert's wife, with her former ideas, as altogether unnatural. "*Mais je le trouve sublime*," said her husband.

From the Minghettis I went on to Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, but their company was breaking up, and I had just time to be introduced to the two Guerrieri Gonzagas, who take a strong interest in the Old Catholic movement on its political side.

17. To-day, and only to-day, I made out an expedition to Ostia, which I have been wishing to make for the last five and twenty years. My companions were the Shipleys. It was a clear but very cold day, as good a one for the purpose as could be found. We started between nine and ten, stopped for a few minutes at the Basilica of St. Paul, which is undergoing repair, and proceeded down the left bank of the Tiber, till we mounted a low hill and found ourselves in sight of the great swamp known as the Mare Morto, with Ostia, Porto, and Fiumicino lying below us. There too was the Isola Sacra, where

Dante makes the souls wait to be ferried over to Purgatory, and the mouth of the river marked by a lighthouse tower.

Leaving our carriage close to the picturesque old castle, we walked over the excavations of the Roman Ostia, driving thence across country to Prince Chigi's villa of Castel Fusano and the divinely beautiful tangle of ilex, arbutus, tree-heath, lentisk, and rosemary which stretches behind it towards the sea. This was the site of the villa which Pliny loved so well—as well he might.

Later in the day I took Florence Ainsworth to the Lateran to see, amongst other things, the lovely Temperanza in the Corsini Chapel, my admiration of which a quarter of a century has in no way diminished. To-day too I went for the first time into the Baptistery, where the porphyry font in which Constantine was perhaps christened, and in which Rienzi certainly bathed, is still to be seen.

This is the day which is commemorated by the Roman Church in connection with the strange story of Alphonse Ratisbonne's conversion; and I went accordingly in the afternoon, with Shipley, to hear the Benediction and Te Deum sung at the church of

S. Andrea delle Fratte—St. Andrew of the hedges, near the Piazza di Spagna.

At night I picked up Artom, the leading personage behind the scenes at the Foreign Office,—the local Hammond, in fact,—and carried him on to the Pagets', where Visconti Venosta talked much to me about the position of affairs.

"I was thinking the other day," he said, "a long way back in the history of this country, and I could not remember any one single occasion in which the interests of England and Italy had been at variance."

"It is strange you should tell me that to-night," I said; "for it was only this morning that I came across, in Giusti's collection of proverbs, the saying:—

'Con tutto il mondo guerra
E pace con Inghilterra!'"

Neither he nor Artom could tell me the origin of it.

I have been twice to the Quirinal during my stay —once to be presented to the Princess, and once at a ball. At the latter the Turkish Minister, a clever-looking young man, came up and claimed acquaintance.

I remembered that we had met when he was Under Secretary in the Foreign Office at Constantinople. He made little—obviously too little—of the troubles in the Herzegovina.

23. My last evening in Rome. I was here twice in 1851, once in 1867, once in 1870. This is my fifth visit.

24. This morning I tore myself away, leaving my wife at 31 Piazza di Spagna, and started for the north by the Maremma line.

On leaving the city, the railway runs round the walls, affording noble views successively of the Lateran, the Aventine, the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, and the Monte Testaccio; then we cross the Tiber, see Montorio standing up grandly, and the last Roman sight is the great Basilica of St. Paul without the walls. Next comes a view of Ostia across its marshes, with the pines of Castel Fusano behind; then Palo Station and the Mediterranean, which we follow till we get to the north of Civita Vecchia.

The old town of Corneto, the long promontory of Orbitello, the island of Giglio, associated in my mind with our voyages from Smyrna and Alexandria to Marseilles, great troops of horses, lakes, marshes,

scrubby woods, a hot sun, the Station of Grosseto, and Elba lying under the sunset, are my chief recollections of the day which brought me after sundown to Pisa.

25. The bells were ringing, as I awoke, for the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul.

I spent some time in seeing the extremely beautiful Cathedral, the Campo Santo, and other things, which I had not visited since the first days of 1851; succeeded in identifying the Casa Soldaini, where Montalembert stayed with Albert and Alexandrine, with the Casa Manori; found that the Church of St. Francesco was now an artillery store; saw the Spina Chapel, and then went off to Leghorn to call on the British Chaplain there, to whose care I am thinking of sending one of my boys.

Returning thence, I drove to the Franciscan Monastery of Santa Croce, where I ascertained various particulars I desired to know, and then started by the night train for Genoa, which I reached somewhere about half-past one in the morning. There I tarried some hours, and then went northwards by Turin, passing into winter at one bound, as I emerged from the Apennine tunnel, but not finding much snow in the lowlands of France.

28. I reached Paris early in the morning, breakfasted, and went off to see Renan. From him I went on to Mrs. Craven. She had in her room a picture of Alexandrine, which Dr. Wolff had sent her from Berlin, after his wife's death, copied from the one by Madame de Caraman, and, I think, retouched by her.

Thence I went on to the Peyronnets and to Mademoiselle Smirnoff, coming out of whose room I met for the first time, and was introduced to, a man I have been hearing about for the last thirty years, but had never seen—Lord Selborne's brother, once made only too famous at Oxford by the pamphlet which he wrote about the Jerusalem bishopric, in which he again and again introduced the phrase: "let him be anathema." William Palmer of Worcester, who was one of the people connected with the starting of the *Tracts for the Times*, used to be known in my day at Oxford as "Blessing Palmer," to distinguish him from this other, whose College was Magdalen.

Palmer who, in spite of his *sobriquet*, was an excellent and very learned man, took infinite pains, for many years, to reconcile Oxford and Moscow, but gave it up as hopeless, and submitted to the Roman obedience.

29. Crossed from Paris to London. It was one of the most beautiful winter days I ever beheld, and the sea-birds were sitting all about on the bosom of the quiet Channel, as if they had never seen a rough day in their lives.

February

6. A soft, lovely morning, like an Italian day at this season. I walked with Dr. Hardie, Lord Fife's household physician, from Innes House, whither I came last night, down to the shore of the Moray Firth. As we walked, he asked me if I had heard anything of typhoid fever in Rome. I said, "Not a word." We returned home, and in an hour's time a letter was put into my hand from Dr. Percival, the head of Clifton College, telling me that Arthur, who, along with his younger brother, had spent his Christmas holidays with us in Rome, had brought back that malady with him from Italy.

7–11. I had of course to throw over all my remaining business at Elgin, and to make my way as fast as I could to Clifton, where I found Arthur progressing favourably; getting back to London in

time to deliver, on the evening of the 11th, an address on Education, at the City of London College.

17. Very long conversation about India, at the Athenæum, with Lytton, who lately announced his appointment as Viceroy to me by a letter from Lisbon.

March

2. Breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone, who is at present living in Mr. Arthur Balfour's house in Carlton Gardens. Huxley sat next him, and was cross-examined all the time about the horse, the mule, and the donkey, which, in their Homeric setting, occupy the mind of the great man very much at present.

3. Dined with Rathbone, meeting, amongst others, Plunket, Solicitor-General for Ireland. He told me that when Mr. Biggar, who is humpbacked and small, first rose in the House, he was sitting next Disraeli, who said to him: "What is that creature?" "That," said Plunket, "is Mr. Biggar, the member for Cavan." "Oh!" said Disraeli, "I thought it had been a Leprehaun, one of the things that come out in the moonlight to dance with the fairies."

8. Walked home this afternoon with Caird, who mentioned that on the night on which the news of the Second of December came to London, he was dining with Delane, the only others there being Roebuck and Lowe. Roebuck told them that that morning he had met Lord Palmerston in Piccadilly and had said to him, "Well, my Lord, what do you think of the news?" "Sharp work, sharp work," said Lord Palmerston, and passed on. Roebuck continued his walk, and presently met Disraeli. "Well, Mr. Disraeli," he said, "what do you think of the news?" "*Gweat mowal lesson*," was the reply.

I dined with Sir Henry Thring, meeting, amongst others, Colonel Henderson, the head of the Police, who told me that a letter—written on the day of the Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, by orders of the Revolutionary Committee, then sitting in London—had come into his hands, which contained the following passage:—"These English are a nation of fools: they were all mad this morning, and they will be all drunk to-night—but the Revolution is adjourned for fifty years."

12. Down to Knebworth, where I was caught in so heavy a snowstorm that at one time I thought there

would be some difficulty in getting home again in time for my engagements of to-morrow.

16. I was to have gone to Italy to-day, to join my wife, but was detained by the great division on the Royal Titles Bill.

17. We divided somewhere about two in the morning; but Sir John Lubbock, his daughter Amy, and I, left by the mail, and I reached Mademoiselle Smirnoff's, where I was engaged to dine, at twenty minutes to eight. There, amongst others, I met Prince Tcherkasky, of Polish fame, or notoriety.

In the course of conversation he said to me: "Eh bien, que pensez-vous de l'Orient?" The annexation of Khokand having just been announced, I began to speak of Central Asia. He listened for a few moments, and then said: "Non, non, je ne parle pas de l'Orient de fantaisie, je parle de l'Orient sérieux—de la Turquie."

The next day we went by appointment to call on Mademoiselle Smirnoff, where we met Prince Obolensky, who is Maréchal de la Noblesse, I think, in Lithuania; anyhow, very near the forests where the aurochs, which Lubbock and I so much want to see, still lives.

18. Early this morning I took Lubbock to Renan, who told us, amongst other things, that a Capuchin had said to a friend of his: "Il a fait de fort mauvaises choses, votre ami M. Renan, de fort mauvaises choses, mais il a parlé très bien de St. François, et St. François arrangera tout ça!"[1]

19. Took Lubbock to Jules Simon, whom I have not seen for years, but who is living in his old apartment, 10 Place de la Madeleine. We found him in very low spirits. I told him Sir John was an entomologist as well as a politician. "La politique," he said, "est un peu de l'entomologie." He complained, too, very much of the amount of time that was lost going to and coming from Versailles; but this inconvenience is a necessary part of the Constitution, and if it is to be altered all the rest may be revised. "I have proposed," he said, "of course not in the Chamber, but in the train, that we should treat the matter as you would infallibly treat it in England, and pass an Act to declare that the Palais Bourbon is not part of Paris, but an integral portion of the Commune of Versailles."

Thence we went on to Taine, whom we found

[1] See my *Ernest Renan*, p. 87.

very much pleased at having just received permission to inspect the archives of the Police during the Revolution.

21. Reached Spezia, where, at the Croce di Malta, we found my wife. The weather, up to the 27th inclusive, was very wet and stormy—so stormy that the Bay quite lost its usual colour, and became a whitey-brown, thanks chiefly to the enormous quantity of mud poured into it by the torrent which sweeps down between the arsenal and the town.

On the evening of the 25th Mallet arrived, on his way home from India. From the day on which I missed him at Dover, on my return from Germany last autumn, he had travelled over a good deal of the ground which I traversed last year, had arrived at Government House, and was about to enter upon the business for which he went out—a rearrangement of the Tariff—when, on his way with Northbrook up the river to Barrackpore, he caught a chill, increased it by sitting under that beautiful banyan where we used to gather in the afternoons last year,[1] was laid up with fever, and so much reduced that he had to be sent out of the country the first moment he was fit to travel.

[1] See *Notes of an Indian Journey* (London, 1876).

After passing Aden, his health had improved; he had enjoyed a week with the Duke of Sutherland in Egypt, and is now almost in his usual health.

Yesterday I had a long talk with him over what might be done in the future, with reference to Indian finance.

To-day we had a long, lovely row to near Porto Venere, and Miss Pellew gave me a striking poem by Lyall, cut from an Indian newspaper, on a Hindoo ascetic watching the procession in honour of the Prince of Wales at Delhi.[1]

28. To-day Miss Pellew gave me a copy of the *Life of Onookool Chunder Mookerjee*, of which I heard much in India, and which must be one of the most absurd books ever printed. No wonder Maine, when he was Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta, advised the young Bengalees to keep to the English rule of writing English *well* by not trying consciously to do so.

29. Miss Pellew, Miss Lubbock, and I had an enchanting walk on the pine-covered hills to the east of the Bay. I do not know any place to which I would sooner take a person to whom I wished to give, at once, the feeling of Italy.

[1] Published many years later in his admirable *Verses written in India.*

The views—now towards the sea, now inland—produce on the mind the effect of Turner's picture, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

Mallet told me to-day that in the summer of 1866 he had been sitting in the Foreign Office at Vienna, arranging the details of the Commercial Agreement then made between Great Britain and Austria, with Mensdorff and Lord Bloomfield, when a telegram was brought in to the former. He opened it and threw it down with the words "Le grand Frédéric n'a pas fait plus que ça." It contained the news of Königgrätz!

30. Mallet, and some of the rest of us, drove to Lerici—a long business by road, but carrying one through quite exquisite scenery. There we met others of the party, and I sailed home past Shelley's house, walking the last part of the way with Lubbock.

31. This, the last day the Mallets can stay with us, we spent in an excursion to Porto Venere. Mallet and I, with Miss Pellew, lingered long in the ruined church which overlooks the entrance to the Strait, and commands a long reach of the coast towards Genoa. As we came back, Lubbock told a story of a Frenchman who mentioned to his friend that his

daughter's fiancé was a Moldo-Wallachian. His friend, taking this for a title, replied, "Si jeúne, et déjà Moldo-Valaque!"

It was on this same excursion that Mallet mentioned that Hudson had told him that Victor Emmanuel had offered to go to the Crimea, and to take forty thousand men with him. Hudson went off to London and made the proposal, but it was not accepted, on the ground of the umbrage it would give to Louis Napoleon.

April

1. Sailed across the Bay to Panigaglia, where we found a wild laburnum just coming into flower on the cliff—its clusters reflected in the water.

5. This evening there was a beautiful Alpine glow on the mountain mass behind Sarzana, and at night one of the vessels of war in the Bay began to throw up rockets just before our windows. From this to the 12th we spent our time in sailing, bathing, and reading together, except on the 8th, when, under a sky that was only too bright, I went off alone with Manuele and another boatman down the Gulf to

opposite Porto Venere, thence struck across towards the black rocks of the Punto del Corvo, and so round Cape Bianco to the ruins of the Monastery of Santa Croce, which stands on the last slope of the hills towards the Magra—just where it enters the sea. This place commands a fine view over the plain of Carrara, with its marble quarries and snow-peaks behind. Its chief interest, however, arises from the fact that it is said to have been visited by Dante during his exile. I take the following from the notes to Longfellow's translation of the *Divina Commedia*.

Letter of Frate Ilario.

ARRIVABENE, COMENTO STORICO, P. 379.

. . . "Hither he came, passing through the diocese of Luni, moved either by the religion of the place, or by some other feeling. And seeing him, as yet unknown to me and to all my brethren, I questioned him of his wishings and his seekings there. He moved not; but stood silently contemplating the columns and arches of the cloister. And again I asked him what he wished, and whom he sought? Then, slowly turning his head, and looking at the friars and at me, he answered, "Peace!" Thence, kindling more and more the wish to know him

and who he might be, I led him aside somewhat, and having spoken a few words with him, I knew him; for, although I had never seen him till that hour, his fame had long since reached me. And when he saw that I hung upon his countenance, and listened to him with strange affection, he drew from his bosom a book, did gently open it, and offered it to me, saying, 'Sir Friar, here is a portion of my work, which peradventure thou has not seen. This remembrance I leave with thee. Forget me not.'"

12. At length the day came when we were obliged to say good-bye to the glorious moonlights and sunrises of Spezia, as well as to the long sailing excursions which had made us so well acquainted with its beautiful gulf, and we turned homewards.

We spent part of the 12th and 13th at Genoa, showing the place to Miss Lubbock, and seeing, of things which I had either not seen or forgotten, the Pietà of Michael Angelo at the Albergo dei Poveri, and an exquisite garden belonging to a villa a little farther from the town than the well-known Doria one —the property, I think, of a family called Rosassa. The laburnum and most of the other spring shrubs were in the greatest splendour, as were the large yellow roses trained along the walls, which sheltered palms, camphor trees, and much else, including my old

friend *Justicea Adhatoda*, which I had seen covering whole square miles in India, but which is here a valuable exotic.

From the evening of the 13th to the morning of the 17th, Easter Monday, we remained at San Remo —and horribly cold it was. Here we passed a good deal of time with Lear, the artist, who is painting some immense pictures of the scenery around Darjeeling.

28. With Stuart Rendel to the Old Water Colours Exhibition, where I saw a picture by Mrs. Allingham, wife of the poet of that name who now edits *Fraser's Magazine*. It was of a girl walking in a wood full of primroses and wild hyacinths, and was perfectly enchanting, but, unhappily, already sold.[1]

May

2. At Castle Ashby, Lord Northampton's beautiful place in Northamptonshire. It is bitterly, fiendishly cold; but so well are the gardens managed that they

[1] I afterwards found that it belonged to Mr. G. M. Smith, and that the young lady was his daughter: a bright, charming girl, who came to us one day at Knebworth, in 1877.

are full of flowers, immense use being made of common hardy things. Very exquisite is a small piece of water, along the edge of which stand great trees. Round each of them are masses of polyanthus and other bright-coloured flowers, which are reflected on the quiet surface of the pond. The house is full of huge rooms, containing things of more or less interest, but nothing, I think, so interesting as the Clephane hand, which was made for an ancestor of Miss Maclean Clephane (the mother of Lord Northampton), by the order of one of the Kings of Scotland, to replace the hand which he had lost in defending his sovereign. In the church, which has been beautifully restored, is a replica of Teneranni's Angel of the Resurrection. Here I found Lady Alwyne Compton, who is virtually the hostess, and the younger ——, who was as amusing as ever. Ladies this year have taken to wearing a stuff, or colour (I know not which), to which they have given in Paris the name of Herzegovine. She was buying some of this in a shop the other day, when her sister whispered to her, "Prends garde, prends bien garde, ta jupe se soulèvera!"

She told me too a characteristic answer which

Khanikoff made to Madame Tourgueneff when she asked him whether he, being about to return to Russia after many years' absence, would not be rejoiced to see his father and mother. "Non, Madame, je ne les reverrai pas. Je n'aime pas les Idylles!"

7. Mrs. Mitchell and others were with us at Knebworth. I read aloud, in the Picture Gallery, passages from Bulwer's "St. Stephen's." The room is hung with portraits, some of which must have been in his mind when he wrote this, his best performance, as I think. Amongst these are the following :—

"But lo! what shadow fills the phantom hall,
Awful and large, awhile obscuring all;
On angry aspects bending brows of woe,
Still as a glacier over storms below?
That front, proud Strafford, needs no bauble crown
To make it kinglier than the Stuart's frown.
How the dire genius, skill'd, alert, intent,
Speaks from each swart Italian lineament!
Some close Visconti there your search defies,
In the cold gloom of unrevealing eyes;
And the hard daring of Castrucci dwells
In scheming lips comprest as Machiavel's.

. . . . . .

Burly and bluff, in St. John's vacant place,
The land's new leader lifts his jovial face.
Alas! poor Nine—a dreary time for you!
King George the First, Sir Robert Walpole too!
Sir Robert waits;—those shrewd, coarse features scan,
How strong the sense, how English is the man!
English, if left to all plain sense bestows,
And stripp'd of all that Man to genius owes.
He sets no flowers, but each dry stubble gleans—
Statesman in ends, but huxter in the means—
Boldly he nears his hacks, extends the chaff,
And flings the halter with an ostler's laugh.
Corruptly frank, he buys or bullies all,
And is what placemen style 'the practical.'
Is this man eloquent? The man creates
New ground, now ours—the level of debates.
Eloquent?—Yes, in Parliamentary sense,
The skilful scorn of what seems eloquence;
Adroit, familiar, fluent, easy, free,
And each quick point as quick to seize as see;
Shielding the friend, but covering from the foe,
And ne'er above his audience nor below:
Arm'd in finance, blow up with facts the speech,
And rows of figures bristle in the breach.
Soft in his tones, seductive in his sighs,
When doom'd to take 'a vote upon supplies';
At times a proser, at no time a prater,
And six feet high—in short, a great debater.

And is that all? Nay, truth must grant much more;
The bluff old Whig was Briton to the core.
With this strong purpose, whatsoe'er he plann'd,
To save from Pope and Papist kings the land.
His heart was mild; it slew not, nor proscribed:
His tenets loose; in clemency he bribed.
A town conspires in secret:—he sends down
Cannon—tut! candidates to buy the town.
Sly Jesuits have a senator misled,
He hints a pension, and he saves a head.
While since adventure outlets must obtain,
In closing war he frees the roads to gain;
Shows teeming marts, and says to Hope, 'Behold,
'Tis Peace that guards the avenues to gold.'
So blest with good and evil all the springs
Which move in state the wheels of human things,
That, though the truth must be with pain confest,
Men not too good may suit mankind the best:
So leave Sir Robert, 'button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within,'
To tax, to bribe, to coax the public weal
From foreign standards and fraternal steel."

16. Dined with John Ball, to meet Menabrea, the new Italian Ambassador, a very good-looking man, with a grave, refined, and most intelligent face.

18. Dined with the Portsmouths, who are living

in Harley Street, to meet G. H. Lewes and Mrs. Lewes, Townsend of the *Spectator*, and others. I sat next Adams, the great astronomer, whom I had never met before.

Lord Portsmouth has placed in his hands all the Newton Papers, from which he is extracting whatever is likely to be of scientific interest. Amongst them he found a small notebook, which contained at one end mathematics of the simpler kind, but at the other was filled with entries in shorthand. After much searching, he unearthed a book of the period on shorthand, and was able to read the entries with facility. They turned out to belong to a sort of self examination, through which the great philosopher, then an undergraduate, had put himself before receiving the Communion, on Whit Sunday, 1662, and in the course of them he asked pardon of the Almighty

> "For eating an apple at Thy house,"
> "For making a mousetrap on Thy day."

After dinner, I had a long conversation with Lord Carnarvon, who told me that he had as a young man been much at Knebworth, and had once, when walk-

ing with Lord Lytton, ventured to ask him which he thought the best of his novels? After a long silence, he said, "I think, on the whole, *Zanoni*."

Lord Carnarvon had evidently been very much struck, as I think the younger Cabinet Ministers often are, with the great knowledge of affairs which the Queen has gradually acquired during her long reign.

19. Lady Wade, wife of our Minister at Pekin, and sister of Lady Hamilton Gordon, *née* Herschell, told me to-day that the labours of the Catholic missionaries in northern China had distinctly improved their converts, so that she knew in an instant when a woman came to be engaged as a nurse whether she was or was not a Christian.

This evening the rheumatism, which has been troubling me all winter and spring, took a very acute form, and it was with great difficulty that I could dress on the 20th, and go down to Knebworth, where I stayed, perforce, until the 25th, missing thus the debate on the Livery Companies of London, in which I meant to have taken part.

28. Bain of Aberdeen, Watson, whom we knew at Athens, and who has of late been in charge at

Lisbon since Lytton left his post, are with us at Knebworth. Last week we had my brother Ainslie and Fitzjames Stephen. The former mentioned a good riddle: "Why is a Kaffir woman like a prophet?" —"Because she has little on her in her own country." Fitzjames Stephen reminded me that I had many years ago introduced him to John Henry Newman at Birmingham. Subsequently to that he had visited the latter, and had on one occasion a conversation, which almost amounted to a discussion, for some two hours.

Having occasion this spring to go to Birmingham, he wrote to Newman, reminding him of these circumstances of past years, and saying he would like to renew old conversations. Newman, however, wrote back to decline, saying that he never had had that kind of quickness which comes from practice in Parliaments and Courts of Law, that he was nearly wholly occupied with the great change that must soon come upon him, and that he was sure Stephen would not think that it was from any want of faith in his principles, that he wished not to enter into controversy. Of course, his correspondent replied that he was not thinking of controversy, Newman

rejoined: "On such a day," I think it was Monday, the 21st February, "I shall be seventy-five; if you chance to remember then, give me a kind thought."

June

4. Amongst others at Knebworth are Evelyn Baring,[1] Emile de Laveleye, and Oliphant. The last-named has come over for a short time from America, upon Telegraphic business. While there he has seen some very strange people about whom he is very amusing, and gives you to a nicety the different shades of their villany. He told one story of ——, who is the pious ruffian, which seemed to me highly amusing.

A clergyman came to him and said: "Mr. ——, I am just about to marry. Both my future wife and I have got a little, but not much. We wish to find a thoroughly safe, and at the same time good investment. I know it would be a dangerous thing to consult many persons about such a matter, but with a God-fearing man like you one is quite secure." —— received the compliment, expressed himself much

[1] Later, Lord Cromer.

obliged, and strongly advised the man to buy the shares of a particular railway. "What! should I put all my money in one thing?" said the victim. "Yes, every cent: it is the very best investment in the country." Observing him still hesitate, —— said: "So certain am I that the advice I am giving you is good that if you lose one cent by following it I will repay you." "Oh! Mr. ——, if you think so well of this railway it's quite enough for me, I will act upon your advice," said the man, and he was leaving the room, when the great speculator called him back, and said: "Wait a minute till I have written out my guarantee," which he did, and handed it to his visitor.

Well, the reverend gentleman bought the shares, which gradually went up and up, till they were at a very high premium. Then a change came, and they went down more rapidly than they had risen, till they were worth nothing. He then went to ——, and complained that he had been utterly ruined by following his advice. —— said that he had acted for the best, but then, suddenly appearing to recollect himself, added: "By the way, however, didn't I promise to save you harmless?" "Yes," said his visitor,

"but I did not take that literally." "Oh! but I did," was the reply; "I am a man of my word," and, so saying, he wrote a cheque for the amount.

The clergyman was overpowered with gratitude, but, as he was taking his leave, he said: "Ah! Mr. ——, would that my own loss, which you so nobly repay, had been all; but, when I found you thought so highly of that railway, I told all my friends and neighbours, right and left, and they bought in, and have been ruined too." "Ah!" said Mr. ——, "that's just what I meant you to do."

In strong contrast with the pious ruffian is the frank and outspoken ruffian ——, who is always fighting with him. One day —— said, "Oh, Mr. ——, I wish you would not use such dreadful language,—it gives me real pain." "Pray, don't mind, ——," said his friend; "I swear, and you pray, but neither of us means much by it."

Interesting too was his account of ——, the Leviathan of all speculators, sitting in his room in New York, into which come two telegraph wires,—one communicating with his brokers, the other, I think, with the gold market,—and making things leap up and down at his will. This man told Oliphant that he did

not think it at all impossible that he might get into his hands the control of all the railway communication, all the steamboat communication, and all the telegraphic communication of the United States—a wholly new and tremendous kind of ambition.

Emile de Laveleye came over here for the Adam Smith Centenary, which took place a few days ago, under the auspices of the Political Economy Club, and was a piteous failure. I have sent him down to Oxford with letters to Jowett.

21. Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock went down with me to Knebworth to dine and sleep. On the way he told me that some time after Disraeli became Prime Minister for the first time, his old travelling companion, Clay, the great whist player, met him somewhere about the House, and said to him: "Well, Disraeli, when you and I travelled together years ago, who would ever have thought that you would be Prime Minister!" "Who, indeed!" said Disraeli, "but, as they used to say when we were in the East, 'God is great,' and *now He's greater than ever.*"

23. Dined at the Athenæum with Aubrey de Vere, who talked much of the effect which the publication of Tennyson's *Queen Mary* had had in

calling attention to his father's play on the same subject, which had fallen still-born from the press.

Before dinner was over, Milner Gibson, whom I had not seen for a long time, joined us, and he and I sat together till the Coffee Room was empty. The conversation turning upon Mr. Gladstone, I asked him what he had thought of him when they sat together in Cabinet? He said he was exceedingly clever, argued very well and clearly, but he was not suggestive. The two who were suggestive were Palmerston and Lord Russell—the two old mummies, as John Bright called them. Halifax was sensible and clear-headed, but not suggestive.

24. Up to a few days ago, the season has been the most detestable I remember. The many months of wet weather, which extended from July to May, varied by frightful falls of snow, one of the worst of which occurred while we were at San Remo, having been succeeded by intensely dry cold. This afternoon, however, it was perfectly lovely as we drove through the lanes filled with wild roses to Brocket, where Henry Cowper has now established himself.

25. A quite perfect day, warm and yet breezy. George Trevelyan, John Morley, A. Balfour, M.P. for

Hertford, and the George Howards are staying in the house. Henry Cowper took me to the Library, where Lord Melbourne used to sit, and to the room where Palmerston died. It is the one with the bow window on the ground floor, which you see on first catching sight of the house, as you drive down through the Park from Welwyn. Opposite is the railing over which the old man climbed, when he thought no one was looking on, to try his strength, as Evelyn Ashley has described in his *Life*.

I asked Henry Cowper whether he thought the following description of Lord Melbourne, which is taken from "St. Stephen's," was a true one. He said he thought that Lord Lytton had hit off the character excellently well.

"In stalwart contrast, large of heart and frame,
Destined for power, in youth more bent on fame,
Sincere, yet deeming half the world a sham,
Mark the rude, handsome manliness of Lamb!
None then foresaw his rise; e'en now but few
Guess right the man so many thought they knew
Gossip accords him attributes like these—
A sage good humour, based on love of ease,
A mind that most things undisturb'dly weigh'd,
Nor deemed their metal worth the clink it made.

Such was the man, in part, to outward show;
Another man lay coil'd from sight below—
As mystics tell us that this fleshly form
Enfolds a subtler, which escapes the worm,
And is the true one, which the Maker's breath
Quicken'd from dust, and privileged from death.
His was a restless, anxious intellect;
Eager for truth, and pining to detect.
Each ray of light that mind can cast on soul,
Chequering its course, or shining from its goal,
Each metaphysic doubt—each doctrine dim—
Plato or Pusey—had delight for him.
His mirth, though genial, came by fits and starts—
The man was mournful in his heart of hearts.
Oft would he sit or wander forth alone;
Sad—why? I know not; was it ever known?
Tears came with ease to those ingenuous eyes—
A verse, if noble, bade them nobly rise.
Hear him discourse, you'd think he scarcely felt;
No heart more facile to arouse or melt;
High as a knight's in some Castilian lay,
And tender as a sailor's in a play."

In the afternoon, George Howard, Trevelyan, and I walked up the lovely glade, which was filled with brake fern; then, following the Park palings beyond the Lodge, passed out of the Park, and walked as far

as the pretty Elizabethan farmhouse in which Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough,—"She of the fury heart and fairy face,"—was born, returning along the banks of the Lea, which is studded by remarkably fine specimens of the deciduous cypress—the finest, indeed, I have ever seen. Their strange knotty roots run out into the water.

Brocket Park was part of the old Hatfield Chase, and contains a noble ruin of an oak, under which Queen Elizabeth is said to have rested. It stands a little above the river bank, on the left, as one follows it down to the house.

28. Père Hyacinthe is in London, delivering addresses in St. James's Hall; and to-day I went to one, which was presided over by Mr. Gladstone. I have not often listened to poorer matter, though the manner was good. I had been expressing my feelings to Pollock, who was sitting behind me, when, a few minutes after, he leant over and handed to me a slip of paper, on which the following was written, which seemed to me perfectly to describe the character of the entertainment provided for us:—"Do you remember the story of Lord Stowell going into a London shilling Exhibition to see a Mermaid? He was a

great frequenter of exhibitions; the man at the door knew him, and gave him a hint: 'Don't throw away your money, sir,—it's only the old Sea Serpent done up new!'"

29. My wife came up with me yesterday, to go to the Queen's Concert, and to-day we dined with some friends at their pretty house in Kensington Palace Gardens. An American woman there said: "We have not got your expense and ostentation, but we surpass you in elegance!"

30. Dined with the Peases, missing thereby the speech of Smyth, the Irish Nationalist, which was the great sensation of the Session; but meeting Augustus Hare, who wrote *Walks about Rome*, and who is famous as a *raconteur*. He gave an account, in Italian, of a friar preaching in the Colosseum on the death of Torlonia, describing his arrival first at the gate of Heaven, then at that of Purgatory, and then lower down still, which was in its way quite consummate.[1]

[1] This is told at length in his *Story of my Life* published in 1896. If I remember right, Mr. Hare did not hear the sermon himself; but an account of it, in close agreement with his, was given to me by one who was present. [1897.]

July

2. A large party at Knebworth, which is in great beauty. Lady Mary Feilding, Lord Aberdare, Mademoiselle Smirnoff, Massey, Bertrand de Blacas, and John Hill Burton, the historian of Scotland. Aberdare was in towering spirits, and told stories all day long, much to the astonishment of Burton, who, as Inspector of Prisons in Scotland, had only known him on his official side, and quoted to me, very appropriately, Pope's lines about Walpole :—

> "Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
> Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power.
> Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
> Smile without art, and win without a bribe."

Burton's own anecdotes were excellent, but a little too dependent on a knowledge of Scotch and Scotland for all to follow with perfect facility. He mentioned, *inter alia*, that Boswell had at one period of his early life turned Catholic, to the infinite rage and dismay of his family, who employed Sir John Pringle, a gentleman of exceptional weight and respectability, to reason with him. Sir John Pringle

pointed out how ruinous to his prospects such a step, if persisted in, would prove. He could never get on the Bench; he could never even become a Sheriff. Boswell admitted the force of these arguments, but ventured to remark that it was a question of the safety of his immortal soul. This put the shrewd man of the world altogether out of patience: "Your immortal soul, sir! Why, any one who had the smallest particle of gentlemanly spirit would rather be damned to all eternity than give his relations and friends so much trouble as you are now doing!"

Another of a broader kind deserves to be noted. An extremely stupid youth, in the depths of the country, went to his parish minister to be catechised, and his mother went with him. The minister began his examination by asking, "What did man incur by the Fall?" The boy hummed and hawed, till his mother plunged into him a pin with which she had provided herself. "God's curse!" he exclaimed. "Yes," said the minister, "you could hardly have given a more pithy or appropriate answer, but it is quite unnecessary to be so vehement in manner!"

Burton gave an amusing account of his controversies with Mr. Skelton, who fights a hopeless

battle for Mary, Queen of Scots — he (Burton) supplying his adversary with all materials. "It reminds me," he added, "of the old story of the sea fight between the English and the Dutch, when, the powder of the former being exhausted, they sent a flag of truce to propose to buy some more. The trading instincts of their opponents were too strong to let them refuse, and they set to work fighting again."

3. I mentioned to Aberdare yesterday that our clergyman here at Knebworth was a descendant of Soame Jenyns, and he called my attention to that vigorous piece of criticism, Johnson's review of the discourse on Free Inquiry, which I read for the first time.

4. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, meeting, amongst others, Monsignor Capel, with whom I had a long conversation after dinner, chiefly about the more distinguished of the Catholic converts. I was amused to find that my old ally Oxenham's recent articles in the *Contemporary*, in favour of eternal punishment, seem to be rehabilitating him in the opinion of some of the members of his church!

7. Dined with Northbrook at his lovely house in Hamilton Place. He has come home to the one

thing which no power or wealth could have given him in India—a delightful gallery of pictures. Some beautiful Van de Veldes were so well lighted up to-night that we might almost have been dining in a room looking out on the sea.

8. The Breakfast Club met at Knebworth, seven members being present—Sir F. Pollock, Leveson Gower, Aberdare, Lacaita, Sir T. Erskine May, Henry Cowper, and myself. We breakfasted in the Great Hall, where Henry Cowper remembered attending the demonstration which took place at the foundation of the Guild of Literature and Art—the Gothic building which now stands empty near the entrance to Stevenage, when the last Lord Lytton, mounting on a chair, described Dickens as "a creative genius," and Dickens, mounting on another, described *him* as "a master spirit."

The conversation turning upon the Alfred Club, Aberdare made Pollock tell his father's story of the gentleman who suddenly coming into the Coffee Room there, and wishing to dine immediately, was told by the waiters that his best plan would be not to wait till a separate dinner could be got ready, but to join a house dinner of twelve, which was just going to

begin, and at which there was a vacant place. He did so, and made himself so extraordinarily agreeable that when he went the eleven who remained were full of curiosity, asking each other who this wonderfully interesting person might be. At length the chairman, ringing for the house steward, asked the name of the stranger: "Why, sir," said the man, "that's the Prime Minister, Mr. Canning," and resigned his situation next morning in horror at being connected with such a society.

Many years passed away, and Pollock was telling this story at the bar mess of the Norfolk Circuit, when a voice was heard from a distant corner of the room, saying, "And my Lord Chief Baron, I don't know why we should have been expected to know Mr. Canning!" The speaker who thus betrayed himself and established the truth of the anecdote was a Mr. Disney, an antiquarian.

At a somewhat later period the Alfred had come to be looked upon as a sort of Chapel of Ease to the Athenæum, and was known in consequence as the "Half Read." It led, for some time, a precarious existence, and at last became merged in the Oriental, in Hanover Square.

Some one began to speak of mistranslations, and I told the old Aberdeenshire story of the raw boy, who, coming up from the country to be examined at King's College in Aberdeen, began to construe the last ode of the third book of Horace thus:—"Exegi monimentum aere perennius"—"I have eaten a moontain harder nor brass." Thereupon the professor in charge interrupted him by saying: "Eh, man! Then you had better just gang hame and digest it, for this College, croon and a', would na be a moothfu' to you"; which Pollock capped by another—"Maecenas atavis edite regibus"—"His grandfather ate kings for his supper." "And 'me'—what do you make of 'me'?" said the astonished examiner.—"Oh! he would have eaten you too!" This was of English origin, but few things of the kind are better than the French one—"Tanta ejus erat audacia"—"Sa tante était une femme terrible!"

11. Dined at the Metaphysical Society along with Arthur Russell—a very small party. I sat next the Bishop of Gloucester, who talked much of Hartmann's Philosophy, and especially of his little book on the *Future of Religion*.

13. Dined with Somerset Beaumont—a politico-

economic party—Mallet, Cliffe Leslie, and Cernuschi, who has been writing so much lately upon the Silver question, which has been exercising all who have anything to do with India.

15. Gifford Palgrave breakfasted with me. He is here on a short leave, passing from St. Thomas's to Manila, where he is to be Consul-General. He had been talking to Disraeli about Candia and its importance, his remarks falling on willing ears, for Disraeli himself travelled there in early life.

In the afternoon baby was christened Victoria Adelaide Alexandrine—Mademoiselle de Perpigna representing the Crown Princess.

The connection with Mrs. Craven, whom I should have liked to have had as the other godmother, is kept up through the third name. "May your little girl unite," said Bertrand de Blacas, who is with us, "all the charms, and all the qualities, of the two people after whom she is called." And truly she could not bear the names of any two persons who would better represent all that is best in the Europe that is coming on, and in the Europe that is passing away.

We have a large party: Louis Mallet—who is god-

father—his wife, John Morley, Madame and Madeleine de Peyronnet, etc.

The weather is magnificent, and the place recalls the following description of it by its late owner, which I came upon the other day, in a volume of his collected essays:—

"Amidst the active labours in which from my earliest youth I have been plunged, one of the greatest luxuries I know is to return for short intervals to the place in which the happiest days of my childhood glided away. It is an old manorial seat that belongs to my mother, the heiress of its former lords. The house, formerly of vast extent, built round a quadrangle at different periods from the date of the Second Crusade to that of the reign of Elizabeth, was in so ruinous a condition when she came to its possession that three sides of it were obliged to be pulled down; the fourth, yet remaining, is in itself a house larger than most in the county, and still contains the old oak hall, with its lofty ceiling and raised music gallery. The park has something of the character of Penshurst; and its venerable avenues, which slope from the house down the gradual declivity, giving wide views of the opposite hills crowned with some distant spire, impart to the scene that peculiarly English, half stately, and wholly cultivated character upon which the poets of Elizabeth's day so much loved to linger. As is often the case with

similar residences, the church stands in the park, at a bow-shot from the house, and formerly the walls of the outer court nearly reached the green sanctuary that surrounds the sacred edifice. The church itself, dedicated anciently to St. Mary, is worn and gray, in the simplest architecture of the Ecclesiastical Gothic ; and, standing on the brow of the hill, its single tower at a distance blends with the turrets of the house, so that the two seem one pile. Beyond, to the right, half way down the hill, and neighboured with a dell belted with trees, is an octagon building, erected by the present owner for the mausoleum of the family. Fenced from the deer is a small surrounding space, sown with flowers, those fairest children of the earth, which the custom of all ages has dedicated to the dead.

The modernness of this building, which contrasts those in its vicinity, seems to me, from that contrast, to make its object more impressive. It stands out alone in the venerable landscape, with its immemorial hills and trees —the prototype of the thought of death—a thing that, dating with the living generation, admonishes them of their recent lease and its hastening end. For with all our boasted antiquity of race, we ourselves—we mankind—are the ephemera of the soil, and bear the truest relation, so far as our mortality is concerned, with that which is least old.

The most regular and majestic of the avenues I have described conducts to a sheet of water that lies towards

the extremity of the park. It is but small in proportion to the demesnes, but is clear and deep, and fed by some subterraneous stream; its tide is fresh and strong beyond its dimensions. On its opposite bank is a small fishing cottage, whitely peeping from a thick and gloomy copse of firs and oaks, through which shine here and there the red berries of the mountain ash; and behind this, on the other side of the brown, moss-grown deer paling, is a wood of considerable extent. This, the farther bank of the water, is my favourite spot. Here, when a boy, I used to while away whole holidays, basking indolently in the noon of summer, and building castles in that cloudless air, until the setting of the sun. The reeds then grew up, long and darkly green, along the margin; and though they have since yielded to the innovating scythe, and I hear the wind no longer glide and sigh amidst those earliest tubes of music, yet the whole sod is still fragrant from spring to autumn with innumerable heaths and wild flowers, and the crushed odours of the sweet thyme. And never have I seen a spot which the butterfly more loves to haunt, particularly that small, fairy, blue-winged species, which is tamer than the rest, and seems almost to invite you to admire it—throwing itself on the child's mercy, as the robin upon man's.

The varieties of the dragon-fly, glittering in the sun, dart ever through the boughs and along the water. It is a world which the fairest of the insect race seem to have made their own. There is something in the hum and stir

of a summer noon which is inexpressibly attractive to the dreams of the imaginative. It fills us with a sense of life, but a life not our own—it is the exuberance of creation itself that overflows around us. Man is absent, but life is present. Who has not spent hours in some such spot, cherishing dreams that have no connection with the earth, and courting, with half-shut eyes, the images of the ideal? Stretched on the odorous grass, I see on the opposite shore the quiet church, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep"—that mausoleum where my own dust shall rest at last,[1] and the turrets of my childhood's home. All so solitary, and yet so eloquent! Now the fern waves on the slope, and the deer comes forth, marching with his stately step to the water side to pause and drink. O Nymphs! O Fairies! O Poetry! I am yours again."

19. Down to Knebworth, taking with me, amongst others, the Riaños. She is the daughter of Gayangos, and I had not seen her since I was at her house in Madrid, twelve years ago, till I met her the other day at Mrs. Mitchell's. She was full of the most interesting Spanish talk, and gives, as does Layard, an excellent account of the personal dispositions of the young King.

[1] The mausoleum does not contain his dust. He was laid in the great Abbey.

23. Mackenzie Wallace and Julian Klaczko, amongst others, with us. The former is a Scotchman, who, after a University course of many years at Glasgow, at Edinburgh, at the École de Droit in Paris, at Berlin, and at Heidelberg, went on a visit to Russia for six years, studying the country in the most minute and serious way: living much in society at St. Petersburg and Moscow, passing some time amongst the tents of the Baschkirs to the north of the Caspian, working in a public office at Novgorod with a view to understand the new system, travelling in the Caucasus, studying Russian history for many hours every day at Jaroslav, and much else. He is now engaged in writing a book on Russia, which is to be published by Cassell & Co.

Julian Klaczko is the well-known publicist. I was introduced to him the other day at the Athenæum by Oliphant. He is a Pole by birth, and has strong Catholic sympathies. Every one knows his writings in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but I was not aware that he had passed some time in the Austrian Foreign Office as Aulic Counsellor.

From both of them I learnt a great deal, and I think they learnt a good deal from each other.

27. The Alwyne Comptons came down yesterday to dine and sleep. As we were going up together to-day conversation turned upon Keble Chapel, at Oxford. Lady Alwyne told me that some one had been criticising it in the presence of, I think, Mr. Butler of Wantage, a great light in a certain section of the High Church party, who said: "Oh! don't run down Butterfield; he is the Fra Angelico of modern architecture."

I dined in the evening with Coleridge at the Athenæum, and repeated this to him. He said, "If I called him anything, it would rather be the Michael Angelo," and he continued for some time in the same strain of panegyric!

29. Riding Wild Hyacinth in Rotten Row, I joined Lowe, who was riding the rather vicious white horse which he calls the Constitutional Opposition, and in intimate conversation with another gentleman. We rode together for some time, talking of all kinds of things. At length the third rode away, and Lowe, turning to me, said: "Have you the least idea who that is; it is some peer or other, but I can't imagine who?" "Are you serious?" I replied. "Never was more serious in my life—who is it?" "Well,

he was your colleague for more than five years—it is Lord Spencer."

So much for the disadvantages of being more than half blind! We went on talking, and he told me that his father had been one day on a river bank with Paley, when his mind was occupied with the composition of the *Horae Paulinae*. The Archdeacon was struggling with a fine fish, which his friend helped him to land. In his delight he patted his fat sides, saying—"Whether in the body or out of the body, I know not: God knoweth."

30. At High Elms. J. R. Green and Morley are both here, and we have had endless pleasant talk, though nothing particular to note. Lubbock's ants, which he collected while we were together at Castellamare in the winter, and at Spezia in the spring, are very flourishing; and he showed us, amongst other things, the slave ants picking up their masters and carrying them in their mouths. The possession of slaves has had the same deteriorating influence upon them that it has elsewhere; but in these communities there have been no Abolitionists, and the masters have even lost the instinct of feeding themselves.

31. Returned from High Elms to attend the long-expected debate on the Eastern Question, which added little to the stock of ideas and facts already open to all. Dined at the Athenæum with Klaczko, whose conversation was a good deal more instructive than the speeches to which I had been listening. He told me that he had had a letter from Schmerling, very annexationist in tone, admitting all the inconveniences that the possession of Bosnia would bring, but saying that it might be well worth while for a householder to buy a neighbouring piece of land which he did not want, rather than allow a manufactory of dynamite to be erected upon it.

August

1. Dined with the Mallets to meet Morier, who has been spending most of his leave in Paris, confined to bed with a fit of the gout, and is now going back to Lisbon.

Our host repeated the account of Lady Beaconsfield given by Disraeli to ——. "She was a bright creature; she lived wholly in the present; she thought nothing of the future; she cared nothing

for the past. I discovered that she did not know whether the Greeks or the Romans came first."

3. Had at the Athenæum another very long conversation with Klaczko, chiefly about the course of Austrian politics while he was in the Vienna Foreign Office. He is strongly pro-French and anti-German, so that his and my general views about Europe are very far apart, but I have found him interesting.

6. At Seacox Heath, a large new house which Goschen has built, some miles from Etchingham Station, on the borders of Kent and Sussex, and quite close to Bedgebury, Beresford Hope's place, where I spent some days just before I went into Parliament.

Amongst others there was Sir Garnet Wolseley of Red River and Ashantee fame. Nothing could be stronger than the testimony which he bears to the admirable results of the changes which were made by Cardwell, who will hereafter come to be regarded as almost the re-creator of the British Army.

It is clear that the service is becoming rapidly divided into two classes—the vigorous young men, on the one hand; and the elders, backed by the idlers, on the other.

8. Went to see A. C. Sellar, who is laid up. He told me of an excellent name which has been given to Mr. W——, the bland and well-meaning, but exceedingly tiresome, Member for ——: the *smooth bore.*

13. At Knebworth — Bagehot and Mackenzie Wallace with us. As we were going through the great gates, the former said to me: "Ah! they have got the church in the grounds. I like that. It is well that the tenants should not be *quite* sure that the landlord's power stops with this world."

27. The Garnet Wolseleys with us. He was still full of the vast benefits conferred by the late Government upon the Army, and lent me a very interesting Memo. on the subject of the reforms drawn up by Cardwell himself when at the War Office.

September and October

Aug. 29 – *Sept.* 1. At Tyntesfield, near Bristol, which belongs to Mrs. Gibbs. The place, beautiful when I was here twenty years ago, is much improved. Amongst other things, a chapel has just been added, the former one being now used as an Oratory. The

whole thing is the realisation of the Anglican theory in stone, lime, and life. Mrs. Gibbs's chaplain is my old acquaintance Mr. Hardie, with whom, and four other parsons, I travelled from Rome to Florence in 1851. I was the only layman, and they called me "the parish!"

6–8. With the Arthur Russells at Burrow's Lea, a place in Surrey which they have taken for some months. On the 7th we went over to Holmbury, F. Leveson Gower's lovely little house, where we found Mrs. Grote, and also Lady Marian Alford, who was engaged in painting a most exquisite fan for the Queen.

11. My "Dream"[1] appears in the *Times* this morning. It was written, or rather composed, before getting up on the 10th. I had an early copy of Gladstone's Blackheath Speech sent down on Saturday evening. The idea was suggested by Sir James Hudson, who came to see Mallet and me at the Athenæum on Friday last, and talked to us at great length on the Eastern Question.

On the 15th September, Sir John Lubbock, his daughter Amy, my wife, and I, started from

[1] See the appendix to *The Eastern Question*: Edinburgh, 1876.

London, and crossed *via* Southampton to the picturesque little town of St. Malo. Passing thence through a country which recalled the very richest parts of England, we tarried for some hours in Dol, and went on to Mont St. Michel—*St. Michael in periculo maris* as it was named of old. I have rarely seen anything more striking than the approach to that place across the sands by night, and a complete inspection of the Church and Monastery on the following morning in no way disenchanted me. Mont St. Michel is quite one of the things which an intelligent American travelling in Europe should make a point of seeing. It is unique—St. Aubyn's eyry in Cornwall giving no idea of it.

Returning to Dol, we found nothing to admire in its grim granite cathedral, but more in the Menhir of the Champdolent, one of the tallest which remain upright, on the top of which they have stuck a cross, without, if all tales are true, preventing rites more appropriate to the old than the new faith being enacted by night in its neighbourhood. From Dol we went to Dinan, an extremely pretty place, rendered more interesting by its vicinity to La Garaye, a lovely old château, of the days of Francis

the First, long since fallen into ruin. In the deserted garden my wife read aloud the following lines from Mrs. Norton's poem, which has made it famous:—

"O woodland paths, she ne'er again may see,
O tossing branches of the forest tree,
O loveliest banks in all the land of France,
Glassing your shadows in the silvery Rance;
O river, with your swift yet quiet tide,
Specked with white sails that seem in dreams to glide;
O ruddy orchards, basking on the hills,
Whose plenteous fruit the thirsty flagon fills;
And oh! ye winds, which, free and unconfined,
No sickness poisons, and no heat can bind,—
Restore her to enjoyment of the earth!
Echo again her songs of ceaseless mirth,
Those little Breton songs, so wildly sweet,
Fragments of music strange and incomplete,
Her small red mouth went warbling by the way,
Through the glad roamings of her active day.
It may not be! Blighted are summer hours!
The bee goes booming through the plats of flowers,
The butterfly its tiny mate pursues
With rapid fluttering of its painted hues,
The thin-winged gnats their transient time employ
Reeling through sunbeams, in a dance of joy.
The small field mouse, with wide, transparent ears,
Comes softly forth, and softly disappears;

The dragon fly hangs glittering on the reed,
The spider swings across his filmy thread,
And gleaming fishes, darting to and fro,
Make restless silver in the pools below.
All these poor lives, these lives of small account,
Feel the ethereal thrill within them mount;
But the great human life, the life Divine—
Rests in dull torture, heavy and supine,
And the birds' song, by Garaye's walls of stone,
Crosses within the irrepressible moan!
The slow salt tears, half weakness and half grief,
That sting the eyes before they bring relief,
And which with heavy lids she strives in vain
To prison back upon the aching brain,
Fall down the lady's cheek—her heart is breaking—
A mournful sleep is hers; a hopeless waking;
And oft, in spite of Claud's beloved rebuke,
When first the awful wish her spirit shook—
She dreams of Death,—and of that quiet shore
In the far world, where eyes shall weep no more,
And where the soundless feet of angels pass,
With floating lightness, o'er the sea of glass."

On 20th September we drove through an open country, with none of the richness of that which I have noticed between St. Malo and Dol, to the station of Caulnes, whence we passed by the railway to the westward, and established ourselves at night in a

strange old house at Lannion, which the Barringtons, who were living at Keruhic, a château in the neighbourhood, had taken for us.

On the following day we went over to that place, where we found the Gregs and Shipleys. At Lannion we spent nearly a week, joining and being joined by our friends in a variety of excursions through this the very core and centre of the Arthurian region. An enchanting bathe at Tregastel, the spot which is associated in the Armorican form of the story with the Passing of Arthur, is the pleasantest recollection which I brought away.

On the 26th we left the Barrington party, and went to Tréguier, a most Scotch-looking little town, with a fine cathedral and many religious houses, in spite of which I was perpetually reminded of Banff—so much so, that I cannot help thinking Renan, who was born here, in a house of the humblest kind, now a baker's shop, must have thought that the scene which presented itself to his eyes was not wholly unfamiliar when he landed at the mouth of the Deveron, on that journey with Prince Napoleon to the north which was so rudely interrupted at Tromsoe, on the Arctic Circle, by the news of

the outbreak of the Franco-German War. His curious paper in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,—"La fille du Broyeur de Lin,"—which had recently appeared, added much to the interest of all this district.

From Tréguier we drove along the coast to Paimpol, and thence struck inland, by the round church, if it be a church, of Lanleff, to St. Brieuc, near which Lubbock and I visited a vitrified fort, exactly like those in Scotland, which were till recently supposed peculiar to that country.

From St. Brieuc we crossed, *via* Pontivy, to Auray, where we settled ourselves for a week, and were joined presently by the Gregs and Mrs. Barrington. We saw, under Lubbock's guidance, most of the prehistoric monuments: the lines of Erdeven, around which we found the *Erica ciliaris* growing in great abundance; the Grottes de Roch Guyon near Plouharnel; the magnificent Dolmen of Kerconno; the great Menhir of Locmariaker, now fallen and broken; the chambered round barrow in the grounds of the Château of Kercado, and much else.

The most interesting place seemed to me to be

Gavr' Innis, the Goat Island, which lies in the midst of the sea of Morbihan, and is reached through a maze of tidal currents, one of which was running inland, like a mill race, in a stream nearly as broad as the Rhine at Unkel. The chambered tumulus here is one of the most remarkable in existence, the whole interior being elaborately sculptured. I have never seen anything remotely resembling it in any part of the world.

At the inn of Carnac, we found a Scotchman, a Mr. Miln, busily engaged in digging up the remains of a Roman settlement, hard by.[1] We went with him to the top of the little eminence which rises over the village. Here stands the chapel mentioned in the following lines of Mat Arnold :—

"Far on its rocky knoll descried
Saint Michael's chapel cuts the sky.
I climb'd ;—beneath me, bright and wide,
Lay the lone coast of Brittany.

Bright in the sunset, weird and still,
It lay beside the Atlantic wave,
As though the wizard Merlin's will
Yet charm'd it from his forest-grave.

[1] Of which he afterwards published an account.

Behind me on their grassy sweep,
Bearded with lichen, scrawl'd and gray,
The giant stones of Carnac sleep,
In the mild evening of the May.

. . . . . .

From bush to bush the cuckoo flies,
The orchis red gleams everywhere ;
Gold furze with broom in blossom vies,
The furze-scent perfumes all the air.

And o'er the glistening, lonely land,
Rise up, all round, the Christian spires ;
The church of Carnac, by the strand,
Catches the westering sun's last fires.

And there, across the watery way,
See, low above the tide at flood,
The sickle-sweep of Quiberon Bay,
Whose beach once ran with loyal blood!"

I was once at Carnac before, in the March of 1850. It was a windy day, and heavy clouds sailing over from the Bay of Biscay every now and then discharged themselves in rain. I was sheltering myself from a shower, when an old peasant clad in goatskins, with long hair hanging down his back, came up to me and said: "Sir, you are considering the great stones, are

you not?" I said "Yes," whereon he rejoined: "What do you suppose them to be?" I said: "I don't know—they call them Druidical." "Ah!" he said, "the true story is this. There was a great king who lived in Rome, and whose name was Cæsar—you remember in the Gospels—'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's'—and there was a great Pope who lived also in Rome, whose name was St. Cornelius. You will see the pictures of his life up in the church there," pointing to the little church of Carnac. "Well, Cæsar and Cornelius had a quarrel, and St. Cornelius fled from Cæsar, and Cæsar pursued him with a great army. Now, St. Cornelius fled till he got here to the shore of the sea, and when he could flee no farther he turned round and parleyed with Cæsar, and an arrangement having been come to, a stone was put up to mark the place where each of Cæsar's soldiers had stood."

Thus one just caught the old legend of the "Petrified Army on the heath of Morbihan" in the act of being Euhemerised for the benefit of a relatively enlightened generation.

When I asked my peasant who put up the stones, he replied, "Le Gouvernement," and on my looking

puzzled he further explained his meaning by the words, "Le Gouvernement, les riches, les gens qui ont bien à manger."

Another day Mrs. Barrington, Miss Lubbock, and I drove to visit the strange Egyptian-looking statue called the Venus of Quinipily, taking on the way the great church of St. Anne,—the Loretto of these parts. On 6th October our party broke up, the Gregs and Mrs. Barrington returning to Keruhic, and we going on to Vannes, where we spent much time in the Museum, and visited also a very complete mineralogical collection belonging to a gentleman of the town.

From Vannes we went to Nantes, and thence up the Loire to Saumur, near which is the grandfather of all dolmens, which Lubbock would fain have purchased, as he did Silbury Hill. The owner, however, appreciated his possession, and would not hear of selling it.

Leaving Saumur, we retraced our steps to Angers, saw its grim castle, and slept at Le Mans, the choir of whose cathedral deserves all that has been said of it, and prepared us for the glories of Chartres, where we passed some hours on the 11th October.

The 12th was divided between a visit to the St. Germain Museum of Prehistoric Antiquities, and a long talk with Gambetta, to whom I was introduced by Morley.

I asked him, among other things, what he thought of the chances of a *guerre de revanche*. He answered: "I more and more doubt whether there will be any *guerre de revanche* at all. The fact is that nowadays, when peace is once made between two conterminous nations, so many joint interests grow up and become rapidly strong that, with every month that passes, the chances of war are lessened. There is another thing which has no influence upon a great many Frenchmen, but which has great influence upon myself and my friends,—I mean Prince Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy. His opposition to ultramontanism is so agreeable to us, that I cannot deny that it produces a very great effect upon our minds." This led me to ask about M. Spüller, who lately wrote a book upon Ignatius Loyola, the fairness of which I have heard praised in Catholic circles. "Oh," he said, "he is a great friend of mine, and is in the next room at this moment"; whereupon he brought him in, and made us acquainted. Lubbock turned the conversation upon

finance, Gambetta having been lately taking the most active part in the Budget Committee, and we both thought that he spoke very sensibly.

On the 13th we crossed the Channel, and on the next day I completed the purchase of York House, Twickenham, from the Comte de Paris.

The following description of the place is taken from Cobbett's *Memorials of Twickenham*:—

"This house appears to have been given by the Crown, together with other valuable presents, to Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon,[1] on the public announcement of the marriage of his daughter with James II., then Duke of York, in or about the year of the Restoration. The chancellor was accustomed to pass here the summer months; he says himself that when he attended the King at Hampton Court, he came home every night to his house at Twickenham.

Clarendon probably remained here during the zenith of his popularity: it was his 'literary villa,' Cornbury being his country seat, and Dunkirk House his London palace.

During the Great Fire of London this house received the furniture of Dunkirk House. Pepys says in his diary that, on the night of Clarendon's escape to Calais, 'his

[1] No; he bought it. See a letter from his eldest son in the *Clarendon Papers*.

coach and people about it went to Twickenham, and all people thought he had been there.'

Lysons says that it subsequently became the property of Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, who was Clarendon's second son, and who owned the manor of Twickenham. It was purchased about the year 1740 by James Whitchurch, Esq., after whose death it was sold to Lieutenant-Colonel James Webber, who, at great expense, much improved the house and grounds; by him it was sold to the Count de Starhemberg, some time Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Court of Vienna, who resided in it for a time, and in 1810 it was unoccupied. In the *Times* of 3rd July 1817 the house, therein described as the residence and property of Prince Starhemberg, was advertised for sale. It was purchased by the Hon. Mrs. Anne Damer, who succeeded Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, and, having given up that house to Lord Waldegrave, came to reside here, and continued to do so until her death, which happened in London in 1828, when she was more than eighty years of age. Mrs. Damer was the only daughter of Lady Ailesbury and Field-Marshal Henry Conway; she was born in 1748, and in 1767 she married John, the eldest son of Joseph Damer, Lord Milton, afterwards Earl of Dorchester. She was eminent as a sculptress, having produced many works of great excellence. She left York House to her niece, Lady Johnstone, the wife of Sir Patrick Johnstone.

The. house was sold a few years ago by the Misses Johnstone, and purchased by H.R.H. the Duc d'Aumale for his nephew, H.R.H. the Comte de Paris, the eldest son of the Duc d'Orléans (Louis Philippe's eldest son), who lost his life by a melancholy accident in 1842."[1]

November

I spent most of the time from the 17th October onward at Knebworth, seeing a good many people, and busy over the addresses which are mentioned farther down. I wrote also three letters upon the Eastern Question, which are republished in the Appendix of the pamphlet alluded to below.

5. Dr. Hooker, of Kew, is here with his second wife, whose name before her marriage was Hyacinth Jardine. Could the first of English botanists and the Director of our greatest garden have made a more appropriate selection? She wore a very pretty cross of hyacinths which her husband had given her.

6. I left Knebworth this morning, and was absent till the night of the 29th, paying in the meantime a long round of visits, receiving the Freedom of the

[1] I resold York House in the spring of this year to H.R.H. the Duc d'Orléans, eldest son of the Comte de Paris (1897).

Burgh of Inverurie, and delivering three addresses and one speech at the Liverpool Institute, at Inverurie, Peterhead, and Elgin respectively.

December

10. At Oxford, with Henry Smith and his sister.

Jowett preached, before the University, on Friendship—a striking sermon. There occurred in it the description of an old man, who was obviously Erskine of Linlathen.

11. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, taking down Mrs. Craven, with whom had much talk about her new book, the *Life of Natalie Narischkin*, which I am now reading.

Christmas Day. My eldest girl, who is six to-day, read to me, last week, the most interesting of the many inscriptions in these gardens.

"Alas, poor Beau,
Died February 28, 1852.
It is but to a dog
That this stone is inscribed,
Yet what now remains

In the House of thy Fathers,
Oh! solitary Master,
Which will sigh for thy departure,
Or rejoice at thy return?"

and

"The Muse of Social Life, I link the races,
Clear through the Night of time, the lamp I bear
Shows man as man was ever—Thy last poet,
Is not more modern than my Horace is."

The latter is in a recess of the so-called Horace Garden—a pretty nook surrounded by yew hedges, filled with terra-cotta busts of that poet and some of his contemporaries.

31. This year of surely preternaturally bad weather ends with a day of bright sun, and clouds scudding before a south-west gale.

The griffins and other monsters which dot this strange house of Knebworth are dropping their tails and ears in all directions.

"We never go near the walls," remarked the gardener, "in wind, or frost, or after rain."

1877

January

1. I WROTE the other day to Jules Simon to congratulate him upon his becoming Premier, and to-day received from him a note in which he said that he had accepted the position "Avec beaucoup de patriotisme et un peu de philosophie."

10. Up to London to see Mrs. Craven at the French Embassy, and by her was introduced to M. d'Harcourt, whom I have not seen since I met him seventeen years ago at Madame de Staël's. He talked long, sensibly, and with no undue reticence about Eastern affairs, and complained—God knows how justly—about the want of interest of our English politicians in Europe.

12. I dined with our neighbour Mr. Read at Lytton Lodge, meeting Mr. Frederic Cadogan, who

used to sit for Cricklade. He told a story, quite new to me, about Raikes the Diarist, who, sprung from the mercantile class, became a man of fashion in a day when such transformations were rarer than they are now.

Lord Glengall, who was his mortal enemy, and who had an evil reputation for truthlessness, said to him one day at White's: "I hear, Raikes, you are going to the Fancy Ball to-night." "No, I am not," said Raikes. "Yes, you are," said the other, "and I know what you are going as." "What am I going as?" "Why, to be sure, as Phœbus?" "And why as Phœbus?" "Because you rise in the East and set in the West." "Ah!" said Raikes, "you are quite right, I *am* going to the Ball, and I am going to take you with me, Glengall—as my Lyre."

On the 15th we broke up our camp at Knebworth, with a view to making London our headquarters till May.

On the 16th I travelled down the Great Western to Oxford, through a perfect sea. An elderly clergyman who was in the train mentioned to William Spottiswoode and myself that a friend of his had

told him that his first recollection of a man who has been making himself notorious lately for Ritualistic extravagances, was as a little boy of ten years old. His sister came down in a new dress, and he cried bitterly because he could not be a girl and wear a new dress too.

We assembled in Balliol at six o'clock—a great gathering—to celebrate the opening of the new hall, which, as seen by artificial light,—I have not seen it by day,—is very noble. I sat between Arthur Stanley and Osborne Morgan, having endless talk with the former.

The after-dinner speaking was the best I ever heard. Jowett himself did excellently, so did the Archbishop of Canterbury, Coleridge, Stanley, and Charles Bowen—almost every one, indeed; though, as George Brodrick pointed out to me, some points were missed, as for instance the extraordinary extent to which Balliol men are employed in the more responsible posts of the Civil Service. Camperdown touched that subject in a good speech, but hardly knew, I think, what a strong case was to be made. Jowett regretted very gracefully the absence of Frank Newman on the one hand, and of Cardinal Manning,

Oakley, and Ward of the *Ideal*, on the other.[1] I met, of course, great numbers of people whom I see habitually, but had calculated on seeing more old acquaintances, whom I had not come across for a long time. Of such, however, I only met Bradby, now the Head Master of Haileybury, whom I have seen but once or twice since we were Undergraduates together.

21. A most beautiful day, coming after floods which look as if all the Atlantic would be drained. We are passing it at High Elms, with Huxley, Coleridge, and Chamberlain. I had only seen Huxley for a moment since his return from America. He had enjoyed his journey, although he had suffered at times from the great heat, and did not look as well as one could wish. He gave me a curious account of Mr. Johns Hopkins, who, falling into good hands, had left something like a million and a quarter sterling to found a Hospital and a University. Huxley had delivered an address at the opening of the latter, and says that its managers have taken great pains and followed the best models.

[1] I mentioned this to Manning on the 19th, and he said that he had written to Jowett to decline, but had said, at the same time, that if he would ask him down to stay with him quietly, a little later, he would be delighted.

Coleridge was in great force, and told anecdotes from morning till night—many of them dependent a good deal for their point upon his singularly finished method of telling them.

23. Dined with Mr. Jodrell in Stratton Street. Froude gave an interesting account of the great diamond pit in South Africa, which he had visited. They have got down about 200 feet, and it is still producing about two millions worth per annum.

Talking of the Colonies, he mentioned that Helps had told him that on one occasion, when there was some difficulty about a Colonial Secretary, Palmerston had said, "Well, I'll take the Colonies myself," and presently afterwards had said to Helps, who remained behind, "Just come upstairs with me for half an hour, and show me where these places are."

24. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Bishop to meet Le Marquis de La Ferronays, who is here as Military Attaché. He is the son of Fernand, and now the head of his family—indeed, the only grandson of M. de La Ferronays, who survives, Charles's son Alfred being dead, and Alfred's only son having predeceased him. Fernand himself had a strange end. He was shooting in Austria, one very cold winter's

day, with the Comte de Chambord. They got into their carriage to drive from the cover which they had finished to another, when the Prince was startled by a sudden change in the features of his companion—he was dead.

Terribly wet though the weather has been, it has been also exceptionally warm. I do not remember any English January in which I could have sat, as I did for half an hour the other day, on a bench in Kensington Gardens. Cardwell was my companion. We talked much about the changes which he introduced into the Army, and of which I have again and again urged him to get some popular account put before the country, which is in a state of the most blissful ignorance about them. The conversation turned, too, on the recent Balliol gathering, where he had replied to the toast of the House of Lords, and he quoted two lines from Athenaeus in dispraise of grammarians, which I had never heard before.

Cardwell, before he was a statesman, was a considerable scholar, and was elected Fellow of Balliol on the same day with Scott, the late Master, now Dean of Rochester, who passed at Oxford—I believe quite justly—for the best Grecian of his time. It was

to him that was attributed, truly or falsely, the happy epigram on the so-called Papal aggression of 1851 :—

> "Cum Sapiente Pius nostras juravit in aras,
> Impius heu Sapiens desipiensque Pius!"

which were thus translated by their author or another :—

> "Pius and Wiseman sought our land to rule,
> Oh! impious wise man, and oh! pious fool!"

As we sat, Lowe rode past on the queer-tempered horse which, as I have already mentioned, he calls the Constitutional Opposition—white hat, white hair, white waterproof, and white quadruped.

We spoke of India, the Delhi pageant, and the famine, which again led us to the controversy between Northbrook and George Campbell about the exportation of rice. Cardwell mentioned that he was once passing through Turin, during a period of scarcity, when Cavour sent for him, and talked to him about it. "They want me," he said, "to stop the export of grain, but I want all the grain I can get to come here. Do they really believe that merchants are foolish enough to send grain to us when they know

that if they wish to re-export it, the Custom House would prevent their doing so."

February

10. Dined with the Coleridges. Mat Arnold took down my wife, and on her other side was a small, stout man, obviously an American, whom she did not know and whose name I did not catch till late in the evening. As we drove away she talked to me about him. "I trust," I said, "that the conversation did not lead you to show your Northern opinions." "No, it didn't," she said; "but why not, who was he?" "Only," I answered, "Jeff Davis's Secretary for Foreign Affairs."

It was indeed no other than Mr. Benjamin, whose extraordinary abilities have, since the loss of the "Cause," taken him to the front rank of the English Bar. He read for a year in chambers with Charles Pollock, who is now on the Bench, and then struck out for himself.[1]

[1] I mentioned this *rencontre* to Lowe, who said: "He must be a very old man, for he was already famous some time before the war. I remember his making a speech in the Senate which struck Sir George Lewis very much. Our Benjamin, he said, couldn't make so good a one."

14. A very gay little dinner at Mr. Dicey's, in spite of our host not being able to come down. Mr. and Mrs. T. Bruce, Goldwin Smith, William Harcourt, with his new wife, eldest daughter of Motley the historian, and other people were present. Mrs. T. Bruce told me two stories of Fuad Pasha, which I had not heard before. He was sent by the Sultan to present a pair of beautiful diamond earrings to the Queen of Spain. She was much pleased with them, and put them on to show him how they looked. He said: "Le Sultan mon auguste maître sera enchanté d'entendre que votre Majesté a daigné prêter l'oreille à quelque chose qui vient de lui."

Again, the French and English Ambassadors were walking one evening in close conversation at Fuad's house, when at the end of a corridor they came to a door which was, as it happened, the door of the harem. At that moment Fuad, coming out, met them, and said: "Arrêtez-vous Messieurs, arrêtez-vous, souvenez-vous que vous n'êtes accrédités qu'à la porte!" I told in turn the story of Ali Pasha, who at a great entertainment given at the French Embassy in Constantinople, immediately after the Declaration of Paris, was seen by some tactless person cutting a slice

of ham. "Dear me," said this individual, "I thought you had been a good Mussulman!" "Ma foi," said the Grand Vizier, "Je trouve que maintenant le pavillon couvre la marchandise."

20. A great gala night in the House of Lords. I stood for more than an hour in a dense crowd below the Bar listening to a speech by my late chief on the Eastern Question. As a piece of oratory it was very good and extremely calm, presenting, in the latter respect, a great contrast to the vehement speech which he delivered on the first day of the Session and which won for him the enthusiastic admiration of Lord Beaconsfield.

Dined with the Thrings, meeting Aberdare, Tom Taylor (the editor of *Punch*), and others. Cardwell told a story about Fitzstephen French, with whom we sat for many years in the House of Commons, which amused me. He was being driven in the streets of Dublin by a carman whom he knew. The man, who was a Catholic, was eloquent on the wickedness of the Soupers, *i.e.* the zealous Protestants who were supposed to try to effect conversions by small doles of food. Turning to his fare, he said: "Now yer honor would never do anything of that sort?" "Not I," said

French, "if sixpence would save you all from hell I wouldn't give you it." "That's just like yer honor," rejoined the man, "yer honor was always a *raal Liberal*."

26. Dined at the Athenæum with Kinglake, Massey, and others. The conversation turned upon a person whom we remembered in former days in Parliament, but who is long since dead—Mr. Williams, Member, if I recollect right, for Lambeth. He used to devote himself, without any result, to criticism of the Estimates, and some one mentioned to-night that, as an unsuccessful continuator of the work of Joseph Hume, he was very legitimately called *Smollett*.

March

1. The first number of the new review entitled the *Nineteenth Century* appears.

The following is the list of the contributors to No. 1 :—Alfred Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone, W. R. S. Ralston, Sir John Lubbock, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, Professor Croom

Robertson, Cardinal Manning, Mat Arnold, and myself.

My article on Russia, of which the first half is to-day published, and the second is to appear on the 1st April, has given me a great deal of interesting occupation during the winter and early spring; as has a paper on Balthasar Gracian, which has just come out in the *Fortnightly*.[1]

6. Stanley took Mrs. Mitchell, my wife, and some others over the Abbey. Amongst things which I had not observed on the former occasion when I went round with him was the stall which had been Lord Dundonald's, and on which some Chilian, in days when the Abbey was less closely looked after than it is now, had written "Viva Chili y libertad!"

10. Rode with Aberdare in the Row. He told me that, coming out of the House of Lords the other day, he had met Disraeli for the first time since he became Lord Beaconsfield. "How do you like this place?" he asked. "Well," was the reply, "I feel that I am dead, but in the Elysian fields!"

17. The Breakfast Club met at Arthur Russell's. Some one told a story about ——. Towards the

[1] Republished in *Miscellanies, Political and Literary*.

close of a meeting at Exeter Hall, where the late Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce) had been speaking very eloquently, people were beginning to go away. ——, who had to speak according to the programme, said to the Bishop, "I need not speak. I hardly think they expect me." "To be sure they do," said the other, "don't you see they are all going?"

Stirling Maxwell attended, which he rarely does. It is the first time that almost any of us have come across him since his marriage with "Mrs. Norton," the daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq., as I saw her described the other day in a Scotch paper, as if she had been some unknown young lady!

19. A huge gathering at the Athenæum to protect a distinguished man, whose election was seriously threatened. Many people came whom one rarely sees in the Club, amongst others, Carlyle, whom indeed I never saw there before. The muster was highly necessary, for the candidate had twenty black balls, which would have neutralised, I think, a hundred and ninety white. He had, however, three hundred and twenty white.

23. Miss Amy Lubbock, the companion of our last two or three journeys, married, on the 15th,

Andrew Mulholland, the eldest son of the member for Downpatrick, and went afterwards to Italy; so her father, my wife, and I were left to make our Easter excursion without her. We left London this morning and crossed to Paris, Sir James Stephen and his wife accompanying us on their way to meet her brother, Henry Cunningham, the Advocate-General at Madras, of whom I saw a good deal when I was there. Stephen was in great spirits, and busy over the congenial occupation of correcting the proof-sheets of his *Digëst of the Criminal Law.*

24. Lubbock and I went out early and found Barthélemy Saint Hilaire writing as usual in a darkened room, by lamplight. Many years ago Taine, who did not particularly love him, said to me, "C'est un bœuf pour le travail"—and so he is. He began, as usual, by saying that the situation was "bien grave," but we soon found that he alluded merely to the general state of Europe, and not to that of France, with which he appeared tolerably satisfied, complaining of nothing but a certain want of discipline in the ranks of his own friends, and of the anti-republican feeling of the Marshal and his immediate *entourage.*

From him we went on to Gambetta, who talked much and wisely of the gigantic armaments of all nations, saying that, if this went on, Europe would soon be reduced "mendier à la porte des casernes." His tone to us about Germany was now, as last autumn, very moderate and reasonable.

Later in the day I went alone to Renan, who was correcting the proofs of the fifth, and far on with the sixth, volume of his *Origines*. When that is done he will write the history of the Jews, in three volumes. He has changed his apartment since I last saw him, and is now inhabiting the upper floor in the Hotel of the Prince de Monaco—a strange conjunction. Stranger still, the entrance to his house is right opposite to the door of the little convent of the Sisters of Charity in the Rue St. Guillaume, where Nathalie Narischkin ruled and died. He had been much pleased by a letter which Mademoiselle de Perpigna had been directed by the Crown Princess to write to him, about his address, delivered at the Hague during the Commemoration of Spinoza. For the rest he was suffering cruelly from rheumatism, and unable to walk about his room without assistance. I never knew before that he had just missed being at school with

Acton, and had actually been at school with my Banffshire neighbour, Sir Robert Gordon of Letterfourie. All three were, like Albert de La Ferronays, under Dupanloup, who, Renan says, was as much adored by his pupils as he is disliked by his clergy.

From him I went on to Mrs. Craven's, and thence to Olga Smirnoff, whom I found at the Hôtel d'Albe. Thence I went to the Tourgueneffs, and returned to the Cravens after dinner, finding there, oddly enough, my old Oxford acquaintance of thirty years ago, Ranken — the pet in those days of poor John Conington. Whilst still a very young man he went over to Rome, and is now editor of the *Tablet*.

25. We left Paris this morning and went to Tours. It was a cold day with heavy showers, and the spring in central France was not further on, if so far, as in the neighbourhood of London. The flowers of the colza were only half open, and the fields of that plant, which were such a delight to the eye as we came north last year, had not as yet any beauty.

From Tours, where I saw nothing which I had not seen before, except the towers which mark the site of the great cathedral of St. Martin, destroyed in the Revolution, we went on by Bordeaux and to Arcachon,

where we stayed a day. The place is curious—a town of villas built in the *châlet* style on the edge of the great *Bassin*, an inlet of the sea some sixty miles round. The sand-dunes with which the coast is here covered have been planted with thick woods of the *Pinus Maritima*, and amongst these woods the houses are scattered. Here the spring was much further advanced, but the vegetation is extremely scanty. I noticed one new effect at a point where the under-growth below the pines consisted exclusively of the common broom, which was in full flower. The two most Southern forms I observed were the *Arbutus Unedo* and a Cistus, which was not in flower, but was, I think, the smaller of the white ones so abundant at Hyères. There was a great deal, too, of a tall shrubby heath which was only in bud, which may have been *Erica polytrichifolia*, and whose habit reminded me of *Erica Mediterranea*, which I saw in Connemara in 1855. The beach was very poor in shells, but large numbers of oysters are dredged in the *Bassin*, put into great reservoirs, and sent off thence to be fattened for the market in other waters. Connected with one of these establishments, which we visited, were some rather pretty girls dressed in a very free and

easy, but extremely effective costume, which enabled them *sans gêne* to wade in search of oysters.

We reached the station at Bordeaux on the 27th, rather too early for the Arcachon train, and I bought a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* to pass the time. In it, to our infinite surprise and sorrow, we found an announcement of the sudden death of Mr. Walter Bagehot, the editor of the *Economist*, and certainly one of the most interesting persons in our circle..

The combination in him of economical genius, political insight, knowledge of the working-day world of the city, keen appreciation of literature, and a most delicate humour, made him unique. We had no such critic of finance, and few such critics of politics. All through this year of raging and rampant nonsense, the *Economist* has, once every week, said a few words of wisdom, truly refreshing in the general lack of it.

During the period in which I was in charge of Indian affairs in the House of Commons, he gave me a most friendly and discriminating support, and I have seldom been more pleased than when, after making my first Financial Statement in 1869,—a piece of work highly uncongenial to my studies and pursuits up to

the time of my becoming Under Secretary of State,—I received from him the following letter :—

Friday.

My dear Grant Duff—You must think me very rude for not having written to thank you as to ——, but I am laid up. I write now because I have just read your Indian Budget—*by far* the best there ever was in England. I hope to mention it in *Economist* next week. It should be there now, but I am not well enough.—Yours,

Walter Bagehot.

A few days after the 27th March we had a letter from Greg, which told us that he had died perfectly quietly, and had been reading *Rob Roy* an hour before the end. Like many of the ablest men in various walks of London life at present—Maine, Stephen, and Venables amongst others—he had a perfect passion for novels, and would read and re-read them with the greatest delight. He married the eldest daughter of James Wilson of the Treasury, who died as Financial Member of Council in India.

From Arcachon we continued our journey across the Landes to Bayonne, passing near the birthplace of St. Vincent de Paul. It struck me that a great deal of planting had been done since I first saw this country

in 1857. There seemed to be far less open heath, and we caught sight only once of a figure upon stilts, of yore so common here.

From Bayonne we went to Biarritz, where we found a great number of plants—few of them, however, new to me. The *Lithospermum prostratum*, which I saw when here in 1864, was in great beauty, and is certainly one of the loveliest of French plants. It is nearly as great a pleasure to the eye as the blue gentians of the Alps. The *Erica ciliaris* was very abundant, but of course not in flower. The vernal squill was everywhere, and with it we found *Ixia bulbocodium* and *Narcissus bulbocodium*, which I had not previously met with.

From Biarritz we went on to St. Sebastian, where we found the Spaniards, after their manner, celebrating Easter Sunday by a bull-fight, which we naturally did not attend. Hardly any place, except Vienna, has so completely changed since I first knew it as St. Sebastian. The fortifications have disappeared, and a new St. Sebastian spreads inland over the ancient glacis. I walked on a lovely afternoon, hot as an English July, to the top of the citadel, and looked across to the battery whence the Carlists had bombarded the town

in the recent war. They threw nearly four thousand bombs, with which, as we are told, they killed only twelve, and wounded twelve other people. The moment the flash was seen a bell was rung from the Citadel, and as the projectile took seventeen seconds to traverse the intervening space, there was sufficient time to get under cover.

I saw once more the graves of the English officers on the outside of the castle rock, but could not find the Cornish heath, which I first saw in 1857 at this place. On the other hand, the periwinkle was in great beauty, and the view along the coast to the westward quite enchanting.

April

On the 2nd we started betimes, and drove through lovely country to Zaraus, a rising bathing-place on the coast; thence we struck inland, and came down on the lovely green valley of Loyóla, traversed by a beautiful stream which we followed high up its course, past the baths of Cestona to Azpeitia, and to the birthplace of St. Ignatius, who was born in the old castle of Loyóla, in rooms which are still

preserved although turned into a shrine and overloaded with ornament. The most familiar object to the eyes of Ignatius in his childhood must have been a huge, bare hill, whose extraordinarily contorted strata are no bad representation of his own intelligence. Round his old *Stammhaus* the Jesuits in the seventeenth century built, with Fontana for their architect, an imposing but tasteless pile, consisting of a church and religious house. Within the last few months these have been restored to the order, but they were, when we were there, untenanted save by a single guardian, who took us all over them. Outside, a number of fine, active-looking young men were playing at a sort of fives, the favourite game of the Basque Provinces.

On our way from St. Sebastian we passed numerous positions which had been held by the Carlists, and various bridges which had been broken down by them. One of these, a very considerable one over a tidal river, had not been repaired, and we crossed it by a wooden footbridge while our carriage went round by a ferry.

Of plants I remarked great quantities of the oxlip, a good deal of the lungwort, the wood anemone, and a large patch of the very curious *Lathraea clandestina*,

which I found first at Pau (and which was named for me by John Stuart Mill), with much cork scrub. I see it asserted in one of the excellent little monographs of the French Departments, which are now being published by Hachette, that the cork of the Landes, and I suppose of these provinces, is not the *Quercus Suber* but the *Quercus occidentalis*.

From Azpeitia we went over a high pass, which it took more than three hours to ascend, to Tolosa, whence we returned through pleasant scenery to St. Sebastian. On the following day we drove to Hernani, a picturesque place full of carved old houses, once no doubt inhabited by people of position. Few places suffered more than this in the recent foolish war. On our way home we stopped at the hamlet of Astigarraga to visit one of the old fortress-looking churches which are so characteristic of this part of Spain, and near it I found *Agraphis patula*, a relation of our familiar wild hyacinth.

On the 5th we left Spain and slept at Libourne, a little to the north of Bordeaux.

At Biarritz I picked up one or two Spanish books, amongst them a volume of stories by Trueba (whom Henry Smith and I tried in vain to find in 1864 at

Bilbao)—I read a couple of them, but without coming upon anything striking—a volume of poems selected from writers of Spanish America, which I dipped into without better fortune, and a volume by Fernan Caballero, of which I might say the same if it were not for one or two snatches of popular verse, which were not without merit.

From Libourne we drove in less than an hour to St. Emilion, a picturesque little town, built by the English kings on a site which had been long consecrated by Christian legend, and on which local antiquarians believe the villa of Ausonius to have stood. A more authentic and sadder tradition connects this place with the last days of the Girondins.

Hither in the terrible autumn of 1793 came Barbaroux, Pétion, Buzot, Salle, Louvet, Valady, Guadet; and it was here that several of them were long concealed and kept alive by the devotion of Madame Bouquey, the sister-in-law of the last named, and by other friends. Valady left the others, and was put to death in a different neighbourhood. Salle and Guadet were taken at St. Emilion, and guillotined at Bordeaux; Pétion, Buzot, and Barbaroux, hearing of their arrest, left their hiding-place in the night.

The next morning, about half a league from Castillon, they saw a great crowd of people, whom they imagined to be Jacobins come to take them, but who were really only villagers at a fête. Barbaroux drew a pistol, but only succeeded in wounding himself desperately. Buzot and Pétion escaped, for the moment, but were found two days afterwards in a cornfield, their bodies half devoured by wolves. Louvet had got away previously and survived. I take this from the account given in a little book on St. Emilion, published by M. J. Guadet. The account in Carlyle varies very considerably: he says, for example, that Barbaroux shot himself dead.

From St. Emilion we drove to Castillon, passing, I suppose, very near the closing scene of this tragedy—the *Champ des Emigrés*, as the country people call it, thanks to a confusion of mind like that which makes some of the mob in England shout for the liberation of Arthur Orton, because, say they, "they don't understand why a butcher should not have his rights."

Near Castillon was fought the battle which is commemorated in the first part of *Henry VI.*, and here Shakespeare has laid the scene of the last conversation between Talbot and his son. At La Mothe we rose

from the flat valley of the Dordogne, and, climbing the rising-ground which bounds it on the north, soon reached the old château of St. Michel Montaigne, now the property of M. Magne, who was Finance Minister under the Empire. The rooms of the Essayist are shown, and the little chapel, which he mentions in *Les trois Commerces*, is still used. On the roof of his own room are cut a number of mottoes, some of them peculiarly characteristic.

The view from the terrace of the house, which has been restored, is very pleasing, extending over a wide range of country, now just beginning to show the first traces of spring. As we walked up from La Mothe, I observed the lungwort in great abundance, and nearer the house found, for the first time, the wild yellow tulip.

From Libourne we passed to Poitiers—a very striking place, full of unusually fine churches. Our next stage was Amboise, where the Comte de Paris is restoring the castle with, as likely as not, the money I paid him for York House. There is much to be done, but when finished it will be as charming a residence as heart could desire, in spite of its hideous traditions. We looked over the Loire from the very

balcony where Mary Stuart stood, as a girl, to see the executions which followed the Conjuration d'Amboise: a precious training for our future queen. The railing, still quite firm, is of a much older period.

From Amboise we drove, through a country that reminded me of the neighbourhood of Castle Ashby, to Chenonceaux.

The day was warm and bright, and the blackthorn in full flower. The château was begun in the days of Francis I., but largely added to by Diane de Poitiers, to whom it was given by Henri II. It is built almost entirely across the Cher, which, at this season, rushes under it through many arches in a deep and rapid stream. The old furniture has always passed with the house, so that the bed of Diane de Poitiers, the mirror of Mary Stuart, and many things of the same kind, are still in use. It is one of the not too numerous great houses of France which did not suffer in the Revolution, thanks to the popularity of its owner, Madame Dupin, under whom Chenonceaux had a second period of splendour, becoming the resort of Voltaire, Bolingbroke, and many of the most distinguished men of their day.

Returning to Amboise, we went by rail to Paris,

and I was met at the Grand Hotel by a note from Mrs. Craven, asking me to come in the evening, which I did, meeting, amongst others, Madame de Dreux Brézé (*née* Berthe de La Ferronays, and the owner of Sifflotte[1]), with her daughter. Both sing well, and their voices harmonise excellently. Bertrand de Blacas was also there, just returned from Rome, where, armed with Gregorovius, he had been making the best use of his time. Later top came his sister, who, since I saw her at Menou, has become Madame de Roche Aymon. She told me that if Chenonceaux had not been sold, it would now be in the possession of her husband's family.

10. I spent some time again to-day with the Cravens, but except them I saw chiefly Russians, amongst others Mademoiselle Smirnoff, with her nephew Prince Troubetskoy, in the afternoon; and in the evening, at the Tourgueneffs', their namesake Ivan the novelist, Khanikoff, and the Jesuit Abbé Gagarin, a striking figure, whom I saw for the first time. He is deaf, but by help of an ear-trumpet manages to take a fair share in conversation.

There was a good deal of talk about the great

[1] *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. ii.

political trial which has lately taken place at St. Petersburg, one of the peculiarities of which has been that so many of those prosecuted have been women, some of them persons of a good position in society, one a great-granddaughter of Biron, the famous favourite of the Empress Anne and Duke of Courland.

An idea seems afloat that the recent excitement in Russia will have considerable effect in forcing changes in a Liberal direction upon the Government.

13. Mr. Seebohm of Hitchin, the author of the *Oxford Reformers*, sends me a box of Pasque flowers gathered a few miles from his house. This, the *Anemone Pulsatilla*, is a rare plant in England. I have never yet seen it wild.

22. I was to-day at the house of a lady who is about to make a second marriage. A person present asked,—much to the amusement of the only people who were in the secret (our hostess and myself),—"What is the difference between a man who marries a young girl and a man who marries a widow?"—"The first *Miss* takes and the second mistakes!"

23. Dined with the Arthur Russells, meeting White of Belgrade, Leveson Gower, and others. We all got very hot on the Eastern Question. In the

course of the conversation, Madame de Peyronnet, who agrees with me, said: "Are then the blue-books full of Contes Bleus?"

27. Went down to High Elms with Nubar Pasha. He had seen very little of the country in England, and his horror at the fields of Kent covered with chalk flints was unmitigated. "It makes one really sad," he said, "to think that people should cultivate such soil as that." And yet the particular field which excited his compassion was one which I have seen clothed with excellent crops. I laughed, and said: "It seems to you like the desert" (and indeed, in the present state, it does not look much more hopeful than the torrid expanse covered with nummulites upon which Lubbock and I came when we climbed the cliffs above the caves of Beni Hassan). "Yes," he replied, "but our desert with a little water would be far better. In Egypt water *is* land."

29. Dined at the mess of the Blues with Captain Milne Home, to meet Captain Burnaby, the author of the *Ride to Khiva*.

He has just returned from Armenia, and gives a very poor account of the Turkish forces and preparations there.

We have had, since we returned to London, a good many people at dinner—amongst them Nubar Pasha, White of Belgrade, Acton, John Morley, Mademoiselle de Perpigna, Mat Arnold, Sir Thomas Wade (on leave from Pekin), M. de Stuers the Dutch Secretary of Legation, Bright,—who is full of the *Epic of Hades*, of which he has sent my wife a copy,—and Count Seckendorff, who, returned from the Indian journey about which he came to consult me at Hampden, has brought over a beautiful necklace, most curiously worked, after her own design, from the Crown Princess for her god-daughter Victoria.

May

4. My wife went off to Knebworth with Clara and a new Blenheim, a gift of Miss Constance de Rothschild, the elder of the two sisters who wrote some years ago so creditable a book upon the Old Testament.

5. The Breakfast Club meets at Acton's in Prince's Gate. Our host has developed a new talent, having furnished his house with a taste and originality for

which seventeen years' companionship had not prepared me. Henry Cowper was there, and, in talking of the growth of legends, mentioned that the peasantry near Brocket are beginning to believe that Tom Sayers the prize-fighter built the Welwyn Viaduct, which contains some two and a half millions of bricks, the foundation of the idea being that he was one of the workmen employed.

On Monday the 7th we all returned to London, and there took place in the afternoon that wonderful scene in the House which so appropriately concluded what Childers wittily called "La semaine des dupes."

A curious illustration of the frightful nonsense which people are talking about the Eastern Question was given on Sunday by Mackenzie Wallace at Knebworth, who mentioned that a few days before he had walked home from a party with a member of the Upper House, who was perfectly sober, but who nevertheless informed him that, if the Russians were successful in Asia, he much feared they might reach Lake Van, whence they would descend the Amoor and attack India!

13. A large gathering at Knebworth — Lord O'Hagan, Chamberlain, Mr. Bywater (of Exeter

College, Oxford), J. R. Green, and Mr. Locker (the author of *London Lyrics*), with his wife and daughter—the last engaged to Lionel Tennyson, the second son of the poet. When I came down to breakfast I found that O'Hagan had driven off, to I know not what impossible place, to hear mass—some fifteen miles they declared. In so Protestant a neighbourhood do we live!

Bywater, who has been publishing a new and very complete edition of Heraclitus, told me that the *Logos* idea of St. John first makes its appearance in the writings of that philosopher. It was taken from him by the Stoics, who passed it on to the Alexandrian Jews, and from them it found its way to the Evangelist.

Green happened to mention that the Porter at Lambeth believes the days of the Church of England to be numbered, for he says: "I have been here in the time of three Archbishops, and Archbishop Tait is the first who did not get up at five in the morning." "Oh!" said ——, "I suppose the other two remembered the lines in the *Biglow Papers*:—

> 'God has told you plump and fairly
> It's as long as it is broad,

And you'll have to get up 'airly
If you mean to take in God.'"

I asked Green when he was going to write his promised paper about the country round Hampden. "Ah," he said, "I have incorporated the results of my visits to you in my new history. You will find a good deal in the three-volume form which I hope to have completed before my marriage next month, and still more in the larger edition, about which I shall take my time."

15. The five nights' debate ended at a very early hour this morning, and we were defeated by an immense majority.

17. The latest season I remember—the lilac is only just out this week in London.

18. Sir John Lubbock, his daughter Constance, my wife and I, left England this morning for Paris. Childers, Hussey Vivian, Sandars, and others were on board the boat. The last-named gave me rather an interesting account of M. Jozon, a grave, stern, republican lawyer who went out with him lately to Cairo to make arrangements about the debts of the Khedive's private estate. Sandars had asked him one day, apropos of the Pyramids, whether he had ever

read the Old Testament. "Yes," he replied, "I have a copy in my library; there are many things in that work which are not edifying."

We dined at the Café Anglais, in company with Stuart Rendel, who is going out to Genoa to try to help the municipality to spend, judiciously, a portion of the Duc de Galliera's vast gift; and later in the evening I went on to the Cravens.

19. I went this morning, accompanied by Lubbock, to see Jules Simon, who had just returned to his quiet little rooms up five pairs of stairs in the Place de la Madeleine. No one could bear a sudden change of fortune with greater dignity. He spoke much of the recent extraordinary step of the Marshal in dismissing him, but did so with the greatest calmness. I asked him about the conduct of the Orleanses. They had nothing at all to do with what had happened. He spoke of their entry into the Chamber with regret, and of their having damaged their chance of being a *planche de salut* for France, if the present form of government became impossible. I asked him if he thought of coming to England, but he replied that now that he was getting old he always longed for the sun. Even the Roman autumn heats did him only

good. He discussed the strange turn things had taken in England; approved generally the conduct of the Government, and found even Lord Hartington's speech in the recent debate too much in Mr. Gladstone's direction.

After breakfast I went on to Renan, who much condemned the action of the French Government, as tending to throw France quite unnecessarily into new adventures. At the same time he did not feel at all sure that the Republicans were not over-confident in being persuaded that France would support them. Universal suffrage, he said, is a creature very little understood, which may easily play either party a very unexpected trick.

From him I went to Gambetta, whom I found perfectly calm. He said there would not be a vestige of disturbance, but that he and his friends would play out the political game against the Marshal, as quietly as if it were a *parti de whist*. I was expecting Gambetta in June at Knebworth, but the change of circumstances has obliged him to put off his English journey.

In the afternoon I went to Chevalier, whom I found in very low spirits, partly from the recent death

of his sister, partly from the state of public affairs, which has adjourned indefinitely the negotiations which were going on for a Commercial Treaty between England and France, besides opening the door to all manner of possible mischiefs.

Bertrand de Blacas came to see us, and gave a very clear account of the calculations on which the Marshal and his immediate friends had acted when they took the step of dismissing Simon.

They knew that the elections for the Conseils Généraux would soon take place. They felt that those elections would be controlled by their opponents, that the result would be increased Republican influence in those local bodies, which would lead to the balance being turned against them in the Senate. From their point of view, too, no sufficient *surveillance* has been exercised over the literature which is being dispersed over the country by *colportage* and other means—hence their action.

We dined again at the Café Anglais, and were joined by Mrs. A. Mulholland and her husband, on their way from Italy to London. I walked with him along the Boulevard. He was full of his first step in political life, for he has just been appointed

Assistant Private Secretary to Cross, at the Home Office.

I spent the evening again with the Cravens, thus having in one day the views, upon the present crisis, of the moderate republican, the moderate monarchical, the extreme republican, the moderate Bonapartist and the Legitimist sections.

20. From Paris to Fontainebleau. The weather was showery, and prevented our enjoying the beautiful forest so much as we should have done, but the early green of the beech was nevertheless perfectly enchanting. We fed the great carp, as in duty bound, and smiled at the patriotic story that they had refused to eat the bread which was thrown to them by the Prussian soldiers. We wandered, too, all over the Palace, which is very poor in its exterior, but within as splendid as it is interesting.

From Fontainebleau we travelled to Bourg en Bresse, where we saw the noble church of Brou—one of the last efforts of the French Renaissance—with the monuments of Margaret of Austria and Philibert le Beau. The grand motto, "Fortune Infortune—forte une," which is quoted in Radowitz's delightful *Devisen und Motten*, occurs upon her tomb.

The church of Brou is situated on a dead flat in the suburbs of Bourg. Far off to the east rise the first slopes of the Jura. I do not know what can have possessed Mat Arnold to imagine that it lay in the midst of the mountains, but we may well say "Felix culpa" of the error which inspired lines like these:—

"So rest, for ever rest, O princely Pair!
In your high church, 'mid the still mountain air,
Where horn, and hound, and vassals, never come.
Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb,
From the rich painted windows of the nave,
On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave:
Where thou, young Prince, shalt never more arise
From the fring'd mattress where thy Duchess lies,
On autumn-mornings, when the bugle sounds,
And ride across the drawbridge with thy hounds
To hunt the boar in the crisp woods till eve.
And thou, O Princess, shalt no more receive,
Thou and thy ladies, in the hall of state,
The jaded hunters with their bloody freight,
Coming benighted to the castle gate.
So sleep, for ever sleep, O marble Pair!
Or if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
On the carv'd western front a flood of light
Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright
Prophets, transfigur'd Saints and Martyrs brave,
In the vast western window of the nave;

And on the pavement round the Tomb there glints
A chequer-work of glowing sapphire-tints,
And amethyst, and ruby,—then unclose
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
And raise you on your cold white marble beds,
And looking down on the warm rosy tints
Which chequer, at your feet, the illumin'd flints,
Say—'what is this? we are in bliss, forgiven—
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven!'
Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls
Shedding her pensive light at intervals
The moon through the clerestory windows shines,
And the wind washes mid the mountain pines.
Then, gazing up through the dim pillars high,
The foliag'd marble forest where ye lie,
'Hush'—ye will say—'it is eternity.
This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
The columns of the Heavenly Palaces.'
And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
The passage of the Angels' wings will hear,
And on the lichen-crusted leads above
The rustle of the eternal rain of Love."

A short run by railway brought us to Ambérieu and thence to Aix, through that lovely gorge which

one always traverses with new pleasure, especially at this season when the yellow clusters of the laburnum, which is here indigenous, are hanging over the rocks.

Arrived at Aix, we made our headquarters at the Hôtel de l'Europe, in very pretty rooms, and botanised all the country round. The long rains, followed by bright warm weather, had developed both flowers and foliage quite exceptionally. It would have been impossible to see the country to greater advantage.

On the 23rd we drove to Chambéry, to visit Les Charmettes, where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warens. I had not grasped the fact that it stands upon high ground and commands a fine mountain view. The rocks of this neighbourhood break at the top of the hills into toothlike precipices. On one of the highest of these a cross has been placed, and Les Charmettes looks straight at it. The *salon* is said to be very much as it was in Rousseau's time. On the whole, the house, though a poor place enough, is rather pleasant, and in no way squalid. On the steep road leading up to it *Phyteuma spicatum*—(in this country strange to say always blue)—was a great feature, and some trim Hornbeams in the garden explained or illustrated the name.

On our way back to Aix we left our carriage and had a delightful stroll along a little stream, finding the monkey orchis, or something very near it, and delighted by great companies of forget-me-nots and other common plants. The moist meadows along the high road are covered with *Orchis mascula* and *Rhinanthus major*.

24. We drove along the lake in the direction of Chatillon. The banks are here rocky, and the character of the vegetation very different from that which we had met with yesterday or the day before. We climbed a long vineyard path where *Lathyrus Aphaca* was quite a common weed, and would have crossed the ridge which forms one lip of the Lac du Bourget, but rain drove us back. High up *Melittis Melissophyllum* grew in great abundance.

25. I left the others at Aix, and travelled by Chambéry down the course of the Isère to Grenoble, where I took a carriage, and following the beautiful valley of Gresivaudan to Voreppe, struck to the right of that place and went over the hills to St. Laurent du Pont, a little village, whence the mule path described by Mat Arnold led, and a good road now leads to the

Grande Chartreuse. His lines kept, I need hardly say, running in my head :—

"Through Alpine meadows soft-suffused
With rain, where thick the crocus blows,
Past the dark forges long disused,
The mule-track from St. Laurent goes,
The bridge is cross'd, and slow we ride,
Through forest, up the mountain side.

The autumnal evening darkens round,
The wind is up, and drives the rain ;
While, hark ! far down, with strangled sound
Doth the Dead Guiers stream complain,
Where that wet smoke among the woods
Over his boiling cauldron broods.

Swift rush the spectral vapours white
Past limestone scars with ragged pines,
Showing—then blotting from our sight.
Halt—through the cloud-drift something shines !
High in the valley, wet and drear,
The huts of Courrerie appear.

'*Strike leftward !*' cries our guide, and higher
Mounts up the stony forest way.
At last the encircling trees retire ;
Look ! through the showery twilight grey
What pointed roofs are these advance ?—
A palace of the Kings of France ?

Approach for what we seek is here!
Alight, and sparely sup, and wait
For rest in this outbuilding near;
Then cross the sward and reach that gate.
Knock; pass the wicket! Thou art come
To the Carthusians' world-famed home."

The crocus, however, was not in flower, and the dark forges were no longer disused but very busy; nor did the line of our route take us past Courrerie, which we left upon the right. The gorge looked magnificent by moonlight, and made me think sometimes of the descent from Coonoor in the Nilgiris, and sometimes of the scenery of Mehadia in South-Eastern Hungary. I passed the night at the monastery, listened to the splash of the fountain, assisted at the midnight service, and walked over the building in the morning. Thence I returned to St. Laurent.

At Grenoble I spent a long and instructive afternoon in the excellent little Botanical garden, and thence returned to Aix as I had come, reading Arthur Young by the way. Much has still to be mended in France, but, good heavens! what an improvement since he travelled. Yet there must be many people living who might have talked with him.

27. We drove on a burning hot day round the Bourget end of the Lake—Lamartine's Lac—and up to the hostelry of the Dent du Chat. The *Amelanchier vulgaris*, whose coming into flower in Kensington Gardens, near the head of Queen's Gate, was always a matter of so much interest to us when we used, in the first half of the sixties, to walk there most forenoons, was the weed of the soil.

28. To-day we sailed across the Lake to Haute Combe, a Cistercian religious house, saw the ugly uninteresting tombs of the Savoy family, the lovely view from the apartments of the King, and the very curious intermittent fountain; Lubbock and I bathing also in the Lake, which was viciously cold. Botanically speaking the day was no great success—*Doronicum Pardalianches* being the only plant which my memory associates with it.

29. We have had a delightful week at Aix, but last night the weather changed, and our journey to Annecy to-day was made under a dull and threatening sky. Neither did it bring us many plants, though the fields of orchises, chiefly *palustris* and *maculata*, are not to be forgotten.

From Annecy, Lubbock and I drove in heavy rain

to Menthon St. Bernard to visit Taine, who has a cottage there, in the midst of scenery which in fine weather must be enchantingly beautiful. We found him hard at work—about one-third down a page of his book on the origin of the France of to-day. Though strongly Conservative, he was very uneasy about the late move of the Marshal, and feared it would come to no good. He gave a curious account of his neighbours, the Savoy peasants, who, he says, are a very friendly, good sort of people, perfectly courteous when you meet them, and regular in their observance of Catholic practices. At the same time neither the priest nor any lay person of superior station has the very slightest influence over them. They go their own way in politics and usually return republicans of a very extreme type. Their oracles are men of their own class, or perhaps the Veterinary Surgeon—here a much inferior sort of person to his English brother. Taine says that one of the reasons why the peasantry love the Revolution is, that for several years amidst the general confusion they paid no *impôt* at all. As soon as the revolutionary government began to tax, it too was hated. He complained that so little was known in high places of the real

feeling of the peasantry, and suggested that the best people to use for the purpose of finding out what they want would be the inspectors who go about the country to report on the damage done by hail.

He walked with us up to the old castle in which the earlier St. Bernard was born, and which is still inhabited. It seems to be in congenial hands, for the wife of the present owner died of a disease contracted when nursing the wounded in the Franco-German War.

30. A wet morning, but it cleared in the afternoon and we had a very agreeable drive, interrupted only by a shower or two, to Geneva, crossing the great suspension bridge of La Caille—a striking work. Our best plant was a superb orchis which we did not quite identify, but which must have been one of the many forms of *militaris*.

At Geneva I saw amongst others M. Ernest Naville, to whom I was introduced many years ago by M. Charles Eynard, who is now dead. The changes and chances of Genevese politics have thrown this Protestant divine into very close relations with the Catholic party, and it was a mere accident which prevented his taking me to see Mermillod, who, banished from his See by the Government of the

Canton, is residing at Ferney. As it was, he took me to see his neighbour, the Père Hyacinthe, who having accepted ecclesiastical functions under the Genevese Government threw them up shortly afterwards. Fazy is (Naville tells me) still alive, but fallen from the high estate in which I saw him, and in very poor circumstances. The present Government is as distasteful to Naville and his friends as Fazy's used to be, though very different in its tendencies. Naville has himself become of late years the great advocate, upon the Continent, of the representation of minorities, and returns to the subject continually.

In the afternoon we drove to Ferney, where we saw the Voltaire relics and enjoyed a most magnificent view of Mont Blanc. On our way home I left the others and turned aside to visit M. Gustave Revillod, in his exquisite *campagne* of Varembé. He is fond of dogs, and has, amongst others, two most lovely creatures of the greyhound type, *Slugi* as they are called, from the edge of the Sahara, which were procured for him by M. Largeau, the African traveller, whom he seems to have assisted. He tells me that all our greyhounds and deerhounds are descended from dogs which were brought into Europe

by the Crusaders. He has ceased to edit the *Bibliothèque de Genève*, but occupies himself a good deal still with literary pursuits, and gave me a copy of a very curious Arabic poem, "La Vengeance d'Ali," which he has recently had translated.

In the evening we went to M. Naville's, where we met two of the Favres, father and son, the first of whom has written on the geology of the neighbourhood of Geneva, and the second upon that of the Caucasus, besides one of the Saussures, etc. There, too, was Père Hyacinthe with his wife. I had a good deal of talk with him, but nothing occurred to change the impression which I received and noted last year after hearing him at St. James's Hall.

June

2. An expedition yesterday to botanise the Salève was cut short by a violent storm, but it cleared in the evening and Mont Blanc was again very beautiful. To-day I paid a visit with M. Revillod to his house in the Haute Ville, where he has collected all kinds of beautiful things, the most remarkable being perhaps a replica of the Madonna del Cardellino, painted on

panel, and still showing the crack which is mentioned by Vasari.

We had another grand view of Mont Blanc on our way to Culoz, having thus been more fortunate in that behalf than I have ever been before, and slept at the little Hôtel des Étrangers in Macon.

3. Lubbock's last act in leaving Geneva was to throw into the travelling post, which accompanied us as far as Macon, a note asking his daughter, the elder Mr. Mulholland, and Miss Harriet Lubbock to dine with us at a café this evening. Great then was our consternation when we found, on our arrival at the Grand Hotel, that the illness under which Mr. Andrew Mulholland had been suffering, since we passed through Paris, had suddenly taken a bad turn, and that he had died a few hours before.

5. We returned to London to-day, the tragedy of the 3rd having cast a terrible gloom over what had been a most interesting expedition. Considering that we went chiefly for the purpose of gathering the Sub-Alpine flowers of this season, it is remarkable how many people and things we contrived to see in little more than a fortnight. In Paris yesterday I managed to have another conversation with Gambetta about the

political situation, to see Madame de Grünne, and to make the acquaintance of Victor Cherbuliez, with whom I spent an hour very agreeably. He lives near the Panthéon, and as I went south I indemnified myself for a fruitless attempt to see him by going to St. Étienne du Mont, while to-day, in returning from his house to the centre of Paris, I crossed the Luxembourg garden, taking the shortest[1] course I could find to the Rue de Madame; but I suspect the disposition of the gardens must have been altered since the year 1836, as has the numbering at least of the Rue de Madame itself.

19. Being to-day at Twickenham, I took the opportunity of strolling into the new Club that has just been established in Orleans House, which was lately sold by the Duc d'Aumale, and of which people are talking a great deal. I became a member early, and found myself in very gay company. Mademoiselle I. de Peyronnet declares that whenever any one says: "Is not the Orleans Club rather fast?"—the reply is—"Oh no, Mr. Grant Duff is a member!" To-day, however, it was as Lord Cockburn said of Edinburgh in the autumn—"Stiller than the grave, or even Peebles."

[1] *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. i.

20. For some time before Whitsuntide, as well as since our return, I have been Chairman of a Hybrid Bill Committee, examining into the proposals of the Metropolitan Board of Works for embanking the Thames with a view to prevent inundation. I was very much averse to undertake the work; but have found it interesting, and never left the chair for one moment during the inquiry. We came to our final decision to-day. I may mention, as a curious illustration of the cost of these investigations, that by some accident the necessary quorum was not present on one occasion till a little after one o'clock. Mr. Pember, one of the twenty Counsel engaged, sent up a note to Mr. Mark Stewart, in which he said: "I calculate that this is costing about two guineas per minute," and this although all the eleven members of the Committee were of course unpaid judges!

21. To see, at her house in Great Stanhope Street, Mrs. Mitchell, who has now changed her name, having married, while we were absent on the Continent, Lord Reay, formerly Baron Donald Mackay, so often mentioned in the course of this Diary. There were reasons connected with his political position in Holland for keeping the engagement quiet for many

months, and very admirably the secret was kept, considering that it was necessary to take, amongst others, all her servants into confidence. After everything had been arranged, a Bill was brought in for his naturalisation, and I heard, before I left London at Whitsuntide, the Royal assent given to it by Commission. "Soit fait comme il est désiré."

23. The Breakfast Club met at F. Leveson Gower's. May told us that he had just been at Dudbrook (Lady Waldegrave's) with, amongst others, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington. The former said as they were driving to the station—"Well, I think the Turkish Empire is now at last going to pieces." "Do you know the story," replied the other, "of Palmerston and Brunnow? Brunnow said one day to Palmerston just what you have now said. 'Ah!' answered he, 'that makes me think of what happened to me the other day in the street. A man bustled up to me and said—"My lord, my lord, you will lose your handkerchief!" 'Oh! no,' I replied, 'my good friend, my handkerchief is quite safe—if you don't take it.'"

24. (Knebworth). Lady Henley had brought with her her little dog, who was specially invited, and

Lady Emma Baring affected to be much offended that her favourite pug, who had parted from her at King's Cross in hysterics, had not also been asked to accompany his mistress. I said that things had really come to such a pass that it would be necessary for Sir Bernard Burke or Debrett to supplement their books by a Doggage, that one might avoid involuntarily breaking the hearts of one's friends.

I had a great deal of talk with Northbrook about Frontier politics and other Indian matters, finding him as usual thoroughly clear-headed and wise.

28. To see Mrs. Craven, who is staying at Holland House, and wandered with her and her husband for a long time about the beautiful gardens.

30. The Breakfast Club met at Knebworth—May, Frederick Pollock, Arthur Russell, Henry Cowper, Lansdowne, and Venables. Lady Arthur, my wife, and my eldest son, who has just returned from nine months spent with a tutor at Leghorn, breakfasted with us in the Hall, round which run the lines :—

> "Read the rede of this old roof-tree
> Here be trust firm, opinion free,
> Knightly right-hand, Christian knee,

Worth in all, wit in some,
Laughter open, slander dumb.
Hearth where rooted friendships grow
Safe as altar e'en to foe,
And ye sparks that upward go
When ye hearth flame dies below,
If thy sap in these may be
Fear no winter old roof-tree."

The others went back to London by an afternoon train, but the Arthur Russells and Venables remained, while Massey and William Eastwick, who was long a member of the Court of Directors and left the Council just before the Duke of Argyll and I went to the India Office, came down to join us.

July

1. Venables amused us by mentioning that he crossed over to France, in 1848, in company with a Frenchman of the most ultra-revolutionary opinions, who had come to London to do a little civil war, but found that the ground was not sufficiently prepared.

"How can you bear such a tyrannical Government," he said,—"why they won't even let you open the theatres on Sunday!"

Venables explained that the English people wouldn't let their Government open the theatres even if they wanted so to do; but his friend could not believe it, and closed the conversation by saying—"Ah! why do you not accept the noble principles of your own Shakespeare and say—

'*To* be or not *to* be, that is the question!!'"

Eastwick took down from a shelf in the Library the *Historical Studies* of my late colleague, Herman Merivale, and found on a fly-leaf the following very elaborate character of him by the last Lord Lytton, who was for a time his chief when he was Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office, which appointment he exchanged somewhat later for the corresponding one at the India Office:—

"The author of this book is one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. The main character of his intellect is massiveness, and it is the massiveness of gold. Perhaps as a critic, for which he has most of the fundamental qualities, he occasionally errs from the combative quality of an advocate; that is, he will sometimes crush some other critic (see paper on Voltaire, Rousseau, Goethe) without sufficient consideration for the cause, which cause is the person or thing criticised, no matter

what rubbish advocates for or against have uttered. Perhaps, as a writer, he has not always done justice to the sterling value of his material by the pains taken in the elaboration of its form, viz.: that he is contented to write well where with such intellect and such stores he ought, if he spent three months on a page, to have been contented with nothing less than writing wonderfully well. Such as he is, with all merits and drawbacks, he belongs to the very highest order of mind in my time and country. I can compare him to no man of less calibre than Macaulay, for whom I have enthusiastic admiration; and the difference between them I believe to be this, that no man of much mind could form his opinion by Macaulay, and that a man however powerful his mind might be, would form his opinion from H. Merivale. While assuming both to have inherited or acquired an equal amount of gold, Macaulay often spins out his gold in threads, and Merivale leaves his gold in blocks. Macaulay is the finer artist, Merivale the more original thinker: and each might have been improved in his own way, if great men ever were improved by criticism, which they never have been and never will be. The best criticism is enlightened admiration: as the best of Addison's prose works (apart from creative character, like his improvement of Sir Roger de Coverley) is his essay on Milton: and the moment a critic blames a great author, he is sure to be wrong, as Scaliger is whenever he blames Horace (even the ode to the Roman people); and

Merivale is whenever he blames Goethe or Schiller; and Macaulay is, where he attempts to depreciate Goldsmith, certainly a smaller man than Goethe or Schiller. But both Macaulay and Merivale are men, to whom (in proportion to our respect for those laws of rank, without which we should be all clodhoppers) we take off our hats, and with a respect still greater if we presume to cross swords with them." 1865. E. B. L.

Dined with the Literary Society, meeting Sir Garnet Wolseley, Trevelyan, and others. Lord Houghton quoted the answer made by Sir Frederick Pollock to some one who asked him about the newspaper which has lately appeared called *Truth*, "It is," he said, "another, *but not a better* '*World*.'"

An article by me appears in the *Nineteenth Century* of this month, under the title of the "Five Nights' Debate." It was written chiefly while we were abroad at Aix and elsewhere.

3. Dined with the Cartwrights. I took down Mrs. Gordon, whose picture in the Grosvenor Gallery people are talking about. She was a Miss Sartoris, daughter of Adelaide Kemble. She told me that the scene of that most charming book, *A Week in a French Country House*, was her connection's (M. de

L'Aigle's) place near Compiègne, and that Jacques was a M. Dessauer, an old musician who lived, I think she said, at Vienna and is lately dead. She mentioned, too, an excellent saying of her mother's. Mrs. Sartoris was poking about in Wardour Street, looking for old furniture, when she perceived she was being followed by a man who presently came up to her and said: "Madame aime beaucoup les antiquités?"— "Et Monsieur aussi à ce qu'il parait," replied she, raising her veil.

I received the other day a note from the Comte de Paris, asking permission to visit his old home "where all his children were born," and found when I went to York House to-day that he had been there on Saturday.

6. Mr. and Mrs. Craven and others came down to Knebworth in the afternoon. She mentioned at dinner, in talking of Ampère's *Histoire Romaine à Rome* and its too numerous allusions to contemporary events, a saying of Madame Swetchine's, "Les allusions sont le regard louche de l'histoire." Mrs. Bishop, who is also here, seeing the very beautiful and very stout Duchess of Westminster, sitting at the French Embassy last night, between Schouvaloff (the repre-

sentative of Russia) and Musurus Pacha, remarked that she looked like a statue of Peace and Plenty between the hostile armies. When the Shah was here he complimented the Duchess on her beauty, "the fame of which had reached even to Teheran," and report had it that she said to a friend who stood by, "Good gracious, he takes me for Westminster Abbey."

7. Mrs. Craven with us. We spoke of the curious chance which had taken Renan to live just opposite Natalie Narischkin's Convent. She said, "I never saw your friend but once. That was at ——, the printers. I was correcting the proofs of the *Récit d'une Sœur* and one of the employés was showing me how to do it, when a gentleman came into the compartment next me with a manuscript in his hand. My companion asked me if I knew who it was, and told me that it was the author of the *Vie de Jésus!*"

8. A large party at Knebworth, amongst others Lord Houghton, who mentioned that he was one day looking for Lamennais in Paris. He knew he was near the house, but could not remember the number. In his perplexity he asked an *ouvrier*, who was passing,

if he knew where M. de Lamennais lived. "M. de Lamennais," the man replied, "demeure dans cette maison là, tout haut, tout haut, tout près du ciel."

9. Dined with Baron Ernest de Bunsen to meet his brother George and M. Waddington, the late French Minister of Public Instruction, who was brought up at Rugby, and is, as I daresay he will be to the end of time, the only French statesman who in one week rowed in the Cambridge University boat, when it beat Oxford, and won the Chancellor's medal. He talked much of the state of French politics, but did not add much to what I had gathered from other people.

With George Bunsen I had a great deal of conversation. He said that he was not very much satisfied with the way in which things were going on in Germany, except as regarded the army, which was showing the most intense intellectual activity, seizing upon every new discovery of the savants within three months. His own eldest son had been prevented by bad health from being as well prepared as he could have wished, and Bunsen had gone to consult a general of his acquaintance about the boy's

going into the army. "Ah," said his friend, "if he has not got his *Abiturienten Examen* he will have no chance in the guards"; then correcting himself he added—"Well, perhaps in the cavalry." The guards are by way of being the *stupid* portion of the army ! ! !

Odo Russell when he was over here evidently thought that Count Stolberg was the coming man. Bunsen inclined rather to Hohenlohe, or, if Bismarck died in the lifetime of the Emperor, even to Manteuffel.

10. Breakfasted with Lord Houghton to meet Waddington and others. He mentioned, on MacMahon's own authority, that when the Comte de Chambord came to Versailles he went to the Marshal's antechamber, and sent in his name, but MacMahon declined to see him. A Legitimist has not often, I suppose, been put in so strange and painful a position. When Waddington first stood for Rouen, his opponent put it about that he was a grandson of Wellington, and adjured the people not to vote for the descendant of the great enemy of France ! In reply to a question, Waddington spoke strongly against England's taking possession of Egypt.

This afternoon I ran across Chitty, whom I have not seen a dozen times since we left Oxford, but with whom one falls back, when we do meet, into the familiar relations of old days. He distinguished himself highly at the University, as he had done at Eton, and his extraordinary physical gifts made it easy for him to be one of the best oars on the river, as he had been the best wicket-keeper in the playing fields. At the Bar his success would seem to be not less remarkable, for he told me that he had had twenty consultations in one day, and on another had had twenty-one briefs in the Rolls Court.

As we talked the name of Mr. Prior was mentioned—a leading junior at the Chancery Bar, who lost his life by mounting, in a fit of absence, a horse which he supposed to be his own, and which presently threw him. "Prior," he said, contrasting him with another man who had much the same fate, "was no scholar. He had been arguing one day, and arguing admirably well, a quite impossible case. When he had done, the presiding judge—I think Knight Bruce—said, '*Si Pergama dextrâ*, Mr. Prior!' 'With costs, my Lord,' said Selwyn, his opponent. 'Yes, with costs! Prior was utterly at sea."

Dined with Forster to meet Senator Conkling. He spoke much of the excellent effect which the friendly reception of President Grant amongst us had produced in America, and was, strange to say, especially delighted with the high precedence accorded to him. I had to leave early to watch the debate on the Indian Cotton duties, but Baxter remained and told me later that Conkling had been much astonished by finding that he was acquainted with a book on the Southern States of which Conkling had never heard. When he afterwards discovered that Mrs. Forster had also seen it, he said, "Well! this completes my humiliation, for I knew no more about it than Nicodemus did about the Second Birth!"

13. Soon after two o'clock I went from a very dreary Committee, where I had been examining Cardwell upon the relations between the Cabinet and the Indian Council in matters of finance, to Mrs. Bishop's, where I was introduced to Lady Georgiana Fullerton and took leave of Mrs. Craven, who is going off to Switzerland.

14. The Breakfast Club met at 4 St. James's Square. Henry Cowper mentioned that that house

was older than the Square, which Disraeli has happily called the Faubourg St. Germain of London.

15. We had taken the precaution of trying to propitiate St. Swithin by asking Henry Smith, who has just been made Clerk of the Weather (Head of the Meteorological Department) to spend the watery festival with us at Knebworth. The manœuvre, alas! had no success, for it rained piteously.

25. A garden party at Knebworth, with dancing in the Picture Gallery, which lent itself extremely well to its novel purpose. I shall miss that room, with its gorgeous ceiling, very much when we go away. There are doubtless numerous faults of taste in and about this house, but I know few more agreeable interior effects than that which meets the eye as one looks on a sunny day, from the door of the library down that long and richly gilded chamber.

26. Dined at the Athenæum with Gennadius, the Greek Chargé d'Affaires, and Bunbury. Story, the American sculptor, came in—arrived half an hour before from Italy—and it was arranged that he should join us. Before he did so I said to my companions: "It is very odd that that man should have written a law book." "No, no," said Bunbury, "you are con-

fusing him with his father." "No," I replied, "I am not, we will ask him when he comes,"—and so we did. "Yes," answered Story, "besides editing three volumes of Reports I have not only written one law book—but two—the first on Contracts and the second on Sales. I do not know whether they are good for anything, but I am now correcting the eighth edition of one of them." "That involves," I said, "your finding time to keep up with the decisions of the American Courts and the other learning upon the subject." "Oh yes!" he said, "there is no difficulty in finding time if people would only use it." "Ah!" I replied, "you hold with Goethe that time is endlessly long, and every day a vat, into which a great deal may be poured if one will only fill it up." "Exactly so," he answered.

August

July 31 *and Aug.* 1. The Irish night in the House. I had one of my worst headaches—sadly frequent of late; but in spite of it stayed up till twenty minutes to five, and returned to the House at five minutes past eleven on the 1st of August. Very strange it

looked, the floor all strewn with torn paper and making one think of the gambling scene in the Premier's *Young Duke*. Mr. Byng, the chaplain, came down to read prayers as usual at the sitting of the House at twelve o'clock on Wednesday, and to his astonishment found the sitting of Tuesday still continuing. "Ah!" said May to him, "we are past praying for." In the evening Cecil Raikes, the Chairman of Committees, joined us at Knebworth, where, amongst others, was Mr. Rivett Carnac, with whom I went over the Bazaar of Allahabad (see *Notes of an Indian Journey*). I saw Raikes out of the chair somewhere about four o'clock this morning, when his place was taken by Childers, and helped to cheer him when he returned to it at twelve.

3. Dined at the Athenæum. Hayward mentioned that it was his uncle who, having received a living from Lord North, preached a sermon on the text—"Promotion cometh not from the East, nor from the West, nor yet from the South."

6. Went over from Aldermaston to the ancient Roman town of Silchester with a party, amongst whom were Fergusson, who wrote the *Handbook of Architecture*, and Otway. The walls are admirably

preserved, the forum has been uncovered, and many interesting objects have been found—the best of which have been removed to Strathfieldsaye by the Duke of Wellington, to whom the ground belongs.

18. On the 11th Arthur Russell and I crossed to Ostend to pay a visit to the Crown Prince and Princess, who were staying at the Châlet Royal, a marine villa which the King of the Belgians has lent them for sea-bathing. Mademoiselle de Perpigna had secured rooms for us close by at the Hôtel de la Plage.

We found a large party—all the younger children except Prince Henry, who has just gone into the navy; Prince Wilhelm, whom I had never seen before, Princess Charlotte, who has passed in two years from being almost a little girl into being a young woman, her fiancé the Hereditary Prince of Saxe Meiningen, Princess Louise (a daughter of Prince Frederick Charles),[1] Countess Brühl, Mademoiselle de Perpigna, and other ladies and gentlemen of the household.

We remained at Ostend till Tuesday morning the 13th, spending nearly all our time at the Châlet

[1] Now Duchess of Connaught.

Royal, and having much conversation on all sorts of subjects with the Crown Prince and Princess.

Inter alia, I talked with the Crown Prince about the state of feeling in France with regard to Germany, about Posen, about German relations with Russia, about the English Catholics, about Moltke, Goeben, Blumenthal, Hans von Schachtmeyer, who is now commanding in Strasburg, and his uncle Orlich.

With the Crown Princess I talked of education in Germany, of Prince Albert, of her day at Berlin, of the various religious tendencies of the time, of Russia, etc.

With both of them together about that school in Germany which undervalues material prosperity, and sees in war the only real agent of civilisation.

Nothing could be better, kinder, or more sensible than the tone in which they both discussed these and all other subjects on which they touched. Happy the nation which has such rulers!

With Prince Wilhelm I talked of his recent life at the Gymnasium of Cassel, and his forthcoming life at the University.

Amongst amusing things which I heard in these

days I note the story of a certain Prediger Stephan in Berlin, who was famous for his self-conceit. As he walked down the street one day, a mischievous workman called down a spout, "Stephan." "Yes, Lord," said he, stopping and looking piously up to heaven whence he supposed the voice to come—"Donkey," cried the workman.

Some one talking of mistakes in speaking a foreign language cited the case, *ben trovato se non vero*, of the Englishman who, at an hotel in Switzerland, ordered "Deux chambres, l'une dans l'autre avec le visage dans le lac."

The Dean of Westminster was driving round the park at Wilhelmshöhe, and wished to ask his driver whether the French Emperor did not skate on the lake. Forgetting the German word for skates, he put his hand to his foot and made as if he were putting on a skate. The driver misunderstanding him, exclaimed in the utmost horror:

"Ach nein, Gott bewahre! Er geht ganz frei herum!"

From Ostend we went to Bruges, where Arthur Russell saw, and I re-saw the sights.

In the afternoon we ran over to Blankenberghe,

which much surprised me. The "triste plage" of 1842 has turned into a gay crowded "ville de plaisir," much superior in some ways to Ostend.

Returning to Bruges we spent the following day, 15th August, at Ghent, and saw the Procession of the Assumption there.

On the 16th we went back to England. As we were going out of Ostend harbour, I recognised Monsignore Patterson, whom I had met at Cardinal Manning's. He said as we steamed away: "I asked the Russian Consul-General the other day if Ostend had any motto. He replied that he did not know. 'If it has not,' said I, 'I will suggest one—"Ostende nobis Domine misericordiam tuam."'"

20. Colonel Mure, M.P. for Renfrew, son of the historian of Greek literature, came over and spent some hours at Knebworth. He told me that having been interested by Mill's account of the Pays de Waes, he went to visit it, and found that the philosopher's enthusiasm for that district was founded on a misconception. The Pays de Waes is indeed a region of peasant proprietors, but the peasant proprietors for the most part live in the towns, and let their land on the severest possible terms to the actual cultivators.

Nothing can be less like the sort of paradise which Mill imagined.

25. The Reays come to us on their way from Ophemert to Laidlawstiel. Mr. Seebohm, too, drives over from Hitchin bringing George Bunsen, who was in great force and full of interesting talk. He gave me an account of the great charge at Mars-la-Tour, as related to him by the Chief of the Staff, who conveyed the order for that famous and terrible feat of arms.

It became necessary at a particular moment to save the army, at any sacrifice, by gaining time until more troops could come up. The general in command directed Bunsen's informant to ride up to two regiments, and give to their commanding officer the order to advance. These two were the crack cavalry regiments of the Prussian service — the regiments into which the young men of family and position were most anxious to get. Obedient to orders, and himself fully convinced of the wisdom of the command, he rode up to Auerswald, the senior officer of the two commanders, and told him to advance against the French. "You are not serious," the latter replied. "You do not mean me to attack the whole French army." "I am serious," was the rejoinder.

"I bring you positive orders so to do." Auerswald bowed, and sending for the young prince of Hohenzollern, who was one of his subalterns, ordered him immediately to ride off the field. The young man said: "I have done nothing to deserve this," and burst into tears. Auerswald replied, "Your family has suffered quite enough. I order you as a soldier to do your duty and obey your commanding officer." He then directed his men to advance, first at a foot's pace, then at a trot, then at a gallop. They did so, and were of course almost all destroyed. When the survivors had broken through the French, Auerswald ordered the bugler to sound the assembly. Slowly and gradually some sixty-seven were mustered. Auerswald said—"Soldiers, I thank you; you have done your duty. Long live the king," and fell from his horse mortally wounded. He recovered consciousness and died the next day. About three hundred only of the two regiments remained alive, but the army was saved.

Bunsen quoted as a curious instance of the ruling passion strong in death, the story told of the last words of Rabelais, who, wrapping a veil over his face, is reported to have said "Moriamur in Domino."

Speaking of Dupanloup, he told me the Pope's witticism about him, the knowledge of which is he declares a sure passport to papal favour. "Il est devenu dupe et un loup."

On the authority of his father, who had been present at the scene, he mentioned an anecdote of the late King of Prussia. Amongst the liberties which the Emperor Nicholas permitted himself to take with the Court of Berlin was that of appearing there unannounced. On one occasion the King was informed while in church that the Emperor had arrived. "Very well," he said, "tell him that I will see him after I come out." So he did, but he was thoroughly out of temper and barely civil. In the afternoon there was a dinner at court at which, being full at the time of the Greek tragedians, he took no notice whatever of his distinguished guest, but talked to Bunsen and others about the Oresteia and other learned matters, of which Nicholas did not know the A B C. At last, losing patience, the Emperor broke in with the question—"But what are the Eumenides?" "Oh!" said the King, "it's an old Greek story about a woman who murdered her husband. These Eumenides were a sort of fiends who

long pursued the family, but it all ended prosperously, and they built for the Eumenides a nice little place just outside of the city." It need hardly be said that the great autocrat's digestion was not improved by the incident.

On another occasion the elder Bunsen asked Joukoffsky how he thought he had succeeded in his education of Alexander II. "Well," said the latter, "it is something if the heir of all the Russias arrives at eighteen without despising everybody."

George Bunsen gave a very curious account of Berlin the day after Sedan was known. The whole population turned out into the streets, but everything was conducted with the greatest order. A *gamin* climbed up the equestrian statue of Frederic the Great, and sitting astride of the horse read the telegram, with the preface — "Hör' mal zu, alter Fritz, was der Wilhelm sagt!"

He told a story, said to have been recorded in the printed, but not published, memoirs of Count Dohna, which however he had not read. In the autumn of 1848 that officer was commanding in Königsberg, and as none of the Prussian royal family could conveniently attend the great reviews which were going on within

the Russian frontier, he was ordered to do so. The Emperor Nicholas received him more than graciously, treated him indeed with such extraordinary attention that he began to suspect something was not quite right. At length on the last day of the manœuvres thirty thousand troops marched past. "They are a splendid body of men are they not?" said the Emperor to his Prussian guest. "They are, indeed," replied the other, "Say but one word," rejoined Nicholas, "and I put them under you to march to Berlin." Dohna quietly remarked "that it was not customary in the Prussian Service to accept command under a foreign Sovereign, except by orders of the King," and Nicholas immediately turned the conversation. Presently, afterwards, the time came for Count Dohna to take leave. He observed that instead of being alone, as they had been at previous interviews, a third person was present—I think Adlerberg. The Emperor received Dohna with great *empressement* and said that when he was about to take leave of a friend with whom he had been enjoying some pleasant days, he had a habit of briefly resuming what had passed between them, and then he went carefully through their conversations, omitting the most important one.

Bunsen was once walking through Charlottenburg with Arthur Stanley. Before them was a young sergeant with some women of his family. Bunsen said to himself "I wish that fellow would say something characteristic," but no word escaped him, till at length when his inspection was over, he turned to his companions and said—"It is nothing to Compiègne!"

During the war Bunsen had been at Pont à Mousson when a Saxon regiment marched in. They were halted and allowed to stand at ease in the square, before they received their billets. The thought then came across him that he wished one of *them* would say something characteristic, and no sooner had he done so than a private, addressing a staring peasant in a blouse, said "Monsieur est ce qu'il y a ici par hasard un bon libraire?"

He told another story of a Brandenburg rustic who received the news of the mobilisation, just as he was sitting down to dinner: "Da geht das alte Gesiege los," was his only observation.

A boy of his acquaintance at sixteen or seventeen found himself in command of a small body of men in a great French Château—the master and mistress of which were absent. He was bored to death, and the

more so as he saw the young lady of the house with her governess walking daily in the grounds, without having any means of communicating with them. The house was magnificent, the *cuisine* admirable, the wines excellent, but he had no one to speak to. At length one day the governess came up to him and said—"Are you married?" He was equal to the occasion, and, although he had only just left school, instantly replied in the affirmative. This was the open sesame, and the whole of the rest of his time in the Château was spent with the ladies, who had naturally been as much bored as he.

29. Drove over to Hitchin to meet George Bunsen and his brother Henry the clergyman, who are staying with Mr. Seebohm. We walked in the pretty broken ground behind his house, and there, almost in the town, Mr. Tuke (his partner) pointed to me a fox's earth, in the outer part of which a pair of kingfishers were in the habit of building and rearing their young. Hard by, too, a friend of his had seen a fox sitting opposite a circle of guinea fowl, for all the world as if he were addressing them, just as in the cuts to a book of fables. We adjourned to Mr. Tuke's house, which was the old Hall of the cloth-staplers when the

country to the north of Hitchin was one great range of sheep walks, and the Flemish dealers came hither to buy.

Here he showed us much fine china, and the egg of the great auk, now become so rare that it is worth £60.[1] This was the creature whose name brought down on the ornithologist who used it at the Belfast meeting, the criticism of the lady who remarked—"He can't be an educated man, he speaks of the great 'awk!"

September

2. Mr. J. R. Green and his wife, who, daughter of an Archdeacon, granddaughter of a Bishop, and great granddaughter of an Archbishop, has now married a clergyman who has thrown off his Orders—*et qui vaut bien* the dignitaries, arrive at Knebworth along with the Mallets and Mr. Gennadius.

I talked with Green about Story, whose daughter married the heir of Quei della Pera—a circumstance

[1] An egg of the great auk has been sold since for between £200 and £300.

which made the acute American think quite seriously of getting the Peruzzi to put forward a claim for the money which they lent to Edward III., with which money he fought the battle of Cressy, but which money he never repaid. "About this, Story consulted me in all seriousness when I was last in Rome." The answer, said Green, is very easy and complete. The Peruzzi were mere loan-mongers. They were ruined, no doubt, for the time; but the people who were the chief losers were the public who subscribed to the loan.

"The influence," he added, "of the Tuscan financiers goes further back in English history than is generally known. Edward I., on his way back from the Holy Land, visited the Pope at Orvieto, and then going on to Bologna and Florence, annexed in the one place the great jurist who enabled him to make his legal reforms, and in the other a sufficient amount of financial support to help him much in his enterprises, and notably in his Scotch wars. The Barons, naturally hating anything which made the King independent of their grants, rose against Edward II., and sent the Tuscan financiers about their business; while they, in their turn, anxious to

regain their ascendancy, financed the expedition of Edward III., who came over with foreign mercenaries chiefly raised in Hainault."

Mallet told a story of Fuad or Ali Pasha; he was not sure which. I had not heard it before, but it is a little like one which I have elsewhere noted. At a dinner in Paris, at the beginning of the Crimean War, the representative of Turkey found himself sitting opposite a large ham stuck over with French and Turkish flags. Some one called his attention to their juxtaposition, and he observed: "L'alliance est bien, seulement je trouve que le terrain est mal choisi."

5. We drove over to Mr. Seebohm's, and thence to a place called Lily Hoo—a wide open space, fringed with very ancient hawthorn trees, on the top of the chalk range which continues the Chilterns. At its edge the country falls down suddenly, just as it does at White-leaf Cross above Prince's Risborough. As we looked to the north, Dunstable lay far off to the west, and beyond it, but out of sight, lay Tring and the Hampden country. In front of us in the near distance was Wrest, and beyond it Ampthill. We followed the range, passing along the head of some most remarkable ravines—locally called dykes, on the edge

of one of which grows the *Anemone pulsatilla*, now of course out of flower, and reached at length a pretty old house called Highdown, inhabited by a gentleman farmer, Mr. Pollard, whose little boy, of six years old, amused us much by his intelligence and self-possession.

9. M. de Stuers, the Dutch Secretary, while amusing himself by looking over the Library at Knebworth to-day, took down the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, and found that the copy had been given to Lord Lytton by Louis Napoleon. On a fly-leaf was the following, which was no doubt the estimate of the late Emperor of the French by the first Lord Lytton, to which Dickens, who used to be a good deal here, once referred in a conversation which I had with him[1]:—

"The book of a very able mind, with few ideas—but those ideas bold, large, and reducible to vigorous action—very much depreciated at this day by the critics of a drawing-room. Prince Louis Napoleon has qualities that may render him a remarkable man, if he ever return to France—dogged, daring—yet somewhat reserved and close—he can conceive with secrecy and act with promptitude. His faults would come from conceit and rashness. But

[1] See Notes from a Diary, vol. i. p. 195 (London 1897).

akin with those characteristics are will and enthusiasm. He has these in a high degree. Above all he has that intense faith in his own destiny with which men rarely fail of achieving something great. 1839."

17. Arthur copied for me the following inscription which is placed in the Garden Porch here :—

"The Fort of Knebworth
granted at the conquest to the renowned Eudo Dapifer, was purchased, and enlarged into a Manorial Residence, by Sir Robert de Lytton, of Lytton in the Peak ; Knight of the Bath, Privy Councillor, Keeper of the Great Wardrobe and Under Treasurer to King Henry VII. The mansion and domain passing A.D. 1811, to Elizabeth Bulwer Lytton sole Heiress and Representative of the Families of Lytton and Robinson (ceu Norreys, de Guersylt, descended lineally from the Kingly House of Tudor). She was compelled to remove three sides of the Ancient Edifice too ruinous to inhabit. But commenced and nearly completed the Restoration of the fourth side built by Sir Robert de Lytton. A work concluded by her Son in conformity with her designs and in Honour of her memory. A.D. 1844-5."

Architect—H. E. Kendal.
Decorator—J. Crace.

Sir John Lubbock and his daughter Constance left us after an early breakfast, and Colonel Mure soon

followed. It was a chill, gloomy morning, but gradually the sun conquered, and when I walked over to leave a card on Mr. Read, at Lytton Lodge, between three and four, it was quite bright and warm.

The gray old gatehouse on the Welwyn Road looked its best, and the deer were feeding within sight as I came back. There are several things here which I shall leave with regret; more especially the pond in the Horace Garden, with the little water-hen who lives there, and the over-shadowing oak; the long gallery, with the sun striking along its gilded roof; and the really noble dining-hall, where we have gathered round us so many pleasant friends.

We have, if I count correctly, had 283 entries in our book here, every guest who passed one or more nights in the house having signed his or her name. At Hampden we had, I think, 432 entries. That makes 715 from 16th April 1871 to 18th September 1877. Of course the same names recur very frequently.

On the 19th we left Knebworth, my wife, with the two youngest children, going to her mother's; I to stay with Henry Smith at Oxford, and to High Elms, where Sir James Lacaita and Mr. Blackmore

spent the Sunday. The latter gave to the town of Salisbury the Museum which bears his name, and which we saw when we were there. He was also, in his capacity of solicitor, acting for the United States when the *Alabama* left Liverpool.

There was at one time a half-matured project of Sir John Lubbock and ourselves going with him this autumn to New Mexico, where he has large property, and about which he gave us a great deal of very curious information.

On the 26th we slept for the first time in York House, where Mrs. French has been established for the last week, and order is gradually being evolved out of chaos.

October

On the 1st October I went to Edinburgh: passed a day with Baxter at Kincaldrum, near Forfar, where I received the news that the sale of my London house, 4 Queen's Gate Gardens, had been completed, Sir Richard Temple being the purchaser. I then went on to Peterhead, Banff, and Macduff, delivering two speeches at the two last-mentioned places on the 5th, and also visiting Cullen.

On the 9th I reached Innes House, and on the 10th spoke at Elgin, whence I made my way to York House, *via* Newhailes and Laidlawstiel.

We left York House on the afternoon of the 19th October, and slept in the rooms over Sir John Lubbock's bank in Lombard Street, where we had a rendezvous with him and his daughter Constance, who were, as at Whitsuntide, to be our travelling companions.

The City at night and in the early morning, as we walked to the Cannon Street Station, made on me quite the impression of some foreign place.

At Paris I saw, amongst others, Cherbuliez, Simon, Gambetta, and Barthélemy St. Hilaire, with all of whom I had much talk about the situation—very interesting and important at the time, but hardly worth recording now.

Simon had been desperately ill and could hardly speak above his breath, but what he did say was as valuable and clearly put as usual. Events have entirely justified his predictions. He said, *inter alia*, that "the President was a harpooned whale—he would give a good deal of trouble but must give in at last."

Gambetta was full of the tremendous pressure

that had been exercised on the constituencies. He complained much of the state of the administration—all of it, with the exception of the Telegraph, being in the hands of his enemies. The dispositions of the Army, on the other hand, he considered excellent. It is a new Army, changed to a very great extent from that which was defeated in 1870.

Simon introduced us to the Spaniard Emilio Castelar, who is here watching the elections, and with whom we had a long and most agreeable talk. He gave me a rather sad account of my old acquaintance De Castro, who seems to have become very wild in his ideas, and to have died discredited amongst the better sort of Liberals. Castelar was more uneasy than any one else with whom I conversed in Paris about the state of feeling, thinking that the hostility of parties was so great that it might easily lead to violence.

I went straight, or nearly straight, from Castelar to the other end of Paris, to visit La Mère Marie Epiphanie, at the Convent of Notre Dame de Sion. This is the central house of the order which was founded by Louis Ratisbonne and his brother Alphonse—one of the results of the strange incident

in the Church of S. Andrea delle Fratte, which is alluded to in an earlier page of this Diary. The reverend mother was a Miss Jackson, a cousin of my wife's, who has spent a considerable time, since we last saw her, at the house of the order in Jerusalem. She told me that she had originally thought of becoming a sister of St. Vincent de Paul, and saw, while uncertain, a great deal of Natalie Narischkin, who was very kind to her; but she decided that the work and life of another sisterhood would be more suitable to her tastes. Notre Dame de Sion is in the main a great boarding school for young ladies, the surplus revenues of which go to that most proverbially hopeless of undertakings—the conversion of the Jews.

To see Augustus Craven. In the course of conversation he mentioned that he had been present at the fête given at the Palais Royal, on the 3rd May 1830, by the Duke of Orleans to his brother-in-law the King of Naples, at which Salvandy said to his host, as he passed him, "Ceci est une fête toute Napolitaine. Nous dansons sur un volcan."

I had yesterday a letter from Mrs. Craven. She is at Lumigny, where they are unable to see me, being still in deep mourning for the death of

Madame de Mun, of whom she gave lately an interesting sketch in the *Correspondant*, from which I extract the following :—

"Elle aimait à rappeler l'impression qu'avait produite sur elle, dans sa propre enfance, celle qu'elle remplaçait auprès d'eux aujourd'hui. Un soir, racontait-elle, où à l'age de huit ans elle se trouvait à Lumigny avec ses parents, Eugénie (la jeune Comtesse de Mun, mariée alors depuis peu) était entrée doucement dans sa chambre, pour s'assurer qu'il ne lui manquait rien. Claire était dans son lit, mais elle ne dormait pas. Elle la vit s'approcher d'elle pour la regarder et l'embrasser, et les années n'avaient pas effacé de sa mémoire le souvenir de ce regard, et de ce beau visage penché sur le sien.

Eugénie était loin de prévoir alors que, dix ans plus tard, l'enfant qu'elle embrassait ainsi deviendrait la gardienne de ce qu'elle avait de plus cher au monde. Mais, l'eût-elle prévu, l'avenir tout entier, lui eût-il été dévoilé, ce baiser n'eut point été moins tendre !

Aujourd'hui . . . elles se sont embrassées dans l'Éternité ! et là où toutes les pures affections de la terre vivent dans l'amour de Dieu sans jamais se combattre et sans jamais mourir, peut-être savent-elles que les prières de l'une ont ajouté au bonheur et aux grâces de l'autre dès cette vie et au-delà de la vie."

In the evening Renan dined with us, and talked

much of his desire to explore Pantellaria, now an Italian Convict Station, as indeed it was in the days of the Cæsars, but in remoter antiquity, under the name of Cossyra, a flourishing Republic—fighting Rome in alliance with Carthage.

We left Paris on the 23rd and went to Geneva, sleeping at Macon, where Lubbock and I lingered long upon the bridge watching the quiet flow of the Saone in the darkness, with a singularly soft south wind blowing along the valley. At the Tonnerre Station I had time to exchange a few words with the Duc d'Aumale, to whom I was introduced many years ago by Lord Houghton.

At Geneva we saw, amongst others, Ernest Naville, full as usual of that important but dreary subject—the representation of minorities, and likewise Karl Vogt, who is an old acquaintance of Lubbock's. The "heaven-stormer" of twenty, or five and twenty years ago, has turned into a fat, good-natured looking professor in a blue dressing-gown, giving endless lectures extending over a singularly wide field of science, and taking his holiday, amongst microscopes and sea-beasts, at Roscoff, on the coast of Brittany.

At Geneva we left Lubbock's youngest son with the same tutor to whose care I entrusted my two eldest some years ago, and then continued our journey to Lyons and Marseilles. I have rarely seen a more striking sunrise effect than one which presented itself just as we were leaving the former place—a *séminaire* on the opposite side of the Saone from the great square near the station looking as if it had been turned into a house of silver.

In these last days I have been exceedingly amused by Brachet's *Etymological Dictionary*, which Henry Smith recommended to me when I was in Oxford the other day, and which is a perpetual succession of pleasant surprises. It is an admirable railway book for one who can only read at the stations.

From Marseilles we crossed in some eighteen hours to Barcelona, by a Messageries steamer, under a bright sky but with a breeze which was fresher than one could have wished it. Very beautiful, however, looked the coast of Provence, as we steamed away, and the coast of Catalonia as we lay in front of its capital. At Barcelona there is little to see, and that little I had seen before. The dark cathedral, however, with its graceful Gothic and exquisite

painted glass made a far greater impression upon me on this occasion than it did in 1864, when I was fresh from the glories of Toledo.

We pursued our way southward to Tarragona, a striking place on a hill rising some 800 feet over the sea. Lubbock was much interested by an old gateway—perhaps Phenician, and we were all delighted with the remains of the Roman aqueduct, a double tier of orange-coloured arches—twenty-five above and eleven below—a sort of smaller Pont du Gard, which bestrides a narrow valley, a couple of miles or so from the town. The hills around are covered with the dwarf palm, mixed with which grow *Lavandula spica*, the rosemary, the rue, the thyme of our gardens, the winter savory *Satureia montana*, and much else. Thence, returning to the town, we drove out along the sea to the so-called Tomb of Scipio—a fragment of Roman ruin which might well have suggested, in its desolation, Bewick's broken pillar in a wild woodland scene with the inscription, "In perpetuam rei memoriam," for here, too, the letters P.E.R.P.E.T.U. are the only ones visible.

Sic transit gloria mundi!

From Tarragona we travelled south through a country, often of surpassing richness, with hills on the right, and the sea on the left, crossing the Ebro near Tortosa.

I extract the following note made on the journey:—

The same country continues. Wherever it is flat and the soil not rocky there is most careful well-cultivation, reminding one of India—but more elaborate than anything I saw there. The olive and the caruba are everywhere, and a good deal of land is under vines. The young wheat is coming up, and many little fields are as green as the Delta at this season. I did not observe the filbert, south of Tortosa, but there are great quantities of it near Tarragona. Here and there we passed long stretches of rocky land left in a state of nature, and covered with palmetto, and a tall heath, perhaps *multiflora*, in full blossom, rosemary, etc.

On the flat land which has not been taken in, of which there is little, the thyme, and what looks as we hurry by like a bright yellow very thorny *Cytisus*, or *Genista*, are most common. On the cultivated land there are few weeds.

Night fell at Castellon de la Plana, and we passed

on to Valencia, retracing from Sagunto to that place the journey which Henry Smith and I made together in 1864.

Valencia is not interesting, and my companions disliked it cordially. When the ladies walked out in their travelling dresses they were followed by crowds of *gamins* shouting "Frances, Frances!" and had to take to mantillas to escape, or partially escape, observation. Lubbock, who has become possessed by a perfect "furor botanicus," insisted upon driving into the Huerta, where, however, nothing was to be found in the too well-weeded fields, and where the dust was overpowering. I had, however, one rather interesting walk with a gentleman to whom Castelar had given me letters, and with the governor of the province, an excellent little man, whose *bourgeois* demeanour contrasted oddly with the ideal "Adelantado" of the past. They took me to the Lonja or Silk Exchange, where there is a Moorish spiral staircase of exquisite beauty, as well as to the Audiencia or Court of Appeal, where the Cortes of Arragon used to sit, and which is still gorgeous with golden and fretted roofs. As we crossed the Huerta in the railway on our way to Cordova, and

saw the vast orange gardens at Cartagente and elsewhere, my fellow travellers came to appreciate better that truly wonderful region. It grew dark as we entered the hills which bound it, but we travelled on all through the night and far into the next day. I woke at Santa Cruz in La Mancha, in a dreary Buchan-like country, where a windmill was about the first object which met my eye, and carried one to Don Quixote. Then we crossed the Sierra Morena, coming down upon the Guadalquiver, which we followed to Cordova. Undeterred by a tremendous thunder shower, I immediately made my way to the great cathedral-mosque or mosque-cathedral, whichever one is to call it, getting thoroughly ducked for my pains, and returning later in the day to see it more at leisure. It is a marvellous place, utterly unlike anything I have seen, unless, indeed, El Azhar at Cairo may give a faint notion of what it must have been like, when it was filled with the faithful. That it can be called strictly beautiful I doubt, but nothing is more delicious than the glinting of the many coloured lights amongst its forests of columns, while its strange fortunes and unique character make it singularly impressive.

November

The 5th of November, a day to be marked with a white stone, was spent upon the Sierra which rises over the town, and at the hermitage which crowns it. The vegetation, which in the spring must be enchanting, was even now very interesting, but we laboured here, as elsewhere in Spain, under the difficulty of having with us no good botanical book, and in finding hardly any natives who had the smallest acquaintance with the plants of the country.

Before we left Cordova, on the 7th, we had explored most parts of it, and had got very fond of its narrow lanes, and exquisite little *patios*, in which, if one never wished to go out, or to see any one worth talking to, come in, life might be passed pleasantly enough.

In the afternoon of that day we went on to Seville. Very early in the morning of the 8th I was in the cathedral, and made my way first to the tomb of the son of Columbus, which bears the incomparable epitaph, first repeated to me many years ago by Sir

Edmund Head, when we were walking in the chace at Aldermaston :—

A Castilla y a Leon
Mundo nuevo dió Colon.

These words are on a slab of the marble pavement, about halfway between the great western door and the Coro. Below them are placed the too hideous lines :—

Aspice quid prodest totum sudasse per orbem
Atque orbem Patris ter peragrassè novum ;
Quid placidi Baetis ripam finxisse decoram,
Divitiis genium posthabuisse meum,
Ut tibi *Castalli* reserarem Numina *Fontis*
Offerremque simul quas Tholomeus opes
Si tenui saltem percurrens murmure saxum :
Nec Patri salve nec mihi dicis ave !

The son of Columbus was himself a man of great intelligence and benevolence. The allusions in the above passage are to the improvements which he effected in laying out walks along the banks of the Guadalquiver, and to the library which he founded. We went to see this, and observed various curious things, among them a copy of the *Tractatus de Imagine Mundi*, by Petrus de Aliaco, which had belonged to

Columbus. It was lying open at the page which describes Central Asia, the marginal note Hyrcania being written by Columbus himself as he read, showing that those even now dim regions had attracted the attention of the great explorer. Later in the day we went to see the famous picture of Moses striking the rock, La Sed, by Murillo, and still later to the Museo, which is full of the pictures of that great, but not supreme, artist. I thought the finest was the Christ with St. Francis, and I was also very much interested by the St. Thomas of Villanueva distributing alms, which Murillo used to call "Mi cuadro." In the afternoon we paid a visit to the so-called Casa de Pilatos, a most bewitching oriental house belonging to the Duke of Medina Celi, full of brilliant *azulejos*, relieved by floors of white marble. We saw the remaining sights of Seville, except the Alcazar, which was closed, and spent (Miss Lubbock and I especially) long hours in the cathedral, the grandeur and solemnity of which cannot well be exaggerated. It did not astonish me as Toledo did, but then Toledo came on me by surprise, whereas I had been dying to see Seville ever since Charles Palmer[1] first told me about it at Oxford.

[1] Now Canon of Hereford.

A long railway journey took us from Seville, *via* Cordova and Bobadilla, to Granada. Not very far from the second-named station is Teba, the *Stammhaus* of the ex-Empress of the French, and famous, too, as being the place where the good Lord James of Douglas threw the heart of the Bruce amongst the Moors.

We remained at Granada, in the hotel Washington Irving, up to the morning of the 27th. Two or three of the days were wet, but the rest magnificent. Unhappily my wife was confined to bed nearly the whole time. Before, however, she was taken ill, she saw the Alhambra (one day, the 11th) to perfection. Lubbock occupied himself with ants and plants, much aided by a useful and willing little Belgian guide, who was always with us. I occupied myself to a certain extent also with the plants, but not so zealously as he, and read as much as my eyes would permit of Castelar's very voluminous works. A pleasant incident of our stay was the society of an American family—a Mrs. Stillman from New York, with her three daughters, of whom we saw a great deal.

Nothing could be imagined more perfect than the temperature for those who wanted to be out a great

deal. It was like northern India in the winter, without the mists which one encounters in some parts of that country, or the burning mid-day sun which one encounters in others. After breakfast I used to read with Miss Lubbock[1] in the Alhambra; in the afternoon we usually walked, taking care to see the sun set from some high point,—the crest of the Silla del Moro, or the Belvedere of the Generalife, or some such place. After dinner we always played whist in my wife's room, which was indeëd the general salon of the whole party, one or more of us being always with her. Late one night we went to see the Alhambra by moonlight, but the singing of the two elder Stillmans in the Hall of the Ambassadors and the Hall of the Two Sisters was more charming than anything we saw, for, however bright the moon may be, one loses the effect of some of the delicate work which gives so much of its character to the fairy palace of the Moor. Our morning readings chiefly went forward in the Sala de los Abencerrajes, and in the exquisite little Cuarto del descanso, but we also read in the Generalife, in the room looking across to St. Nicholas,

[1] Later Mrs. Sydney Buxton.

and had our last reading in the Cuarto of Washington Irving, in the Alhambra, which they opened on purpose for us. The views from the Alhambra and the region round it are certainly among the most enchanting I have ever beheld.

Among many pleasant recollections I note a wild stormy sunset from the Campo de los Martires on the 13th; another from the tower of the Vela with the Alpenglühn over the Sierra Nevada on the 15th; another from the top of the Silla del Moro on the 19th, with the wonderful after-glow, which one has so much behind the Virgins of Murillo's pictures;[1] the sun appearing above the crest of the Sierra Nevada on the 21st, as we watched from the tower of the Vela while the moon set at the same moment over the Elvira range; a long walk with Lubbock round the Silla del Moro and down the valley of the Darro on the 14th; another along the valley of the Xenil on the 22nd; and our last visit with my wife to the Generalife the morning we went away. Our readings, however, in the Alhambra remain in my memory as the flower and crown of these sixteen days.

Over and above the Alhambra, and the Generalife,

[1] *Arreboles de increada lux*, as Castelar calls them.

which, taken together, I put very high amongst the things which I have seen, and which are incomparably more charming than anything else I have ever come across or believed to exist in Spain, Granada offers several things of interest, more especially the Tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Jeanne La Folle and her husband—more or less in the style of those in the Church of Brou. Beneath is a vault, in which are laid those four royal personages, and into which Charles V. descended, no doubt by the same inconvenient staircase that gives access to it now. I do not remember being as much impressed by anything of the same kind, since I went down to the vault of the Emperors at Vienna, in 1847, just after the Archduke Charles had been laid in it. I was very much struck also by the epitaph on the tomb of the Great Captain, in the Church of S. Geronimo, which runs as follows :—

"Gonzali Fernandez de Cordova, qui propria virtute Magni Ducis nomen proprium sibi fecit, ossa perpetuae tandem luci restituenda huic interea loculo credita sunt, gloria minime consepulta."

Of people about whom there was some little interest, we saw, in Granada, Mr. Gongora, a local

antiquarian, who has written upon prehistoric times, and Professor Amo y Mora, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in the University—a botanist of some reputation, but now so old and broken that his determinations did not inspire us with any great confidence when we could not check them by our books.

We left Granada on the 27th, and slept at Antequera, where we visited by torchlight the huge dolmen known as La Cueva, which is larger even than the one we saw, in 1876, at Saumur. Thence we went to Cordova, and then made a long railway journey by Alcazar and Chinchilla to Cartagena. Murcia, which we thus crossed in its whole breadth, *via* Hellin and Cieza, was thoroughly parched; only, near the capital, the fine Huerta was kept tolerably green by irrigation. Near Cartagena we found, I think, more plants in flower than anywhere else in Spain, and were much struck by the harbour, which is really superb. Here, amongst other vessels, was lying the *Numancia*, which was carried off by the Intransigentes, of whose doings there were only too many memorials in the ruins of the citadel, which had been blown up by a shell from the besieging camp.

December

1. From Cartagena we crossed during the night of the 1st December to Oran, in Africa. I do not think I have ever landed, assuredly not for many years, in any country of which I knew less than Algeria. The very first impressions were not favourable, for the passage had been roughish, and as we lay in the little harbour huge masses of cloud came sweeping up from the west, and discharged themselves in floods of cold rain. Already, however, on the way from the shore to our hotel, we saw more costumes and more contrasts of colour than we had done in the whole of Spain, where the people one sees in towns and at railway stations have got to look as humdrum and prosaic as it is possible to imagine. We soon drove out of the town, and found testimony borne to the difference of climate by great quantities of flowers, amongst which a beautiful iris and a scilla were very conspicuous.

On the 3rd, M. Boozo, the English Vice-Consul, came and took us a drive through the Ravin Vert to the high land behind it. In the former I saw for the

first time in a wild state the climbing conifer, *Ephedra altissima*, while on the latter we gathered the rare and exquisite *Narcissus Clusii*, *Ranunculus bullatus*, *Viola arborescens*, *Lavandula multifida*, etc.

After a delightful ramble amongst the flowers, made all the more agreeable by its contrast with the drought and dust of Spain, we drove back towards the town, looking north-eastward to a hill where, fifty years ago, the lion is said to have existed, and which bears his name. We lingered for some time in a village full of negroes from the interior of Africa, whose ways were extremely amusing; and later Lubbock and I walked out along the coast westward towards Mars el Kebir, along a road which made us think of that which leads from Castellamare to Sorrento.

On the 4th December we went by railway in one long day from Oran to Algiers, where Colonel Playfair had taken rooms for us in the Hotel d'Oasis. Here we remained a fortnight, getting fonder of Algiers with every hour we passed in it.

On the 11th we went to look at a villa close to the Jardin d'Essai, and on the 18th Lubbock and I annexed it. Most of the days we spent at Algiers were fine, but the 15th was one of the worst I

ever saw in any country—a furious gale from the north-west, with torrents of rain, and a tremendous sea running. When in the house I occupied myself chiefly with reading Castelar, and out of it in botanising with Mr. Durando, an Italian, who has been settled here for many years, and has an immense knowledge of the Algerian flora.

The 17th was fine, and we thought that we should have a good passage to Marseilles. We were, however, doomed to be disappointed, for before we got to the Balearic Isles the north wind had increased to a tempest, and some hours after we ought to have been in Marseilles I sent the courier to Lubbock, who was in the cabin, telling him to ask the captain what were our prospects, and received the following reply :—

"The captain says he is making for the coast of Spain, and will then run along under shelter of the land. If he was to go straight for Marseilles we should be all dashed to pieces. He cannot say when we shall arrive, as it depends on the wind, but certainly not to-day."

At last, on the early afternoon of Thursday, we crept into Marseilles from the west, thirty-three and a-half hours late. Here we met the winter, for

Marseilles was very cold, and immediately out of the town snow lay by the side of the railway.

23. An iron frost continued all the way from Macon to Dijon, and as I walked up and down the station there I was heartily glad of my great Berlin shooba. On the other side, however, of the Blaisy-bas tunnel we came into a totally different system of weather—west wind, with heavy rain.

On reaching the Amirauté I drove straight to the Rue de Miroménil, where I learned from Mrs. Craven, to my great surprise, that Parliament had been summoned for the 17th January. Her husband gave me a card of Alexandrine's, which he found in her missal which she left him at her death, and Mrs. Craven lent me the *Memoirs of the Marquis d'Eyragues*, containing some interesting notices of her family, from which I extract the following :—

"Au mois de juin, j'eus le plaisir de faire les honneurs de Constantinople au Comte Albert de La Ferronays, second fils de mon ancien ambassadeur à Saint-Pétersbourg, pour lequel j'ai conservé toute ma vie un tendre et respectueux attachement. Profondément atteint de la maladie de poitrine dont il mourut quelques mois plus tard, le Comte Albert venait de Naples et se rendait en

Crimée chez sa belle-mere Madame d'Alopéus remariée au Prince Lapoukin, avec sa charmante femme que j'avais connue en 1826 à Berlin où son père était ministre de Russie. Madame A. de La Ferronnays avait toutes les grâces, tout le charme, toute la beauté qu'il est possible d'imaginer. Je ne ferai pas son portrait qu'il faut chercher dans le *Récit d'une Sœur*, ce livre que le monde entier a lu et où Madame Craven a raconté la vie et la mort de cette incomparable femme et celle de son mari, qui était lui-même aussi intéressant que distingué."

We had intended in Paris to have seen M. Gambetta and many öthers, but the luckless delay in the Mediterranean had exhausted our time, and we were obliged to push on. Our bad luck still continuing, we had an extremely rough crossing, and a variety of other troubles, so that it was very late before we reached York House, to which we returned for the first time as our home.

END OF VOL. I

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